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THE

COMPLETE ANGLER,

OR

Contemplative Man's Recreation;

BEING

A DISCOURSE

ON

RIVERS, FISH-PONDS, FISH, AND FISHING.

IN TWO PARTS:

THE FIRST WRITTEN BY

MR. IZAAK WALTON.

THE SECOND BY

CHARLES COTTON, ESQ.

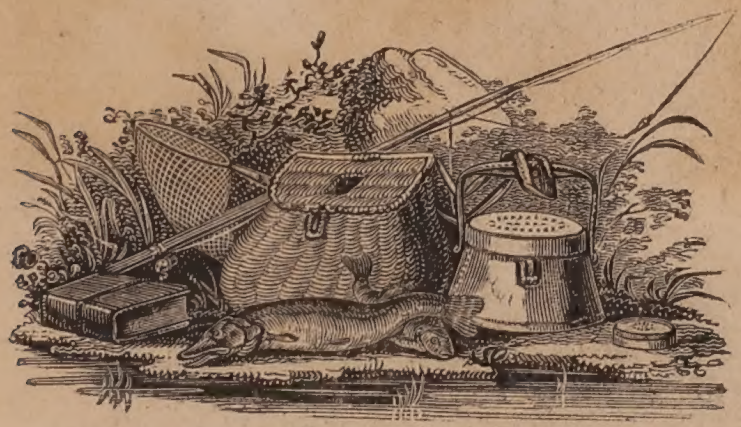
WITH THE

LIVES OF THE AUTHORS:

AND

NOTES, HISTORICAL, SUPPLEMENTARY, AND EXPLANATORY,

BY SIR JOHN HAWKINS, KNT.



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LONDON:
PRINTED BY W. LEWIS, FINCH-LANE.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO

THE NINTH EDITION.

The English language does not, perhaps, contain a book of more general and undivided popularity than The Complete Angler; it is praised and loved by persons of all conditions; and, so far from being confined to those who are devoted to the sport of which it mainly treats, it is a favourite with many men who never handled an Angling-rod in their lives. As a literary production it is a phenomenon, a work entirely *sui generis*, such as was never before produced, and such as we shall probably never see again. Lucid and interesting treatises have been very frequently written upon recreative sports, but, although the authors have had all the excitement which an ardent attachment to the respective subjects could supply, none of them have been made to extend beyond the circle for whose instruction or amusement they were undertaken, nor have they in any instance filled so independent a station in literature, as The Complete Angler has done.

It would probably never have occurred to any mind, but one so chastely and purely constituted as that of old Izaak Walton, to make instructions in the Art of Angling a vehicle for inculcating the doctrines of rational piety and the purest morality: and yet this he has done.—His book comprises a course of Moral Philosophy, and while its principles are laid down in the most convincing manner, they are enforced with an irresistible gentleness. The agreeable simplicity of the style, its colloquial ease, and the innocent mirth which pervades it, form a combination of the useful and the agreeable, which is equally rich and rare.

If that axiom of the Epicurean School be true, that it is the business of man on earth to pursue happiness, then is Izaak Walton the first of philosophers, and the best, because he improves upon that system by adding to it the benevolent principles of the Christian Religion. He leads his readers and disciples to the purest gratification, but he never fails to prove to them, *chemin faisant*, that it can only be attained by the exercise of patience and humility. He persuades to the paths of virtue, by shewing that they are those of pleasantness and peace; and, in this respect alone, his illustrations are "worth a thousand homilies."

Our venerable author has been more than usually fortunate in the persons to whom the task of editing his favourite book has fallen. Sir John Hawkins, who stands by far the most eminent among them, seems to have been urged to his labours by a feeling of affectionate respect for the author, which was inspired by the work, and which gathered strength as he pursued it. It is impossible to praise, too highly, the intelligence and pains which he has bestowed, and by dint of which he has succeeded in making his notes nearly as amusing as the text.

To render the work worthy of public patronage, the whole of the old plates have been discarded, from an idea that they tended very little to illustrate the text; and, in their execution, could hardly be considered any embellishment, while their insertion was a very material enhancement of the price of the work.

The Publisher of the present edition has, therefore, substituted other plates, which he trusts will, to the lovers of the Art of Angling, prove no small recommendation to the work; while, to collectors and admirers of the arts, their execution will yield equal pleasure. The situations delineated are such as "Angler's love;" and, it is hoped, the present

embellishments will be generally considered as more "germain to the matter," than the antiquated representations of the previous editions, which seem to have been retained, in the case of Walton's excellent Book, without any attempt at improvement, whilst almost every other work has been undergoing the changes attendant upon the advancement of the arts, and the refinement of taste.

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TO

THE SIXTH EDITION,

PUBLISHED BY

John Sidney Hawkins, Esq. 1797.

In consequence of the death of the former Editor, since the publication of the fourth edition of this work in 1784, the revision of the present has devolved upon me, his son. For the execution of this office he had left behind him some corrections and additions, inserted in the margin of his copy of the fourth edition; which, though not many, have been all made use of on this occasion, from a wish that the book might receive the advantage of his last corrections. Such of them as he had completed have been silently adopted; but such as were nothing more than mere hints, I have reduced into form, and distinguished them by the initials J. S. H.; and where these latter are continuations of former notes, have precisely marked where they stopped in the fourth edition, by placing the initials J. H. I have, however, in no instance varied from the last of the editions, published in his life, excepting where it was warranted by some memorandum of my father's, or by communications from intelligent friends since his decease, being myself wholly unacquainted with the subject.

As the plates have, in consequence of the number of impressions furnished from them for the preceding editions, become so worn as to be no longer any ornament to the work, it has been found necessary to omit them. Such of them, however, as represent the materials for fishing (and which fortunately had sustained less injury) have been retained; and for the omission of the rest all possible amends have been made, by printing the book with a better type, and on better paper than could otherwise have been afforded.

J. S. H.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

EDITION PUBLISHED BY SIR JOHN HAWKINS, 1760.

THE COMPLETE ANGLER having been written so long ago as 1653, although the last publication thereof in the life-time of the Author was in 1676, contains many particulars of persons now but little known, and frequent allusions to facts, and even modes of living, the memory whereof is in a great measure obliterated: a new edition, therefore, seemed to require a retrospect to the time when the authors lived, an explanation of such passages as an interval of more than an hundred years had necessarily rendered obscure, together with such improvements in the art itself as the accumulated experience of succeeding times has enabled us to furnish.

An Edition, undertaken with this view, is now attempted, and in a way, it is to be hoped, that may once again introduce the Authors to the acquaintance of persons of learning and judgment.

All that the Editor requests, in return for the pains he has taken, is, that the reader will do him the justice to believe that his only motives for the republication of this work were a desire to perpetuate the memory of a meek, benevolent, pious man, and to contribute something to the improvement of an art of which he professes himself a lover.

Twickenham,
April 10, 1760.

LIFE

OF

MR. ISAAC WALTON.

THE excellent Lord Verulam has noted it, as one of the great deficiencies of biographical history, that it is, 'for the most part, confined to the actions of kings, princes, and great personages, who are necessarily few; while the memory of less conspicuous, though good men, has been no better preserved, than by vague reports, and barren elogies.[1]

It is not therefore to be wondered at, if little care has been taken to perpetuate the remembrance of the person who is the subject of the present enquiry; and, indeed, there are many circumstances that seem to account for such an omission; for neither was he distinguished by his rank, or eminent for his learning, or remarkable for the performance of any public service; but as he ever affected a retired life, so was he noted, only, for an ingenious, humble, good man.

However, to so eminent a degree did he possess the qualities above ascribed to him, as to afford a very justifiable reason for endeavouring to impress upon the minds of mankind, by a collection of many scattered passages concerning him, a due sense of their value and importance.

ISAAC, or, as he used to write it, IZAAK WALTON, was born at Stafford, in the month of August, 1593. The Oxford *Antiquary*, who has thus fixed the place and year of his nativity, has left us no memorials of his family,[2] nor even hinted where or how he was educated; but has only told us, that before the year 1643, Walton was settled, and followed the trade of a *sempster*, in London.[3]

From his own writings, then, it must be, that the circumstances

(1) "De vitis cogitantem subit quædam admiratio, tempora ista nostra haud nôsse bona sua; cùm tam rara fit commemoratio et conscriptio vitarum, eorum, qui nostro seculo claruerunt. Etsi enim reges, et qui absolutum principatum obtineant, pauci esse possint; principes etiam in republicâ liberâ (tot rebuspublicis in monarchiam conversis) haud multi; utcunque tamen non defuerunt viri egregii (licet sub regibus) qui meliora merentur, quam incertam et vagam memoriæ suæ famam aut elogia arida et jejuna." *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, lib. II, cap. 7.

(2) By the register of St. Mary, Stafford, it appears he was born August 9th, 1593.

(3) *Athen. Oxon.* Vol. I. 305.

attending his life must, in a great measure, come; and, as occasions offer, a proper use will be made of them; nevertheless a due regard will be paid to some traditional memoirs, which (besides that they contain nothing improbable) the authority of those to whom we stand indebted for them, will not allow us to question.

His first settlement in London, as a shop-keeper, was in the Royal Burse in Cornhill, built by Sir Thomas Gresham, and finished in 1567.[1] In this situation he could scarcely be said to have had elbow-room; for the shops over the Burse were but seven feet and a half long, and five wide;[2] yet here did he carry on his trade, till some time before the year 1624; when "he dwelt on the north side of Fleet-street, in a house two doors west of the end of Chancery-lane, and abutting on a messuage known by the sign of the Harrow."[3] Now the old timber-house at the south-west corner of Chancery-lane, in Fleet-street, till within these few years, was known by that sign: it is therefore beyond doubt that Walton lived at the very next door. And in this house, he is—in the deed above referred to, which bears date 1624—said to have followed the trade of a Linen draper. It further appears by that deed, that the house was in the *joint* occupation of Isaac Walton, and John Mason, hosier; whence we may conclude, that half a shop was sufficient for the business of Walton.

A citizen of this age would almost as much disdain to admit of a tenant for half his shop, as a knight would to ride double; though the brethren of one of the most ancient orders in the world were so little above this practice, that their common seal was the device of two riding on one horse.[4] A more than gradual deviation from that parsimonious character, of which this is a ludicrous instance, hastened the grandeur, and declension, of that fraternity; and it is rather to be wished than hoped, that the vast increase of trade of this country, and an aversion from the frugal manners of our forefathers, may not be productive of similar consequences to this nation in general.

I conjecture, that *about* 1632 he married; for in that year I find him living in a house in Chancery-lane, a few doors higher up, on the left hand, than the former, and described by the occupation of a *sempster* or *milliner*. The former of these might be his own proper trade; and the latter, as being a feminine occupation, might probably be carried on by his wife: she, it appears, was *Anne* the daughter of Thomas Ken, of Furnival's Inn, and sister of Thomas, afterwards Dr. Ken, bishop of Bath and Wells, one of the seven that were sent to the Tower, and who at the Revolution was deprived, and died in retirement. Walton seems to have been as happy in the married state, as the society and friendship of a prudent and pious woman of great endowments could make him; and that Mrs. Walton was such a one, we may conclude from what will be said of her hereafter.

About 1643 he left London, and, with a fortune very far short of

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(1) Ward's *Life of Sir Thomas Gresham*, p. 12.
(2) *Ibid.*
(3) *Ex vet. chartâ penes me.*
(4) The Knights Templars. Ashmole's *Instit. of the Order of the Garter*, p. 55. See the seal at the end of Matt. Paris *Hist. Anglicana*, edit. 1640.

what would now be called a competency,[1] seems to have retired altogether from business; at which time (to use the words of Wood) "finding it dangerous for honest men to be there, he left that city, and lived sometimes at Stafford,[2] and elsewhere; but mostly in the families of the eminent clergymen of England, of whom he was much beloved."[3]

While he continued in London, his favourite recreation was angling, in which he was the greatest proficient of his time; and indeed, so great were his skill and experience in that art, that there is scarce any writer on the subject since his time, who has not made the rules and practice of Walton his very foundation. It is therefore with the greatest propriety that Langbaine calls him "the common father of all anglers."[4]

The river that he seems mostly to have frequented for this purpose was the Lea, which has its source above Ware in Hertfordshire, and falls into the Thames a little below Black-Wall;[5] unless we will suppose that the vicinity of the New-River[6] to the place of his habitation, might sometimes tempt him out with his friends, honest Nat. and R. Roe, whose loss he so pathetically mentions,[7] to spend an afternoon there.

In the year 1662, he was by death deprived of the solace and comfort of a good wife, as appears by the following monumental inscription in the chapel of Our Lady, in the cathedral church of Worcester

EXTERRIS
D.
M. S.
HERE LYETH BURIED
so much as could dye of
ANNE, the Wife of IZAAK WALTON;
who was a Woman of remarkable Prudence,
and of the Primitive Piety;
her great, and general Knowledge
being adorned with such true Humility,
and blest with so much Christian Meekness,
as made her worthy of a more memorable Monument.
She dyed (alas that she is dead!)
the 17th of April, 1662, Aged 52.
Study to be like her.

Living, while in London, in the parish of St. Dunstan in the West, whereof Dr. John Donne, dean of St. Paul's, was vicar, he became of course a frequent hearer of that excellent preacher, and, at length, (as he himself expresses it,)[8] his convert. Upon his decease in

(1) See his *Will*, at the end of the *Life*.
(2) He lived upon a small estate near the town of Stafford, where, according to his own account, he suffered during the time of the civil wars; having by his loyalty rendered himself obnoxious to the persons in power.
(3) *Athen. Oxon.* Vol. I. 305.
(4) *Lives of the English Dramatic Poets*, art. *Cha. Cotton*, Esq.
(5) See Chap. XIX. note, page 219.
(6) That great work, the bringing water from Chadwell and Amwell, in Hertfordshire, to London, by means of the trench called the New River, was completed on Michaelmas day, 1613. Stow's *Survey*, fol. 1633. p. 12.
(7) Preface to *Complete Angler*.
(8) *Verses* of Walton at the end of *Dr. Donne's Life*.

1631, Sir Henry Wotton (of whom mention will be made hereafter) requested Walton to collect materials for a *Life of the Doctor*, which it seems Sir Henry had undertaken to write:[1] but Sir Henry dying before he had completed the life, Walton undertook it himself; and in the year 1640 finished, and published it with a *Collection of the Doctor's Sermons*, in folio. As soon as the book came out, a complete copy was sent as a present to Walton, by Mr. John Donne, the doctor's son, afterwards doctor of laws; and one of the blank leaves contained his letter to Mr. Walton: the letter is yet extant, and in print,[2] and is a handsome and grateful acknowledgment of the honour done to the memory of his father.

Doctor King, afterwards bishop of Chichester, in a letter to the author, thus expresses himself concerning this Life: "I am glad that the general demonstration of his [Doctor Donne's] worth was so fairly preserved, and represented to the world, by your pen, in the history of his life; indeed so well, that, beside others, the best critic of our later time, Mr. John Hales, of Eaton, affirmed to me, he had not seen a life written with more advantage to the subject, or reputation to the writer, than that of Doctor Donne."[3]

Sir Henry Wotton dying in 1639, Walton was importuned by bishop King to undertake the writing his Life also; and, as it should seem by a circumstance mentioned in the margin, it was finished about 1644.[4] Notwithstanding which, the earliest copy I have yet been able to meet with is that prefixed to a Collection of Sir Henry's *Remains*, undoubtedly made by Walton himself, intitled *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, and by him, in 1651, dedicated to Lady Mary Wotton and her three daughters; though in a subsequent edition, in 1685, he has recommended them to the patronage of a more remote relation of the author, namely, Philip earl of Chesterfield.

The Precepts of Angling—meaning thereby the Rules and Directions for taking Fish with a Hook and Line—till Walton's time, having hardly ever been reduced to writing, were propagated from age to age chiefly by tradition: but Walton, whose benevolent and communicative temper appears in almost every line of his writings, unwilling to conceal from the world those assistances which his long practice and experience enabled him, perhaps the best of any man of his time, to give, in the year 1653 published, in a very elegant manner, his *Complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation*, in small duodecimo, adorned with exquisite cuts of most of the fish mentioned in it. The artist who engraved them has been so modest as to conceal his name: but there is great reason to suppose they are the

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(1) See *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, octavo, 1685. p. 360.

(2) In Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, Vol. I. lib. VI. p. 24. In the year 1714, the very book, with the original manuscript letter, was in the hands of the Rev. Mr. Borradale, rector of Market-Deeping, in the county of Lincoln.

(3) Bishop King's *Letter to Walton* before the *Collection of the Lives*, in 1670.

(4) It is certain that *Hooker's Life* was written about 1664; and Walton says, in his *Epistle before the Lives*, that "there was an interval of "twenty years between the writing of *Hooker's Life* and *Wotton's*, which fixes the date of the latter to 1644."

work of Lombart, who is mentioned in the *Sculptura* of Mr. Evelyn; and also that the plates were of steel.

And let no man imagine, that a work on such a subject must necessarily be unentertaining, or trifling, or even uninstructive; for the contrary will most evidently appear, from a perusal of this excellent piece, which—whether we consider the elegant simplicity of the style, the ease and unaffected humour of the dialogue, the lovely scenes which it delineates, the enchanting pastoral poetry which it contains, or the fine morality it so sweetly inculcates—has hardly its fellow in any of the modern languages.

The truth is, that there are few subjects so barren as not to afford matter of delight, and even of instruction, if ingeniously treated: Montaigne has written an essay on *Coaches*, and another on *Thumbs*; and our own nation has produced many men, who, from a peculiar felicity in their turn of thinking, and manner of writing, have adorned, and even dignified, themes the most dry and unpromising. Many would think that time ill employed, which was spent in composing a treatise on the art of shooting in the long bow; and how few lovers of horticulture would expect entertainment from a discourse of Sallads! and yet the *Toxophilus* of Roger Ascham, and the *Acetaria* of Mr. Evelyn, have been admired and commended by the best judges of literature.

But that the reader may determine for himself, how much our author has contributed to the improvement of piscatory science, and how far his work may be said to be an original, it will be necessary for him to take a view of the state of angling at the time when he wrote; and that he may be the better able to do this, he will consider, that, till the time of the Reformation, although the clergy, as well regular as secular—on account of their leisure, and because the canon law forbad them the use of the sanguinary recreations of hunting, hawking, and fowling—were the great proficients in angling, yet none of its precepts were committed to writing; and that, from the time of the introduction of printing into this kingdom, to that of the first publication of Walton's book, in 1653, an interval of more than one hundred and fifty years, only five books on this subject had been given to the world: of the four latest, some mention is made in the margin;[1] but the first of that number, as well on account of its

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(1) "*A Booke of fishing with hooke and line, and of all other instruments thereunto belonging.* Another of sundrie engines and traps to take polecats, buzzards, rats, mice, and all other kinds of vermine and beasts whatsoever, most profitable for all warriners, and such as delight in this kind of sport and pastime, made by L. M. 4to. London, 1590, 1596, 1600.

It appears by a variety of evidence, that the person meant by these initials was one *Leonard Mascall*, an author who wrote on planting and grafting, and also on cattle. *Vide infra*, Chap. IX.

Approved Experiments touching Fish and Fruit, to be regarded by the Lovers of Angling, by Mr. John Taverner, in Quarto, 1600.

The Secrets of Angling, a poem, in three books, by *J. D.* Esq. Octavo, 1613. Mention is made of this book, in a note on a passage in the ensuing dialogues: and there is reason to think, that it is the foundation of a treatise, intitled, *The whole Art of Angling*, published in Quarto, 1656, by the well-known Gervase Markham, as part of his *Country Contentments, or Husbandman's Recreations*, since he confesses, that the substance of

quaintness as antiquity, and because it is not a little characteristic of the age when it was written, deserves to be particularly distinguished. This tract, intitled, *The Treatyse of Fysshynge wythan Angle*, makes part of a book, like many others of that early time, without a title; but which, by the colophon, appears to have been printed at Westminster, by Wynkyn de Worde, 1496, in a small folio, containing a treatise *on hawking;* another, *on hunting*, in verse,—the latter taken, as it seems, from a Tract, on that subject, written by old Sir Tristram, an ancient forester, cited in the *Forest Laws* of Manwood, chap. iv. in sundry places; a book wherein is determined the *Lygnage of Cote Armures;* the above-mentioned treatise *of fishing;* and the method of *Blasynge of Armes.*

The book printed by Wynkyn de Worde is, in truth, a re-publication of one known, to the curious, by the name of the "Book of St. Alban's," it appearing by the colophon to have been printed there, in 1486, and, as it seems, with Caxton's letter.[1] Wynkyn de Worde's impression has the addition of the treatise *of fishing;* of which only it concerns us to speak.

The several tracts contained in the above-mentioned two impressions of the same book, were compiled by Dame Julyans (or Juliana) Berners, Bernes, or Barnes; prioress of the nunnery of Sopwell, near St. Alban's; a lady of a noble family—and celebrated, for her learning and accomplishments, by Leland, Bale, Pits, bishop Tanner, and others. And the reason for her publishing it, in the manner it appears in, she gives us in the following words: *And for by cause that this present treatyse sholde not come to the handys of eche ydle persone whyche wolde desire it, yf it were enprynted allone by itself and put in a lytyll plaunflet; therefore I have compylyd it in a greter volume, of dyuerse bokys concernynge to gentyll and noble men, to the entent that the forsayd ydle persones whyche sholde haue but lytyll mesure in the sayd dysporte of fysshynge, sholde not by this meane utterly dystroye it.*

And as to the treatise itself, it must be deemed a great typographical curiosity, as well for the wooden sculpture which in the original immediately follows the title, as for the orthography and the character in which it is printed. And, with respect to the subject matter thereof, it begins—With a comparison of fishing with the diversions of hunting, hawking, and fowling,—which, the authoress shews, are attended with great inconveniences and disappointments; whereas in fishing, if his sport fail him, *the Angler*, says she, *atte the leest, hath his holsom walke, and mery at his ease, a swete ayre of the swete sauoure of the meede floures, that makyth him hungry; he hereth the melodyous armony of fowles; he seeth the yonge swannes, heerons,*

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his book was originally in rhyme. Of Markham's book, a specimen is given in a note on page 20.

Barker's Art of Angling, printed in 12mo. in 1651, and again in 4to. in 1653. A third edition was published in 1659, under the title of *Barker's Delight, or the Art of Angling*. For an Account of this book and its Author, *vide infra*. J. S. H.

(1) Vide *Biographia Britannica*, Art. CAXTON, *note* L. wherein the author, Mr. Oldys, has given a copious account of the book, and a character of the lady who compiled it.

duckes, cotes, and many other fowles, wyth theyr brodes; whyche me semyth better than alle the noyse of houndys, the blastes of hornys, and the scrye of foulis, that hunters fawkeners, and foulers can make. And if the Angler take fysshe; surely, thenne, is there noo man merier than he is in his spyryte.

At the beginning of the directions, *How the angler is to make his harnays, or tackle*, he is thus instructed to provide a Rod: *And how ye shall make your rodde craftly, here I shall teche you. Ye shall kytte betweene Myghelmas and Candylmas, a fayr staffe, of a fadom and an halfe longe and arme-grete, of hasyll, wyllowe, or aspe; and bethe hym in an hote ouyn, and sette hym euyn; thenne, lete hym cole and drye a moneth. Take thenne and frette*[1] *hym, faste, wyth a cokeshote corde; and bynde hym to a fourme, or an euyn square grete tree. Take, thenne, a plummer's wire, that is euen and streyte, and sharpe at the one ende; and hete the sharpe ende in a charcole fyre till it be whyte, and brenne the staffe therwyth thorugh, euer streyte in the pythe at bothe endes, tyll they mete: and after that brenne hym in the nether end wyth a byrde broche*[2] *and wyth other broches, eche gretter than other, and euer the grettest the laste; so that ye make your hole, aye, tapre were. Thenne lete hym lye styll, and kele two dayes; unfrette*[3] *hym thenne, and lete hym drye in an hous roof, in the smoke tyll he be thrugh drye. In the same season, take a fayr yerde of grene hasyll, and bethe him euen and streyghte, and lete it drye with the staffe; and whan they ben drye, make the yerde mete unto the hole in the staffe, unto halfe the length of the staffe; and to perfourme that other half of the croppe,—take a fayr shote of blacke thornn, crabbe tree, medler, or of jenypre, kytte in the same season, and well bethyd and streyghte, and frette theym togyder fetely, soo that the croppe maye justly entre all into the sayd hole; thenne shaue your staffe, and make hym tapre were; then vyrell the staffe at bothe endes with long hopis of yren, or laton, in the clennest wise, wyth a Pyke at the nether ende, fastnyd with a rennynge vyce, to take in and out your croppe; thenne set your croppe an handfull within the ouer ende of your staffe, in suche wise that it be as bigge there as in ony other place about: thenne arme your croppe at thouer ende, downe to the frette, wyth a lyne of vj heeres, and dubbe the lyne, and frette it faste in the toppe wyth a bowe to fasten on your lyne; and thus shall ye make you a rodde soo prevy, that ye may walke therwyth; and there shall noo man wyte where abowte ye goo.*

Speaking of the Barbel, she says: *The Barbyll is a swete fysshe; but it is a quasy meete, and a peryllous for mannys body. For, comynly, he yeuyth an introduxion to the febres: and yf he be eten rawe,*[4] *he may be cause of mannys dethe, whyche hath oft be seen.* And of the Carp,

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(1) i. e. *tye it about:* the substantive plural, *frets* of a lute, is formed of this verb.

(2) A bird spit.

(3) Untie it.

(4) The usage of the fourteenth century, at which this caution is levelled, cannot at this day but fill us with astonishment. What is it to manducate and take into our stomachs the flesh of any animal without any kind of culinary preparation, but to feed like cannibals! The reflection on this practice operated so strongly on the mind of the Hon. Robert Boyle, that he speaks in terms of abhorrence of the *eating of raw oysters*, in a book entitled, *Reflections*, &c. which hereafter will be mentioned.

The nearest approach, excepting the instance above, which in this age of

that it is a deyntous fysshe, but there ben but fewe in Englonde. And therefore I wryte the lasse of hym. He is an euyll fysshe to take. For he is soo stronge enarmyd in the mouthe, that there maye noo weke harnays hold hym.

And as touchynge his baytes, I have but lytyll knowledge of it. And me wereloth to wryte more than I knowe and have prouyd. But well I wote, that the redde worme and the menow ben good baytes for hym at all tymes, as I have herde saye of persones credyble, and also founde wryten in bokes of credence.[1]

For taking the Pike, this lady directs her readers in the following terms, viz.

Take a codlynge hoke; and take a Roche, or a fresshe Heeryng; and a wyre wyth an hole in the ende, and put it in at the mouth, and out at the taylle, downe by the ridge of the fresshe Heeryng; and thenne put the lyne of your hoke in after, and drawe the hoke into the cheke of the fresshe Heeryng; then put a plumbe of lede upon your lyne a yerde longe from your hoke, and aflote in myd waye betwene; and caste it in a pytte where the Pyke usyth: and this is the beste and moost surest crafte of takynge the Pyke. Another manere takynge of hym there is; take a frosshe,[2] *and put it on your hoke, at the nocke, betwene the skynne and the body, on the backe half, and put on a flote a yerde therefro, and caste it where the Pyke hauntyth, and ye shall haue hym. Another manere: Take the same bayte, and put it in asa fetida, and caste it in the water wyth a corde and a corke, and ye shall not fayl of hym. And yf ye lyst to haue a good sporte, thenne tye the corde to a gose fote; and ye shall se gode halynge, whether the gose or the Pyke shall have the better.*

The directions for making flies, contained in this book, are, as one would expect, very inartificial: we shall therefore only add, that the authoress advises the angler to be provided with twelve different sorts; between which and Walton's twelve,[3] the difference is so very small, as well in the order as the manner of describing them, that there cannot remain the least doubt but he had seen, and attentively perused this ancient treatise.

The book concludes with some general cautions, among which are these that follow; which at least serve to shew, how long Angling has been looked on as an auxiliary to contemplation.

Also ye shall not use this forsayd crafty dysporte, for no couetysenes, to the encreasynge and sparynge of your money oonly; but pryncypally for your solace, and to cause the helthe of your body, and specyally of your soule: for whanne ye purpoos to goo on your dysportes in fysshynge, ye woll not desyre gretly many persons wyth you, whyche myghte lette you of your game. And thenne ye may serue God,

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rational refinement we make to the savage practice that gives occasion to this note, is the eating of *salted* or *pickled herrings* or *anchovies*; but for this it may be said in excuse, that there may possibly be in salt some principle similar, in its operation on certain bodies, to *fire*, at least, we find that the purposes of culinary fire are sufficiently answered in the process of curing herrings.

(1) Considering the time when this book was written, we may conclude, that these could be hardly any other than Monkish manuscripts.

(2) Or *Frog*. Minsheu's *Dictionary*.

(3) *Vide, infra*, Chap. V.

deuowtly, in sayenge affectuously youre custumable prayer;[1] *and, thus doynge, ye shall eschewe and voyde many vices.*

But to return to the last-mentioned work of our author, *The Complete Angler:* it came into the world attended with Encomiastic Verses by several writers of that day;[2] and had in the title-page, though Walton thought proper to omit it in the future editions, this apposite motto:

> "Simon Peter said, I go a fishing; and they said, we also will go with thee." *John* 21. 3.

And here occasion is given us to remark, that the circumstance of time, and the distracted state of the kingdom at the period when the book was written, reaching indeed to the publication of the third edition thereof, are evidences of the author's inward temper and disposition; for who—but a man whose mind was the habitation of piety, prudence, humility, peace and cheerfulness—could delineate such a character as that of the principal interlocutor in this dialogue; and make him *reason, contemplate, instruct, converse, jest, sing,* and *recite verses,* with that *sober pleasantry,* that *unlicentious hilarity,* that *Piscator* does? and this, too, at a time when the whole kingdom was in arms; and confusion and desolation were carried to an extreme sufficient to have excited such a resentment against the authors of them, as might have soured the best temper, and rendered it, in no small degree, unfit for social intercourse.[3]

If it should be objected, that what is here said may be equally true of an *indolent* man, or of a mind insensible to all outward accidents, and devoted to its own ease and gratification,—to this it may be answered, that the person here spoken of was not such a man: on the contrary, in sundry views of his character, he appears to have been endowed both with *activity* and *industry;* an industrious tradesman; industrious in collecting biographical memoirs and historical facts, and in rescuing from oblivion the memory and writings of many of his learned friends: and, surely, against the suspicion of *insensibility* HE must stand acquitted, who appears to have had the strongest attachments, that could consist with christian charity, both to opinions and men; to episcopacy, to the doctrines, discipline, and the liturgy of the established church; and to those divines and others that favoured the civil and ecclesiastical constitution of this country,—the subversion whereof, it was his misfortune both to see and feel. Seeing, therefore, that amidst the public calamities, and in a state of exile from that city where the earliest and dearest of his connections had been formed, he was thus capable of enjoying himself in the manner he appears to have done; patiently submitting to those evils which he could not prevent,—we must pronounce him to have been

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(1) A note of the pious simplicity of former times, which united prayer with recreation.

(2) This is a mistake; it was upon the publication of the second edition, that the commendatory verses appeared.

(3) This kind of resentment we cannot better estimate, than by a comparison thereof with its opposite affection, whatever we may call it; which in one instance, to wit, the restoration of King Charles II. had such an effect upon Mr. Oughtred, the mathematician, that, for joy on receiving the news that the parliament had voted the king's return, he expired.

an illustrious exemplar of the private and social virtues, and upon the whole a *wise* and *good* man.

To these remarks, respecting the moral qualities of Walton, I add, that his mental endowments were so considerable as to merit notice; it is true, that his stock of learning properly so called, was not great; yet were his attainments in literature far beyond what could be expected from a man bred to trade, and not to a learned profession; for let it be remembered, that—besides being well versed in the study of the *holy scriptures*, and the *writings of the most eminent divines* of his time—he appears to have been well acquainted with *history*, ecclesiastical, civil, and natural; to have acquired a very correct judgment in *poetry*; and by phrases of his own combination and invention, to *have formed a style* so natural, intelligible, and elegant, as to have had more admirers than successful imitators.

And although in the prosecution of his design to teach the contemplative man the art of angling, there is a plainness and simplicity of discourse, that indicates little more than bare instruction, yet is there intermingled with it wit and gentle reprehension; and we may in some instances discover, that though he professes himself no friend to *scoffing*, he knew very well how to deal with *scoffers*, and to defend his art, as we see he does, against such as attempted to degrade it; and particularly against those two persons in the dialogue, Auceps and Venator, who affected to fear a *long* and *watery* discourse in defence of his art—the former of whom he puts to silence, and the other he converts and takes for his pupil.

What reception in general the book met with, may be naturally inferred from the dates of the subsequent editions thereof; the second came abroad in 1655, the third in 1664, the fourth in 1668, and the fifth and last in 1676. It is pleasing to trace the several variations which the author from time to time made in these subsequent editions, as well by adding new facts and discoveries, as by enlarging on the more entertaining parts of the dialogue: And so far did he indulge himself in this method of improvement, that, besides that in the second edition he has introduced a new interlocutor, to wit, Auceps, a *falconer*, and by that addition gives a new form to the dialogue; he from thence takes occasion to urge a variety of reasons in favour of *his art*, and to assert its preference as well to *hawking* as *hunting*. The third and fourth editions of his book have several entire new chapters; and the fifth, the last of the editions published in his lifetime, contains no less than eight chapters more than the first, and twenty pages more than the fourth.

Not having the advantage of a learned education, it may seem unaccountable that Walton so frequently cites authors that have written only in Latin, as Gesner, Cardan, Aldrovandus, Rondeletius, and even Albertus Magnus; but here it may be observed, that the voluminous history of animals, of which the first of these was author, is in effect translated into English by Mr. Edward Topsel, a learned divine; chaplain, as it seems—in the church of St. Botolph, Aldersgate—to Dr. Neile, dean of Westminster. The translation was published in 1658, and—containing in it numberless particulars concerning *frogs*, *serpents*, *caterpillars*, and other animals, though not of fish, extracted from the other writers above-named, and others with their names to

the respective facts—it furnished Walton with a great variety of intelligence, of which in the later editions of his book he has carefully availed himself: it was therefore through the medium of this translation alone, that he was enabled to cite the other authors mentioned above; vouching the authority of the original writers, in like manner as he elsewhere does Sir Francis Bacon, whenever occasion occurs to mention his *Natural History*, or any other of his works. Pliny was translated to his hand by Dr. Philemon Holland, as were also Janus Dubravius *De Piscinis & Piscium Natura*, and Lebault's *Maison Rustique*, so often referred to by him in the course of his work.

Nor did the reputation of the *Complete Angler* subsist only in the opinions of those for whose use it was more peculiarly calculated; but even the learned, either from the known character of the author, or those internal evidences of judgment and veracity contained in it, considered it as a work of merit, and for various purposes referred to its authority: Doctor Thomas Fuller in his *Worthies*, whenever he has occasion to speak of fish, uses his very words. Doctor Plot, in his *History of Staffordshire*, has, on the authority of our author, related two of the instances of the voracity of the Pike, mentioned Part I. Chap. 8.; and confirmed them by two other signal ones, that had then lately fallen out in that county.

These are testimonies in favour of Walton's authority in matters respecting fish and fishing. And it will hardly be thought a diminution of that of Fuller, to say, that he was acquainted with, and a friend of, the person whom he thus implicitly commends: a fact which the following relation of a conference between them sufficiently proves.

Fuller, as we all know, wrote a *Church History*, which, soon after its publication—Walton—having read—applied to the author for some information touching Hooker, whose Life he was then about to write. Upon this occasion Fuller, knowing how intimate Walton was with several of the bishops and ancient clergy, asked his opinion of it, and what reception it met with among his friends? Walton answered, that "he thought it would be acceptable to all tempers, because there were shades in it for the warm, and sunshine for those of a cold constitution: that with youthful readers, the facetious parts would be proper to make the serious more palatable, while some reverend old readers might fancy themselves in his *History of the Church* as in a flower-garden, or one full of evergreens."—'And why not,' said Fuller, 'the Church History so decked, as well as the Church itself at a most *holy season*, or the Tabernacle of old at the *feast of boughs*.' "That was but for a season," said Walton: "in *your* feast of boughs, they may conceive, we are so overshadowed throughout, that the parson is more seen than his congregation,—and this, sometimes, invisible to its own acquaintance, who may wander in the search till they are lost in the labyrinth."—'Oh,' said Fuller, 'the *very children* of our Israel may find their way out of this wilderness.'—"True," replied Walton, "as, indeed, they have here such a Moses to conduct them."[1]

(1) From a manuscript *Collection of diverting sayings, stories, characters, &c. in verse and prose*, made about the year 1686, by Charles Cotton, Esq.

To pursue the subject of the Biographical Writings—about two years after the Restoration, Walton wrote the *Life* of Mr. *Richard Hooker*, author of the *Ecclesiastical Polity*. He was enjoined to undertake this work by his friend Doctor Gilbert Sheldon,[1] afterwards archbishop of Canterbury; who, by the way, was an angler. Bishop King, in a letter to the author,[2] says of this Life: "I have often seen Mr. Hooker with my father, who was after bishop of London; from whom, and others at that time, I have heard most of the material passages which you relate in the history of his life." Sir William Dugdale, speaking of the three posthumous books of the *Ecclesiastical Polity*, refers the reader "to that seasonable historical discourse, lately compiled and published, with great judgment and integrity, by that much deserving person, Mr. Isaac Walton."[3] In this Life we are told, that Hooker, while he was at college, made a visit to the famous Doctor Jewel, then bishop of Salisbury, his good friend and patron: An account of the bishop's reception of him, and behaviour at his departure—as it contains a lively picture of his simplicity and goodness, and of the plain manners of those times—is given in the note.[4]

The Life of Mr. *George Herbert*, as it stands the fourth and last in the volume wherein that and the three former are collected, seems to have been written the next after Hooker's: it was first published in duodecimo, 1670. Walton professes himself to have been a stranger as to the person of Herbert;[5] and though he assures us his

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some time in the library of the Earl of Halifax. *Vide* Biographia Britannica, 2061, note P. *in margine*.

The editors of the above work have styled this colloquy a *witty confabulation*, but it seems remarkable for nothing but its singularity, which consists in the starting of a metaphor and hunting it down.

(1) Walton's *Epist. to the reader of the Lives*, in 8vo. 1670.

(2) Before the *Lives*.

(3) *Short View of the late Troubles in England*, fol. 1681, p. 39.

(4) "As soon as he was perfectly recovered from this sickness, he took a journey from Oxford to Exeter, to satisfy and see his good mother; being accompanied with a countryman and companion of his own college, and both on foot; which was, then, either more in fashion—or want of money, or their humility made it so: but on foot they went, and took Salisbury in their way, purposely to see the good bishop, who made Mr. Hooker and his companion dine with him at his own table; which Mr. Hooker boasted of with much joy and gratitude, when he saw his mother and friends. And at the bishop's parting with him, the bishop gave him good counsel, and his benediction, but forgot to give him money, which, when the bishop had considered, he sent a servant in all haste to call Richard back to him: and at Richard's return, the bishop said to him: Richard! I sent for you back to lend you a horse, which hath carried me many a mile, and, I thank God, with much ease; and presently delivered into his hands a walking staff, with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany; and he said, *Richard? I do not give, but lend you my horse; be sure you be honest, and bring my horse back to me at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you* ten groats *to bear your charges to Exeter; and here is* ten groats *more, which I charge you to deliver to your mother; and tell her, I send her a bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you* ten groats *more to carry you on foot to the college: and so God bless you, good Richard?*' Life of *Hooker*, in the *Collection of Lives*, edit. 1670.

(5) *Introd. to Herbert's Life.*

life of him was a free-will-offering,[1] it abounds with curious information, and is no way inferior to any of the former.

Two of these *Lives; viz.* those of *Hooker* and *Herbert*, we are told, were written under the roof of Walton's good friend and patron, Dr. George Morley, bishop of Winchester;[2] which particular seems to agree with Wood's account, that, "after his quitting London, he lived mostly in the families of the eminent clergy of that time."[3] And who that considers the inoffensiveness of his manners, and the pains he took in celebrating the lives and actions of good men, can doubt his being much beloved by them?

In the year 1670, these *Lives* were collected and published in octavo; with a *Dedication* to the above bishop of Winchester; and a *Preface*, containing the motives for writing them:—this preface is followed by a *Copy of Verses*, by his intimate friend and adopted son, Charles Cotton, of Beresford in Staffordshire, Esq. the author of the Second Part of the *Complete Angler*, of whom further mention will hereafter be made; and by the *Letter* from bishop King, so often referred to in the course of this Life.

The *Complete Angler* having, in the space of twenty-three years, gone through four editions,—Walton, in the year 1676, and in the eighty-third of his age, was preparing a fifth, with additions, for the press; when Mr. Cotton wrote a second part of that work: It seems Mr. Cotton submitted the manuscript to Walton's perusal, who returned it with his approbation,[4] and a few marginal strictures: And in that year they came abroad together. Mr. Cotton's book had the title of the *Complete Angler; being Instructions how to angle for a Trout or Grayling, in a clear stream; Part II.* and it has ever since been received as a Second Part of Walton's book. In the title-page, is a cipher composed of the initial letters of both their names; which cipher, Mr. Cotton tells us, he had caused to be cut in stone, and set up over a fishing-house,[5] that he had erected near his dwelling, on the bank of the little river *Dove*, which divides the counties of Stafford and Derby.

Mr. Cotton's book is a judicious supplement to Walton's; for it must not be concealed, that Walton, though he was so expert an angler, knew but little of fly-fishing; and indeed he is so ingenuous as to confess, that the greater part of what he has said on that subject was communicated to him by Mr. *Thomas Barker*,[6] and not the result of his own experience. This Mr. Barker was a good-humoured gossiping old man, and seems to have been a cook; for he says, "he had been admitted into the most ambassadors' kitchens, that had come to England for forty years, and drest fish for them;" for which, he says, "he was duly paid by the Lord Protector."[7] He spent a

(1) *Epistle* to the Reader of the *Collection of Lives*.
(2) Dedication of the *Lives*.
(3) Zouch says that apartments for Walton and his daughters were reserved both in the house of the bishop of Winchester, and in that of the bishop of Salisbury.
(4) See Walton's *Letter to Cotton*, before the Second Part.
(5) *Vide infra*, Part II.
(6) *Vide infra*.
(7) *Barker's Delight*, p. 20.

great deal of time, and, it seems, money too, in fishing; and in the latter part of his life, dwelt in an almshouse near the Gatehouse, Westminster. In 1651, two years before the first publication of Walton's work, he published a work in 12mo. called the *Art of Angling*, to which he affixed his name:[1] he published in 1653 a second edition, in 4to. under the same title, but without his name: and in 1659 he published the third edition of it, under the enlarged title of *Barker's Delight, or the Art of Angling*. And, for that singular vein of humour that runs through it, a most diverting book it is. The *Dedication* of this performance to Edward lord Montague, general of the navy, is given in the margin;[2] and the reader will meet with some further specimens of the author's style and manner of writing, in the notes on the present edition.

And of Cotton it must be said, that living in a country where fly-fishing was, and is, almost the only practice, he had not only the means of acquiring, but actually possessed more skill in the art, as also in the method of making flies, than most men of his time.

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(1) Walton, in the first edition, pa. 108, says, "I will tell you freely, I find Mr. Thomas Barker a gentleman that has spent much time and money in angling, deal so judiciously and freely in a little book of his of angling, and especially of making and angling with a fly for a trout, that I will give you his very directions without much variation, which shall follow." In his fifth edition, he again mentions the use which he had made of Barker's book, but in different words: "I shall give some other directions for fly-fishing, such as are given by Mr. Thomas Barker, a gentleman that hath spent much time in fishing, but I shall do it with a little variation."

(2) " Noble Lord!

" I do present this my book as I have named it, *Barker's Delight*, to your honour, *I pray God send you safe home, to your good lady and sweet babes. Amen, Amen.* If you shall find any thing delightful in the reading of it, I shall heartily rejoice; for I know you are one who takes delight in that pleasure, and have good judgment and experience,—as many noble persons and gentlemen of true piety and honour do, and have. The favour that I have found from you, and a great many more, that did and do love that pleasure, shall never be bury'd in oblivion by me. I am now grown old, and am willing to enlarge my little book. I have written no more but my own experience and practice; and have set forth the true ground of angling, which I have been gathering these threescore years; having spent many pounds in the gaining of it, as is well known in the place where I was born and educated, which is Bracemeale, in the liberty of Salop; being a freeman and burgess of the same city. *If any noble or gentle angler, of what degree soever he be, have a mind to discourse of any of these ways and experiments*, I live in *Henry the VIIth's Gifts*, the next door to the Gatehouse in Westminster: my name is Barker; where I shall be ready, as long as please God, to satisfy them and maintain my art during life, which is not like to be long; that the younger fry may have my experiments at a smaller charge than I had them: for it would be too heavy for every one that loveth that exercise, to be at the charge as I was at first in my youth, the loss of my time, with great expenses. Therefore, I took it in consideration; and thought fit to let it be understood, and to take pains to set forth the true grounds and ways, that I have found by experience both for fitting of the rods and tackles, both for ground-baits, and flies; with the directions for the making thereof; with observations for times and seasons for the ground-baits, and flies, both for day and night, with the dressing; wherein I take as much delight as in the taking of them; and to shew how I can perform it, to furnish any lord's table only with Trouts, as it is furnished with flesh, for sixteen or twenty dishes. And I have a desire to preserve their health, (with the help of God) to go dry in their boots and shoes in angling;* for age taketh the pleasure from me."

* See his recipe for this purpose, in the Notes on Chap. XVII.

His book is, in fact, a continuation of Walton's, not only as it teaches at large that branch of the art of angling which Walton had but slightly treated on, but as it takes up *Venator*, Walton's piscatory disciple, just where his master had left him; and this connection between the two parts will be clearly seen, when it is remarked, that the traveller whom Cotton invites to his house and so hospitably entertains, and also instructs in the art of fly-fishing—I say this traveller—and *Venator*, the pupil of Walton, come out to be one and the same person.

Not further to anticipate what will be found in the Second Part, it shall here suffice to say, that there is great spirit in the dialogue; and that the same conversable, communicative temper appears in it, that so eminently distinguishes the piece it accompanies.

The Descriptions of Flies, with the Materials for, and different methods of making them—though they may admit of some improvement, and accordingly the reader will meet with several valuable ones in the notes on the chapter of artificial flies—are indisputably the most exact and copious of all that have ever yet been published.

At the end of the Second Part, though in this edition it has been thought proper to transpose them, are [were] some verses of Cotton's writing, which he calls *The Retirement, or Stanzes Irreguliers:*—of them, and also of the book, take this character from Langbaine: "This book is not unworthy of the perusal of the gravest men that are lovers of this innocent recreation; and those who are not anglers, but have a taste for poetry, may find Mr. Cotton's character better described by himself, in a copy of verses printed at the end of that book, called *The Retirement*, than any I might present the reader from Colonel Lovelace, Sir Aston Cockaine, Robert Herrick, Esq., or Mr. Alexander Brome; all which have writ *Verses* in our author's praise; but, in my poor judgment, far short of these *Stanzes Irreguliers.*"[1] In short, these books contain a great number of excellent rules, and valuable discoveries; and it may, with truth, be said, that few have ever perused them, but have, unless it was their own fault, found themselves not only better anglers, but better men.

A book which had been published by Col Robert Venables, some years before,[2] called the *Experienced Angler, or Angling improved*, which has its merit, was also now re-printed; and the booksellers prefixed to it a general title of the *Universal Angler;* under which they sometimes sold the three bound together: but the book being written in a manner very different from that of the *Complete Angler*, it was not thought proper to let it accompany the present edition; however, some use has been made of it in the notes. It has a preface signed *I. W.* undoubtedly of Walton's writing.

And here it may not be amiss to remark, that between the two parts of the *Complete Angler* there is an obvious difference; the Latter [Part], though it abounds in descriptions of a wild and romantic country, and exemplifies the intercourse of hospitable urbanity, is of a didactic form, and contains in it more of instruction in the art it professes to teach, than of moral reflection: whereas the

(1) *Lives of the English Dramatic Poets*, art. *Cha. Cotton*, Esq.
(2) In 1662.

former, besides the pastoral simplicity that distinguishes it, is replete with sentiments that edify,—and precepts that recommend, in the most persuasive manner, the practice of religion, and the exercise of patience, humility, contentedness, and other moral virtues. In this view of it, the book might be said to be the only one of the kind, but that I find somewhat like an imitation of it extant in a tract entitled *Angling improved to Spiritual Uses*, part of an octavo volume written by that eminent person the Hon. Robert Boyle, an angler, as himself confesses, and published in 1665, with this title: "Occasional Reflections upon several subjects; whereto is premised a Discourse about such kind of thoughts."

Great names are entitled to great respect. The character of Mr. Boyle, as a devout christian and deep philosopher, is deservedly in high estimation; and a comparison between his Reflections and those of Walton, might seem an invidious labour——but see the irresistible impulse of wit[1] the book here referred to, was written in the very younger years of the author; and Swift, who had but little learning himself, and was better skilled in *party-politics* than in *mathematics* or *physics*, respected no man for his proficiency in either, and accordingly has not spared to turn the whole of it into ridicule.

Walton was now in his eighty-third year, an age, which, to use his own words, "might have procured him a writ of ease,[2] and secured him from all further trouble in that kind;" when he undertook to write the *Life* of Doctor *Robert Sanderson*, bishop of Lincoln:[3] which was published—together with *Several of the bishop's pieces*, and a *Sermon of Hooker's*—in octavo, 1677.[4]

And, since little has been said of the subjects of these several Lives, it may not be amiss just to mention what kind of men they were whom Walton, and indeed mankind in general, thought so well worthy to be signalized by him.

Doctor JOHN DONNE was born in London, about the year 1573. At the age of eleven he was sent to Oxford; thence he was

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(1) See his *Meditation on a Broomstick*.

(2) A discharge from the office of a judge, or the state and degree of a serjeant-at-law. Dugdale's *Origines Juridiciales*, 139. That good man, and learned judge, Sir George Croke, had obtained it some time before the writing of *Sanderson's Life*. *Life of Sir George Croke*, in the *Preface* to his *Reports*, Vol. III.

(3) See the *Letter* from Bishop Barlow to Walton, at the end of *Sanderson's Life*.

(4) The following curious particular, relating to King Charles the First, is mentioned in this *Life of Sanderson*; which, as none of our historians have taken notice of it, is here given in Walton's own words: "And let me here take occasion to tell the reader this truth, not commonly known, that in one of these conferences this conscientious king told Dr. Sanderson, or one of them that then waited with him, that the remembrance of two errors did much afflict him; which were, his assent to the Earl of Strafford's death, and the abolishing episcopacy in Scotland: and that, if God ever restored him to be in a peaceable possession of his crown, he would demonstrate his repentance by a public confession, and a voluntary penance, (I think barefoot) from the Tower of London, or Whitehall, to St. Paul's church, and desire the people to intercede with God for his pardon. I am sure one of them told it me, lives still, and will witness it. "*Life of Sanderson.*"

transplanted to Cambridge; where he applied himself very assiduously to the study of divinity. At seventeen he was admitted of Lincoln's-Inn; but not having determined what profession to follow, and being besides not thoroughly settled in his notions of religion, he made himself master of the Romish controversy, and became deeply skilled in the civil and canon law. He was one of the many young gentlemen that attended the Earl of Essex on the Cales expedition; at his return from which, he became secretary to the Lord-chancellor Ellesmere. Being very young, he was betrayed into some irregularities, the reflection on which gave him frequent uneasiness, during the whole of his future life: but a violent passion which he entertained for a beautiful young woman, a niece of Lady Ellesmere, cured him of these, though it was for a time the ruin of his fortunes; for he privately married her, and by so imprudent a conduct brought on himself and his wife the most pungent affliction that two young persons could possibly experience; he being, upon the representation of Sir George Moor, the lady's father, dismissed from his attendance on the lord-chancellor, and in consequence thereof involved in extreme distress and poverty;[1] in which he continued till about 1614, when having been persuaded to enter into holy orders, he was chosen preacher to the Honourable Society of Lincoln's-Inn, and soon after appointed a King's chaplain. His attachment to the above Society, and his love of a town residence among his friends, were so strong, that although, as Walton assures us, he had within the first year after his ordination, offers of no fewer than fourteen country benefices, he declined them all. In his station of chaplain he drew on him the eyes of the king, who, with some peculiar marks of favour, preferred him to the deanery of St. Paul's; and shortly after he was, on the presentation of his friend, the Earl of Dorset, inducted into the vicarage of St. Dunstan's in the west: but the misfortunes attending his marriage had not only broken his spirit, but so impaired his constitution, that he fell into a lingering consumption, of which he died in 1631. Besides a great number of *Sermons*, and a *Discourse on Suicide*,—he has left, of his writings, *Letters* to several persons of honour, in quarto, 1651; and a volume of *Poems*—first published, and as there is reason to suppose, by Walton himself, in 1635, but last, in 1719,—among which are six most spirited *Satires*, several whereof Mr. Pope has modernized. Walton compares him to St. Austin, as having, like him, been converted to a life of piety and holiness; and adds, that for the greatness of his natural endowments, he had been said to resemble Picus of Mirandula, of whom story says, that he was rather *born* than *made* WISE *by study*.

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(1) In a letter of his to an intimate friend, is the following most affecting passage: "There is not one person, but myself, well of my family: I have already lost half a child; and with that mischance of hers, my wife has fallen into such a discomposure, as would afflict her too extremely, but that the sickness of all her other children stupifies her; of one of which, in good faith, I have not much hope: and these meet with a fortune so ill provided, for physic, and such relief, that if God should ease us with burials, I know not how to perform even that. But I flatter myself with this hope, that I am dying too; for I cannot waste faster than by such griefs." *Life of Donne*, in the *Collection of Lives*, edit. 1670, page 29.

Sir HENRY WOTTON was born 1568. After he had finished his studies at Oxford, he resided in France, Germany, and Italy; and at his return attended the Earl of Essex. He was employed by king James the First in several foreign negociations, and went ambassador to Venice. Towards the end of his life, he was made (having first been admitted to deacon's orders) provost of Eton College, a dignity well suited to a mind like his, that had withdrawn itself from the world for the purpose of religious contemplation. He was skilled in painting, sculpture, music, architecture, medals, chemistry, and languages. In the arts of negociation he had few equals;[1] and in the propensities and attainments of a well bred gentleman, no superior. To which character, it may be added, that he possessed a rich vein of poetry; which he occasionally exercised in compositions of the descriptive and elegiac kind, specimens whereof occur in the course of this book. There is extant, of his writing, the volume of *Remains* heretofore mentioned; collected and published, as the Dedication tells us, by Walton himself; containing among other valuable tracts, his *Elements of Architecture:*[2] but the author's long residence abroad had in some degree corrupted his style, which, though in many particulars original and elegant, is like Sir William Temple's, overcharged with Gallicisms, and other foreign modes of expression.[3] He was a *lover* of *angling*, and such a proficient in the art, that, as he once told Walton, he intended to write a discourse on it: but death prevented him. His reasons for the choice of this recreation were, that it was, "after tedious study, a rest to his mind, a chearer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness; and begat habits of peace and patience."[4]

These sentiments of Sir Henry Wotton, which are given in his very words, bespeak a mind habituated to reflection, and at ease in the enjoyment of his faculties: but they fall short of that lovely portrait of human happiness, doubtless taken from the image in his own breast, which he has exhibited in the following beautiful stanzas, and which I here publish without those variations from the original that in some copies have greatly injured the sense, and abated the energy of them:

How happy is he born, or taught,
That serveth not another's will!
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill;

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(1) To a person intended for a foreign embassy that came to him for instruction, he gave this shrewd advice: "Ever," said he, "*speak truth:* for if you do, you shall *never be believed*, and 'twill put your adversaries (who will still *hunt counter*) to a loss in all their disquisitions and undertakings." See also his advice to Milton, concerning travel, in his *Letter* prefixed to Milton's *Comus*.

(2) This treatise of Sir Henry's is, undoubtedly, the best on the subject of any in the modern languages: a few years after his death it was translated into Latin, and printed at the end of *Vitruvius*, with an eulogium on the author.

(3) As where he says, "At *Augusta I took language* that the princes and states of the union had deferred that assembly." *Reliqu. Wotton*, edit. 1635.

(4) *Vide* Walton's *Epistle Dedicatory: &, infra*, cap. I.

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death;
Unty'd unto the world, with care
Of *public fame*, or *private breath*;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice: who never understood
How deepest wounds are given—by praise;
Nor, rules of *state*, but rules of *good*;

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,—
Nor, ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth, late and early, pray
More of his *grace* than *gifts* to lend;
And entertains the harmless day,
With a religious book or friend

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having *nothing*, yet hath *all*.

This worthy and accomplished gentleman died in the year 1639; and is celebrated by Mr. Cowley, in an elegiac poem, beginning with these lines:

What shall we say since *silent* now is *He*,
Who when he *spoke*, all things would *silent* be;
Who had so many *languages* in store,
That only *Fame* shall speak of him in *more*.

HOOKER, one of the greatest of English divines, is sufficiently known and celebrated; as a learned, able, and judicious writer, and defender of our church, in his *Treatise of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*;—the occasion of writing which is at this day but little known; and, to say the truth, has never been related with the clearness and perspicuity necessary to render the controversy intelligible. In or about the year 1570 were published two small tracts—severally entitled, a first and second *Admonition to the Parliament*, containing, under the form of a remonstrance, a most virulent invective against the establishment and discipline of the church of England—which were answered by Dr. Whitgift, afterwards archbishop of Canterbury, and defended by one Thomas Cartwright, the author of the second Admonition. But the order and progress of the controversy will best appear by the following state of it:

Admonition, first and second.
Answer thereto, by Whitgift.
1. *Replie to the Answer*, by T. C. [Thomas Cartwright.]
Defence of the Answer (against the Reply) by Whitgift.
2. *A Second Replie of* Cartwright *against* Whitgift's *Second* [*Defence of the*] *Answer.*
3. *The rest of the Second Reply.*

Whitgift being, it seems, weary of the dispute, remitted [committed] the future conduct of it to Hooker; who took it up with an examination of the two Admonitions, and continued it through the subsequent books of Cartwright, referring to the latter (a particular worthy to be

known; for, without it, no one can tell who or what he is refuting) by the initials "T. C." and the adjunct "lib." above-mentioned.

Here the matter rested, till the re-establishment of episcopacy and the liturgy (both which, it is well known, were abolished by the usurpers under Cromwell) revived the question of the lawfulness of both the one and the other, and gave rise to a controversy that is likely never to end.

The praise of Hooker's book is,—that it is written with great force of argument, and in a truly christian temper; that it contains a wonderful variety of learning and curious information; and for richness, correctness, and elegance of style, may be justly deemed the standard of perfection in the English language.[1]

This excellent man, Hooker, was by a crafty woman betrayed into a marriage with her daughter; a homely ill-bred wench, and, when married, a shrew; who is more than suspected, at the instigation of his adversaries, to have destroyed the corrected copy of the three last books of his invaluable work, of which only the former five were published by himself. He was some time Master of the Temple; but his last preferment was to the rectory of Bishop's-Bourne, near Canterbury. In his passage from Gravesend to London, in the tilt-boat, he caught a cold; which brought on a sickness that put an end to his days, in 1600, when he had but just completed his forty-seventh year.

HERBERT was of the noble family of that name; and a younger brother of the first of modern deists,[2] the famous Edward lord

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(1) It is worth remarking upon this dispute, how the separatists have shifted their ground: at first, both parties seemed to be agreed, that without an *ecclesiastical establishment* of some kind or other, and a discipline in the church to be exercised over its ministers and members, the Christian religion could not subsist; and the only question was,—Which, of the two, had the best warrant from scripture, and the usage of the primitive Church; a government by *bishops*, *priests*, and *deacons*; or, by *presbyters* and *lay elders*, exercising jurisdiction in provincial and parochial *synods* and *classes*, over the several congregations within counties, or particular divisions of the kingdoms? But of this kind of church government we now hear nothing, except in the church of *Scotland*. All congregations are now *independent* of each other, and every congregation is styled a church: The father of this tenet, was —— *Robinson*, a pastor of an English church at Leyden; if not the original founder of the sect called *Brownists*, now extinct; and the great maintainers of it, were the divines most favoured by Cromwell in his usurpation, *Goodwyn*, *Owen*, *Nye*, *Caryl*, and others. The *presbyterians*, it seems, have approved it; and, giving up their scheme of church government, have joined the *independents*; and both have chosen to be comprehended under the general denomination of *Dissenters*. *Vide* Quick's *Synodicon*, Vol. II. 467. Calamy's *Life of Baxter*, Vol. I. 476. *Preface* to Dr. Grey's *Hudibras*.

(2) So truly termed; as being the author of a treatise *De Veritate prout distinguitur à Revelatione, à verisimili, à possibili, à falsâ*. Touching which book, and the religious opinions of the author, I shall here take occasion to mention a fact that I find related in a collection of periodical papers, entitled the *Weekly Miscellany*, published in 1736, in two vols. 8vo. Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, being dangerously ill, and apprehensive that his end was approaching, sent for Dr. Jeremy Taylor, and signified a desire of receiving the sacrament at his hands: the doctor objected to him the tenets contained in his writings, particularly those wherein he asserts the sufficiency and absolute perfection of natural religion, with a view to shew that any extraordinary revelation is needless; and exhorted him to retract

Herbert of Cherbury. He was a king's scholar at Westminster, and, after that, a fellow of Trinity-College, in Cambridge. In 1619, he was chosen university orator; and, while in that station, studied the modern languages, with a view to the office of secretary-of-state: but being of a constitution that indicated a consumption, and withal of an ascetic turn of mind, he gave up the thoughts of a court life, and entered into holy orders. His first preferment in the church was a prebend in the cathedral of Lincoln; and his next and last, the rectory of Bemerton, near Salisbury. About 1630, he married a near relation of the Earl of Danby; and died about 1635, aged forty-two, without issue.

His elder brother, lord Herbert of Cherbury, mentions him in his own *Life;* and gives his character in the following words: "My brother George was so excellent a scholar, that he was made the public orator of the university in Cambridge: some of whose *English* works are extant, which, though they be rare in their kind, yet are far short of expressing those perfections he had in the *Greek* and *Latin* tongues, and all divine and human literature. His life was most holy and exemplary; insomuch that about Salisbury, where he lived beneficed for many years, he was little less than sainted: he was not exempt from passion and choler, being infirmities to which all our race is subject, —but, that one excepted, without reproach in his actions."

During his residence in the university, he was greatly celebrated for his learning and parts. Bishop Hacket in his *Life of the Lord-keeper Williams*, page 175, mentions a strange circumstance of him; which, for the singular manner of relating it, take in his own words: "Mr. George Herbert, being prælector in the rhetoric school at Cambridge, *anno* 1618, passed by those fluent orators that *domineered* in the pulpits of ATHENS and ROME, and insisted to read upon an oration of King JAMES: which he analysed; shewed the concinnity of the parts; the propriety of the phrase; the height, and power of it to move affections; the style, UTTERLY UNKNOWN TO THE ANCIENTS, who could not conceive what kingly eloquence was; in respect of which, those noted *Demagogi* were but *hirelings*, and *triobolary* rhetoricians."

A collection of religious poems, entitled the *Temple*, and a small tract, *The Priest to the Temple; or, the Country Parson his Character*, with his *Remains*, are all of his works that are generally known to be in print: but I have lately learned, that, not many months before his decease, Herbert translated Cornaro's book *Of temperance and long life;* and that the same is to be found printed in 12mo. Cambridge, 1639; together with a translation, by another hand, of the *Hygiasticon* of Leonard Lessius. Among Herbert's *Remains* is a collection of foreign proverbs translated into English, well worthy of a place, in some future edition, with those of Ray. Lord Bacon dedicated to

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them; but his lordship refusing, the doctor declared that he could not administer so holy and solemn a right to an *unbeliever*.

The doctor upon this left him; and, conceiving hopes that his lordship's sickness was not mortal, he wrote that discourse—proving that the religion of Jesus Christ is from God, which is printed in his *Ductor Dubitantium*, and has lately been re-published by the truly reverend and learned Dr. Hurd, now [1784] bishop of Worcester.

him a Translation of certain of the Psalms into English metre. *Vide* Lord Bacon's *Works*, 4to. Vol. III. page 163.

In this Life, occasion is taken by the author to introduce an *Account* of an intimate friend of Herbert, Mr. *Nicholas Farrar*, and of a religious establishment in his house, little less than *monastic:* from which, and some scattered memoirs concerning it, the following account is compiled.

This singularly eminent person was the son of a wealthy East-India merchant, and was born in London, in the year 1591. At the age of six years, for the signs of a pious disposition observed in him, he was called St. Nicholas.[1] From school he was, in his thirteenth year, sent to Cambridge; and after some time spent there, was elected a fellow of Clare-Hall. About the age of twenty-six, he betook himself to travel; and, visiting France, Italy, Spain, and the Low Countries, obtained a perfect knowledge of all the languages spoken in the western parts of Christendom; as also of the principles and reasons of religion, and manner of worship therein. In these his travels, he resisted the persuasions of many who tempted him to join in communion with the church of Rome; and remained stedfast in his obedience to the church of England. Upon his return home, he, by the death of his father, became enabled to buy land at Little Gidding, near Huntingdon, to the value of 500*l.* a-year;[2] where was a manor-house, and a hall, to which the parish-church or chapel adjoined: here he settled. And his father having been intimate with Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir John Hawkins, and Sir Francis Drake, and other famous navigators,—he was, in 1624, by means of some lords in the Virginia company, chosen a member of the house of commons; in which capacity he distinguished himself by his eloquence and activity: but having, in a short trial of a public life, experienced the folly and vanity of worldly pursuits, he took a resolution to abandon them: and, first, he made suit to his diocesan, that his mother and he might be permitted to restore the titles of the rectory which had been impropriated; and accordingly the church was endowed therewith; which was no sooner done, than he, with the rest of the family, entered into a course of mortification, devotion, and charity. The Society consisted of *himself, a very aged mother, four nieces,* and *other kindred; and servants:* and amounted in number to *about thirty,*—exclusive of the neighbouring clergy, who frequently resorted thither, and for a week together would join with, and assist, and ease them in their watchings and devotions. And this was their regimen:

The season of *Lent*, the *Ember weeks, Fridays,* and the *Vigils of Saints,* they observed strictly; exercising abstinence and prayer.

Mr. Farrar himself, who had been admitted to deacon's orders, took upon him to be pastor of this little flock; and accordingly,

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(1) St. *Nicholas* was Bishop of Myra in Lycia, and famous for his early piety, which, as the Romish legendaries tell us, he manifested, by *forbearing to suck* on *Wednesdays and Fridays.*

(2) This is a mistake of Walton's, and is corrected in a *Collection of Papers relating to the* PROTESTANT NUNNERY *of Little Gidding*, at the end of *Caii Vindiciæ*, edit. Hearne. The mother—in her widowhood, about the year 1625, and *not the son*—made the purchase. Among these papers, are sundry curious conversations of the young women.

at ten and four every day, read Common Prayer in the church, which for the purpose he had both repaired and adorned: besides which, he, at the hour of six in the morning, constantly read mattins, either in the church or an oratory in their common dwelling, the manor-house.

These were but the ordinary exercises of devotion. The account of their severities in watching is to come; for we are told that, after these early prayers were ended, many of the family were accustomed to spend some hours in *singing hymns or anthems*, sometimes in church, and often to an organ in the oratory. Farther, those that slept were oftentimes, by the ringing of a watch-bell in the night, summoned to the church or oratory; or, in extreme cold nights, to a parlour in the house that had a fire in it; where they betook themselves to *prayers* and *lauding God*, and reading those psalms that had not been read in the day,—for, it seems, their rule required, that among them the whole psalter should be gone through once in every twenty-four hours: and when any grew faint, the bell was rung, sometimes after midnight,—and, at the call thereof, the weary were relieved by others, who continued this exercise until morning. And this course of piety, accompanied with great liberality to the poor, was maintained till the death of Mr. Farrar, in 1639.

The recreations of this society were suited to the different sexes: for the males,—*running, vaulting*, and *shooting at butts with the long bow*; for the females,—*walking, gardening, embroidery*, and other *needle-works*: and for both,—*music*, vocal and instrumental; *reading* Voyages, Travels, and Descriptions of Countries, Histories, and the Book of Martyrs. Moreover, they had attained to great proficiency in the art of *binding and gilding Books*; and with singular ingenuity and industry, compiled a kind of *Harmony* of sundry parts of the holy scriptures, by cutting out from different copies the parallel passages, pasting them in their order on blank paper, and afterwards binding them with suitable cuts in a volume. [1] And that their bene-

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(1) They made three such books: one they presented to king Charles the First,—another to Charles the Second,—one of which is now in the library of St. John's College, Oxford; a third was in the custody of the family in 1740.

This is the account which the authors of the *Supplement* to the *Biographia Britannica*, wherever they got it, give of these books [art. MAPLETOFT]; but one, more accurate, is to be found at the end of Hearne's *Caii Vindiciæ*, which makes them seven in number: the third in order, was by the compilers called "The whole law of God;" but Hearne, in *loc. cit.* has given the title in terms that more fully declare its contents. The book consists of sundry chapters of the Pentateuch, and other parts of the Bible of the last translation, pasted down on leaves equal in size to the largest Atlas; together with such commentaries thereon as they could find in the printed works of Mr. Farrar's friend, Dr. Thomas Jackson, and other expositors: to these were added—and pasted in the margin, from a small impression of the *New Testament*—all such passages in St. Paul's *Epistles* as tend to the explanation of the law, and particularly of the types: and for the better illustration of the whole, were inserted cuts—taken out of printed books, and otherwise collected, referring to the subject matter of the book—amounting in number to upwards of *twelve hundred*. This stupendous work was, in the month of March, 1776, purchased by the Rev. Mr. Bourdillon, minister of the French protestant church in Spitalfields, at a sale of the library of the Rev. Mr. De Missy; and is now, January, 1784, in his possession. At the same auction, was also sold to a bookseller,

volence might be as diffusive as possible, a School was kept, in the house, for Grammar, Arithmetic, and Music; to which all the neighbouring parents had permission to send their children.

It is true, that this society excited a notion in some, that it was little better than a *Popish seminary;* and there are extant, in the *Preface* to Peter Langtoft's *Chronicle*, edit. Hearne, two tracts, in which it is termed a *reputed nunnery:* but upon a visit made to it by some inquisitive persons, nothing to warrant this suspicion appeared. Whoever would know more of this singular institution, is referred to the authorities mentioned at the bottom of this page;[1] in some of which it will be found, that King Charles I. once honoured the house with a visit: and that, Little Gidding being in the diocese of Lincoln, Williams, at that time, being bishop thereof, and their neighbour at Bugden; induced by motives of charity, at first perhaps mingled with curiosity; frequently did the same: when—finding, there, *nothing to blame*, and *much to commend*—he more than once preached, and exercised his episcopal function of confirmation on the young people there assembled. Two nieces of Mr. Farrar offered to make a vow of perpetual chastity, with the solemnity of episcopal blessing and ratification; but the bishop, doubtless considering that vows which oblige us to a perpetual conflict with our natural affections, do oftener prove snares to the conscience of the votary than acceptable services in the sight of God, dissuaded them from such an engagement; and, being thus left at liberty, one of them was afterwards well bestowed on a husband.

Mr. Nicholas Farrar, though the younger of two brothers, had, it seems, the government of this fraternity: he is, by all that have written of him, celebrated as well for his learning as his piety: yet has he left nothing of his writing, save a short *Preface* to his friend Herbert's *Poems*, and a *Translation* of a book much applauded in his day, *The hundred and ten Considerations* of Signior John Valdesso.[2]

It is needless to add what was the subsequent fate of this harmless society. Mr. Farrar died: the Rebellion broke out; and when "Popery and superstition" was the cry, alas! how could Little Gidding

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for four guineas, another book of the like kind, compiled by the same persons, entitled "Actions, Doctrines, and other Passages touching our Blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." The title at length, of this also, is given by Hearne in *loc. cit.*

(1) *Preface* to Peter Langtoft's *Chron.* edit. Hearne. *Papers* at the end of *Caii Vindiciæ*. Hacket's *Life of Archbishop Williams*, Part II. page 50, *Biogr. Brit. Supplement*, art. Mapletoft. *Life of Mr. Nicholas Farrar*, written by Dr. Turner, bishop of Ely, in the *Christian's Magazine* for the months of July, August, September, and October, 1761.

(2) *John Valdesso* was of noble extraction, by birth a Spaniard, a soldier by profession, and a follower of the emperor Charles the Fifth. Grown old, he obtained leave of the emperor to quit his service, assigning as a reason for his request, this most sage and pious aphorism, "*Oportet inter vitæ negotia et diem mortis spatium aliquod intercedere;*" or, to give it in English, "It is fit that between the business of life and the day of death, some space should intervene." The reflection on which is supposed to have moved the emperor to resign his dignities, and betake himself to an ascetic life. In his retirement, which was to the city of Naples, Valdesso wrote the book above mentioned in the Castilian language; and the same being translated into Italian by Cælius Secundus Curio of Basil, was out of that language translated into English by Mr. Farrar. It was printed in 4to. at Oxford, 1638, and is often enough to be met with.

hope to escape the calamities of the times? in short, it was plundered and desolated!

All that the Farrars had restored to the [parochial] church, all that they had bestowed in sacred comeliness, was seized upon as lawful prey taken from superstitious persons: and finally, the owners themselves were compelled to flee away and disperse: in all which persecutions we are told that, applying to their wretched circumstances the words of the apostle, "they took joyfully the spoiling of their goods."[1]

SANDERSON was a man of very acute parts, and famous for his deep skill in casuistry: that sort of learning was formerly much cultivated among the Romish divines, with a view to qualify the younger clergy for the office of confession; and it continued in fashion here, longer after the Reformation than it was useful. In the year 1647 he drew up the famous Oxford *Reasons against the Covenant;* which discover amasing penetration and sagacity, and so distinguished him, that at the restoration he was promoted to the bishopric of Lincoln. In 1671 he, by virtue of a Commission from King Charles the Second, assisted at a conference at the Savoy, between the episcopal clergy and non-conforming divines, for settling a *Liturgy;* and, upon a review of the book of *Common Prayer* that followed it, composed sundry of the *new collects* and *additional offices*,—it is said that the form of *general thanksgiving* is in the number of the former; and drew up the *Preface*, "It hath been the wisdom of the church," *&c.* This great man died in 1662. There are extant, of his works—besides a volume of Sermons, in *folio*—a treatise, *De Juramenti Promissorii Obligatione*, which was translated into English by King Charles the First, while a prisoner in the Isle of Wight; and several other pieces, the titles whereof may be seen in the Catalogue of the Bodleian Library. Walton's acquaintance with him had a very early commencement: and what degree of intimacy subsisted between them, will appear by the following account, which sufficiently characterizes the humility of the good doctor, and the simplicity of honest Isaac. "About the time of his printing this excellent *Preface*, [to his *Sermons*, first printed in 1655,] I met him accidentally in London, in sad-coloured clothes, and, God knows, far from being costly. The place of our meeting was near to Little Britain, where he had been to buy a book, which he then had in his hand. We had no inclination to part presently; and therefore turned to stand *in a corner*, under a *penthouse;* (for it began to rain;) and immediately the wind rose, and the rain increased so much, that both became so inconvenient, as to force us into a *cleanly house;* where we had *bread, cheese, ale*, and a *fire*, for our money. This rain and wind were so obliging to me, as to force our stay there, for at least an hour, to my great content and advantage; for in that time, he made to me many useful observations, with much clearness and conscientious freedom."[2]

It was not till long after that period when the faculties of men begin to decline, that Walton undertook to write the *Life of Sanderson:*

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(1) *Epistle to the Hebrews*, chap. x. verse 34.
(2) *Life of Sanderson.*

nevertheless, far from being deficient in any of those excellencies that distinguish the former *Lives*, this abounds with the evidences of a vigorous imagination, a sound judgment, and a memory unimpaired; and for the nervous sentiments and pious simplicity therein displayed, let the concluding paragraph thereof, pointed out to me by an eminent writer,[1] and here given, serve as a specimen.

"Thus, this pattern of meekness and primitive innocence changed this for a better life: 'tis now too late to wish that mine may be like his; (for I am in the eighty-fifth year of my age; and God knows it hath not;) but I most humbly beseech Almighty God that my death may: and I do as earnestly beg, that if any reader shall receive any satisfaction from this very plain, and as true relation, he will be so charitable as to say *Amen*."

Such were the persons, whose virtues Walton was so laudably employed in celebrating: and surely he has done but justice in saying that

"These were honourable men in their generations."
Eccles. xliv. 7.[2]

And yet so far was he from arrogating to himself any merit in this his labour, that, in the instance of Dr. Donne's *Life*, he compares himself to Pompey's bondman—who being found on the sea-shore, gathering up the scattered fragments of an old broken boat, in order to burn the body of his dead master, was asked, "Who art thou that preparest the funerals of Pompey the Great?"—hoping, as he says, that if a like question should be put to him, it would be thought to have in it more of *wonder* than *disdain*.

The above passage in scripture, assumed by Walton as a motto to the collection of *Lives*, may, with equal propriety, be applied to most of his friends and intimates; who were men of such distinguished characters for learning and piety, and so many in number,[3] that it is matter of wonder by what means a man in his station could obtain admittance among so illustrious a society; unless we will suppose, as doubtless was the case, that his integrity and amiable disposition attracted the notice and conciliated the affections of all with whom he had any concern.

It is observable, that not only these, but the rest of Walton's friends, were eminent *royalists*; and that he himself was in great repute for his attachment to the royal cause, will appear by the following relation taken from Ashmole's *History of the Order of the Garter*, page 228; where the Author, speaking of the ensigns of the order, says: "Nor will it be unfitly here remembered, by what good fortune the present sovereign's *Lesser George*, set with fair diamonds, was pre-

(1) Dr. Samuel Johnson.
(2) Motto to the Collection of *Lives*.
(3) In the number of his intimate friends, we find Archbishop Usher, Archbishop Sheldon, Bishop Morton, Bishop King, Bishop Barlow, Dr. Fuller, Dr. Price, Dr. Woodford, Dr. Featly, Dr. Holdsworth, Dr. Hammond, Sir Edward Sandys, Sir Edward Bysh, Mr. Cranmer, Mr. Chillingworth, Michael Drayton, and that celebrated scholar and critic Mr. John Hales, of Eton.

served, after the defeat given to the Scotch forces at Worcester, *ann.* 4 Car. II. Among the rest of his attendants then dispersed, Colonel *Blague* was one; who, taking shelter at Blore-pipe-house in Staffordshire, where one Mr. George Barlow then dwelt, delivered his wife this *George*, to secure. Within a week after, Mr. Barlow himself carried it to Robert Milward, Esq.; he being then a prisoner to the parliament, in the garrison of Stafford; and by his means was it happily preserved and restored; for, not long after, he delivered it to Mr. Isaac Walton, (a man well known, and as well beloved of all good men; and will be better known to posterity, by his ingenious pen, in the *Lives of Dr. Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Mr. Richard Hooker, and Mr. George Herbert,)* to be given to Colonel Blague, then a prisoner in the Tower; who, considering it had already passed so many dangers, was persuaded it could yet secure one hazardous attempt of his own; and thereupon, leaving the Tower without leave-taking, hasted the presentation of it to the present sovereign's hand."[1]

The religious opinions of good men are of little importance to others, any farther than they necessarily conduce to virtuous practice; since we see, that as well the different persuasions of Papist and Protestant, as the several no less differing parties into which the Reformed Religion is unhappily sub-divided, have produced men equally remarkable for their endowments, sincere in their professions, and exemplary in their lives;[2]—but were it necessary, after what has been above remarked of him, to be particular on this head, with respect to our Author we should say, that he was a very dutiful son of the Church of England; nay further, that he was a friend to an *hierarchy*, or, as we should now call such a one, a *high-churchman*; for which propensity of his, if it needs an apology, it may be said, That he had lived to see *hypochrisy* and *fanaticism* triumph in the subversion of both our ecclesiastical and civil constitution,—the important question of toleration had not been discussed,—the extent of regal prerogative, and the bounds of civil and religious liberty, had never been ascertained,—and he, like many other good men, might look on the interests of the Church, and those of Religion, as inseparable.

Besides the Works of Walton above-mentioned, there are extant, of his writing, *Verses* on the death of Dr. Donne, beginning, "Our Donne is dead;" *Verses* to his reverend friend the Author of the *Synagogue*, printed together with Herbert's *Temple*;[3] *Verses* before Alexander Brome's *Poems*, octavo, 1646,—and before Shirley's *Poems*, octavo, 1646,—and before Cartwright's *Plays and Poems*, octavo, 1651. He wrote also the following *Lines* under an engraving of Dr. Donne, before his *Poems*, published in 1635.

This was—for youth, strength, mirth, and wit—*that time*
Most count their *golden age*;[4] but was not thine:

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(1) See also Dr. Plott's *Staffordshire*, 311.

(2) If the intelligent reader doubts the truth of this position, let him reflect on, and compare with each other, the characters of Hooker, Father Paul, and Mr. Richard Baxter.

(3) *Vide infra*, the Signature to the second *Copy of Commendatory Verses*, and Chap. V. note.

(4) Alluding to his age, viz. *eighteen*, when the picture was painted from which the print was taken.

Thine was thy later years; so much refined
From youth's dross, mirth and wit,—as thy pure mind
Thought (like the angels) nothing but the praise
Of thy Creator, in those last, best days.
Witness this book, (thy emblem,) which begins
With love; but ends with sighs and tears for sins.

Dr. Henry King, bishop of Chichester—in a *Letter* to Walton, dated in November, 1664, and in which is contained the judgment (herein-before inserted) of Hales of Eton, on the *Life of Dr. Donne*—says, that Walton had, in the *Life of Hooker*, given a more short and significant account of the character of this time, and also of archbishop *Whitgift*, than he had received from any other pen,—and that he had also *done much* for *Sir Henry Savile*, his contemporary and familiar friend; which fact does very well connect with what the late Mr. Des Maizeaux, some years since related to a gentleman now deceased,[1] from whom myself had it, *viz.* that there were then several *Letters* of Walton extant, in the Ashmolean Museum, relating to a *Life of Sir Henry Savile*, which Walton had entertained thoughts of writing.

I also find, that he undertook to collect materials for a *Life of Hales:* it seems, that Mr. Anthony Farringdon, minister of St. Mary Magdalen, Milk Street, London, had begun to write the Life of this memorable person; but dying before he had completed it, his papers were sent to Walton, with a request from Mr. Fulman,[2] who had proposed to himself to continue and finish it, that Walton would furnish him with such information as was to his purpose: Mr. Fulman did not live to complete his design. But a *Life of Mr. Hales*, from other materials, was compiled by the late Mr. Des Maizeaux, and published by him in 1719, as a specimen of a new Biographical Dictionary.

A *Letter* of Walton, to Marriot his bookseller, upon this occasion, was sent me by the late Rev. Dr. Birch, soon after the publication of my first edition of the *Complete Angler*, containing the above facts; to which the Doctor added, that after the year 1719, Mr. Fulman's papers came to the hands of Mr. Des Maizeaux, who intended in some way or other, to avail himself of them: but he never published a second edition of his *Life of Hales;* nor, for aught that I can hear, have they ever yet found their way into the world.

In 1683, when he was ninety years old, Walton published *Thealma and Clearchus; a Pastoral history, in smooth and easy verse, written long since by John Chalkhill, Esq.; an acquaintance and friend of Edmund Spenser;* to this poem he wrote a Preface, containing a very amiable character of the author.

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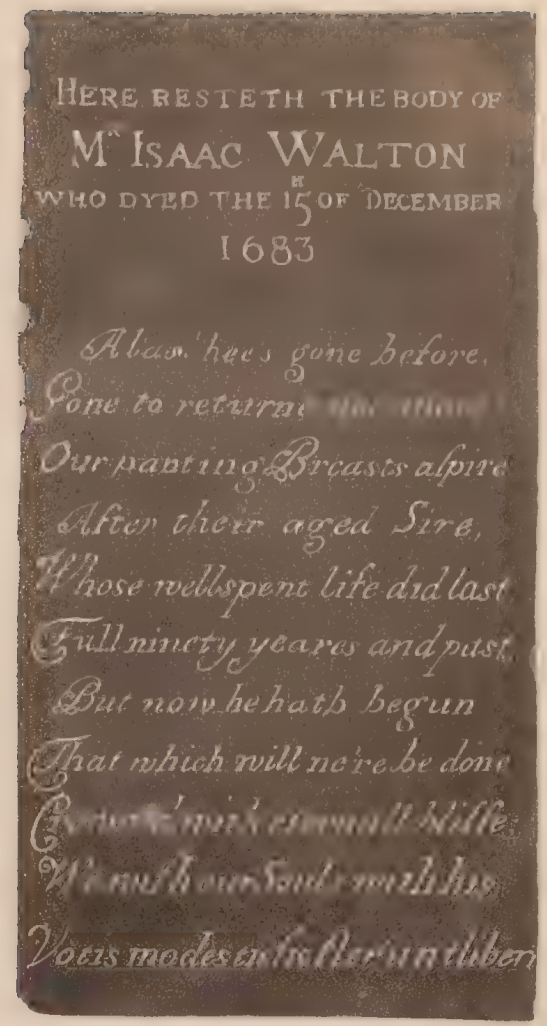
(1) William Oldys, esq Norroy king at arms, author of the *Life of Mr. Cotton*, prefixed to the Second Part, in the former editions of this work.

(2) Mr. William Fulman, amanuensis to Dr. Henry Hammond. See him in *Athen. Oxon.* Vol. II. 823. Some specious arguments have been urged to prove that this person was the author of the *Whole Duty of Man*, and I once thought they had finally settled that long agitated question, "To whom is the world obliged for that excellent work?" but I find a full and ample refutation of them, in a book entitled *Memoirs of several Ladies of Great Britain*, by George Ballard, 4to. 1752, p. 318, and that the weight of evidence is greatly in favour of a lady deservedly celebrated by him, viz. *Dorothy*, the wife of Sir John *Packington*, Bart. and daughter of Thomas Lord Coventry, lord-keeper of the great seal, *temp. Car. I.*

PRIOR SILKSTEED'S CHAPEL,

WINCHESTER


HERE RESTETH THE BODY OF
Mr ISAAC WALTON
WHO DYED THE 15TH OF DECEMBER
1683
Alas he's gone before,
Gone to returne
Our panting Breasts aspire
After their aged Sire,
Whose well-spent life did last
Full ninety yeares and past,
But now he hath begun
That which will ne're be done

Engraved from a Fac-Simile of
ISAAC WALTON'S TOMB STONE

He lived but a very little time after the publication of this poem; for, as Wood says, he ended his days on the fifteenth day of December, 1683, in the great frost, at Winchester, in the house of Dr. William Hawkins, a prebendary of the church there, where he lies buried.[1]

In the cathedral of Winchester, *viz.* in a chapel in the south aisle, called Prior Silksteed's chapel, on a large black flat marble-stone, is this inscription to his memory: the poetry whereof has very little to recommend it:

HERE RESTETH THE BODY OF
MR. ISAAC WALTON,
WHO DYED THE FIFTEENTH OF DECEMBER,
1683.

Alas! he's gone before,
Gone to return no more.
Our panting breasts aspire
After their aged sire;
Whose well-spent life did last
Full ninety years and past.
But now he hath begun
That, which will ne'er be done.
Crown'd with eternal bliss,
We wish our souls with his.

VOTIS MODESTIS SIC FLERUNT LIBERI.

The issue of Walton's marriage were,—a son, named *Isaac;* and a daughter, named, after her mother, *Anne*. This son was placed in Christ-church college, Oxford;[2] and, having taken his degree of bachelor-of-arts, travelled, together with his uncle, Mr. (afterwards bishop) Ken, in the year 1674, being the year of the jubilee, into France and Italy; and, as Cotton says, visited Rome and Venice. Of this *son*, mention is made in the remarkable Will of Dr. Donne the younger, (printed on a half-sheet,) in 1662; whereby he bequeathed to the *elder* Walton all his father's writings, as also his common-place book, which he says, may be of use to him if he makes him a scholar. Upon the return of the *younger* Walton, he prosecuted his studies; and having finished the same, entered into holy orders; and became chaplain to Dr. Seth Ward, bishop of Sarum; by whose favour he attained to the dignity of a canon-residentiary of that cathedral. Upon the decease of Bishop Ward, and the promotion of Dr. Gilbert Burnet to the vacant see, Mr. Walton was taken into the friendship and confidence of that prelate; and being a man of great temper and discretion, and for his candour and sincerity much respected by all the clergy of the diocese, he became very useful to him in conducting the affairs of the Chapter.

Old Isaac Walton having by his will bequeathed a farm and land near Stafford, of about the yearly value of twenty pounds, to this his son and his heirs for ever, upon condition, that if his said son should not marry before he should be of the age of forty-one, or, being married, should die before the said age, and leave no son that should live to the age of twenty-one, then the same should go to the corporation of

(1) Athen. Oxon. Vol. I. col. 305.
(2) *Vide* Part II. Chap. VI. *Athen. Oxon.* Vol. II. 989; *Biogr. Brit.* art. KEN.

Stafford, for certain charitable purposes;—this son, upon his attainment of that age without having married, sent to the mayor of Stafford, acquainting him, that the estate was improved to almost double its former value, and that upon his decease the corporation would become entitled thereto.

This worthy person died, at the age of sixty-nine, on the 29th day of December, 1719; and lies interred in the cathedral church of Salisbury.

Anne, the daughter of old Isaac Walton, and sister of the above person, was married to Dr. *William Hawkins*, a divine and a prebendary of Winchester, mentioned above; for whom Walton, in his will, expresses great affection, declaring that he loved him as his own son: he died the 17th day of July, 1691, aged fifty-eight, leaving issue, by his said wife, a daughter named *Anne*, and a son named *William*. The daughter was never married, but lived with her uncle, the canon, as his housekeeper, and the management of his domestic concerns: she remained settled at Salisbury after his decease, until the 27th of November, 1728, when she died, and lies buried in the cathedral.

William, the son of Dr. *Hawkins*, and brother of the last mentioned Anne, was bred to the study of the law; and from the Middle Temple, called to the bar; but attained to no degree of eminence in his profession. He wrote and published in 8*vo*, anno 1713, *A short Account of the Life of Bishop Ken*, with a small specimen, in order to a publication of his *Works* at large; and, accordingly, in the year 1721, they were published, in four volumes 8*vo*. From this *Account*, some of the above particulars respecting the family connections of Walton are taken.

I am informed, that this gentleman for several years laboured under the affliction of incurable blindness, and that he died on the 29th day of November, 1748.

A few moments before his death, our Author made his will, which appears—by the peculiarity of many expressions contained in it, as well as by the hand—to be of his own writing. As there is something characteristic in this last solemn act of his life, it has been thought proper to insert an authentic copy thereof in this account of him; postponing it, only to the following reflections on his life and character.

Upon a retrospect to the foregoing particulars, and a view of some others mentioned in a subsequent letter[1] and in his Will, it will appear that Walton possessed that essential ingredient in human felicity, *mens sana in corpore sano;* for in his *eighty-third* year he professes a resolution to begin a pilgrimage of more than a *hundred miles* into a country the most difficult and hazardous that can be conceived for an aged man to travel in, to visit his friend Cotton,[2] and doubtless to enjoy his favourite diversion of angling in the delightful streams of the

(1) See his *Letter to Charles Cotton*, Esq. prefixed to the Second Part.

(2) To this journey he seems to have been invited by Mr. Cotton, in the following beautiful *Stanzas*, printed with other of his *Poems* in 1689, 8vo. and addressed to his dear and most worthy friend Mr. Isaac Walton.

Whilst in this cold and blust'ring clime,
Where bleak winds howl and tempests roar,
We pass away the roughest time
Has been of many years before;

Dove,—and on the *ninetieth* anniversary of his birth-day, he, by his Will, declares himself to be of *perfect memory*.[1]

As to his worldly circumstances—notwithstanding the adverse accident of his being obliged, by the troubles of the times, to quit London and his occupation—they appear to have been commensurate, as well to the wishes as the wants of any but a covetous and intemperate man; and, in his relations and connections, such a concurrence of circumstances is visible, as it would be almost presumption to pray for.

For—not to mention the patronage of those many prelates and dignitaries of the church, men of piety and learning, with whom he lived in a close intimacy and friendship; or, the many ingenious and worthy persons with whom he corresponded and conversed; or, the

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Whilst from the most tempestuous nooks
The chillest blasts our peace invade,
And by great rains our smallest brooks
Are almost navigable made;

Whilst all the ills are so improv'd,
Of this dead quarter of the year,
That even you, so much belov'd,
We would not now wish with us here:

In this estate, I say, it is
Some comfort to us to suppose,
That, in a better clime than this,
You, our dear friend, have more repose;

And some delight to me the while,
Though nature now does weep in rain,
To think that I have seen her smile,
And haply may I do again.

If the all-ruling Power please
We live to see another *May*,
We'll recompense an age of these
Foul days in one fine fishing day.

We then shall have a day or two,
Perhaps a week wherein to try
What the best master's hand can do
With the most deadly killing flie:

A day, with not too bright a beam,
A warm, but not a scorching sun,
A southern gale to curl the stream,
And, master, half our work is done.

There, whilst behind some bush we wait
The scaly people to betray,—
We'll prove it just, with treacherous bait
To make the preying *Trout* our prey.

And think ourselves, in such an hour,
Happier than those, though not so high,
Who, like *Leviathans*, devour
Of meaner men the smaller fry.

This, my best friend, at my poor home
Shall be our pastime and our theme;
But then—should you not deign to come,
You make all this a flatt'ring dream.

(1) These, it must be owned, are words of course in a Will: but had the fact been *otherwise*, he would have been unable to make such a judicious disposition of his worldly estate as he had done, or with his own hand to write so long an instrument as his Will.

esteem and respect, testified by printed letters and eulogiums, which his writings had procured him—to be matched with a woman of an exalted understanding, and a mild and humble temper; to have children of good inclinations and sweet and amiable dispositions, and to see them well settled; is not the lot of every man that, preferring a social to a solitary life, chooses to become the head of a family.

But blessings like these are comparatively light, when weighed against those of a mind stored, like his, with a great variety of useful knowledge,—and a temper that could harbour no malevolent thought or insidious design, nor stoop to the arts of fraud or flattery,[1] but dispose him to love and virtuous friendship, to the enjoyments of innocent delights and recreations, to the contemplation of the works of Nature, and the ways of Providence, and to the still sublimer pleasures of rational piety.

If, possessing all these benefits and advantages, external and internal, (together with a mental constitution, so happily attempered as to have been to him a *perpetual fountain of cheerfulness*,[2]) we can entertain a doubt that Walton was one of the happiest of men, we estimate them at a rate too low; and shew ourselves ignorant of the nature of that felicity to which it is possible, even in this life, for virtuous and good men, with the blessing of God, to arrive.

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(1) *Vide infra*, in his Will.

(2) See his *Preface*, wherein he declares that though he can be serious at seasonable times, he is a lover of innocent, harmless mirth, and that his book is a *picture of his own disposition.*

COPY OF WALTON'S WILL.

August the ninth, one thousand six hundred eighty-three.

In the Name of God, Amen, I IZAAK WALTON the elder, of Winchester, being this present day, in the ninetyeth year of my age, and in perfect memory, for which praised be God; but considering how suddainly I may be deprived of both, do therefore make this my last Will and Testament as followeth: And first, I do declare my belief to be, that there is only one God, who hath made the whole world, and me, and all mankind; to whom I shall give an account of all my actions, which are not to be justified, but I hope pardoned, for the merits of my Saviour JESUS: And because the profession of Christianity does, at this time, seem to be subdivided into Papist and Protestante, I take it, at least, to be convenient, to declare my belief to be, in all points of faith, as the *Church of England* now professeth: and this I do the rather, because of a very long and very true friendship with some of the *Roman Church*. And for my worldly estate, (which I have neither got by falsehood or flattery, or the extreme cruelty of the law of this nation,[1]) I do hereby give and bequeath it as followeth: First, I give my son-in law, Doctor HAWKINS, and to HIS WIFE; to them I give all my title and right of or in a part of a house and shop in Paternoster-row, in London, which I hold by lease from the lord bishop of London for about fifty years to come. And I do also give to them all my right and title of or to a house in Chancery-lane, London, wherein Mrs. Greinwood now dwelleth, in which is now about sixteen years to come: I give these two leases to them, they saving my executor from all damage concerning the same. And I give to my son IZAAK all my right and title to a lease of Norington farme, which I hold from the lord bishop of Winton: And I do also give him all my right and title to a farme or land near to Stafford, which I bought of Mr. Walter Noell; I say, I give it to him and his heirs for ever; but upon the condition following, namely; if my son shall not marry before he shall be of age of forty-and-one years, or, being married, shall dye before the said age, and leave no son to inherit the said farme or land,—or if his son or sons shall not live to attain the age of twenty and one years, to dispose otherways of it,—then I give the said farme or land to the towne or corporation of STAFFORD, in which I was borne, for the good and benefit of some of the said towne, as I shall direct, and as followeth; (but first note, that it is at this present time rented for twenty-one pound ten shillings a-year, and is like to hold

(1) Alluding, perhaps, to that fundamental maxim of our law, *Summum jus est summa injuria.*

the said rent, if care be taken to keep the barn and housing in repair; and I would have, and do give ten pound of the said rent, To bind out, yearly, two boys, the sons of honest and poor parents, to be apprentices to some tradesmen or handy-craft men, to the intent the said boys may the better afterward get their own living. And I do also give five pound yearly, out of the said rent, to be given to some maid-servant, that hath attained the age of twenty and one years, not less, and dwelt long in one service, or to some honest poor-man's daughter, that hath attained to that age, to be paid her at or on the day of her marriage: and this being done, my will is, that what rent shall remain of the said farme or land, shall be disposed of as followeth: first I do give twenty shillings yearly, to be spent by the major of Stafford and those that shall collect the said rent and dispose of it as I have and shall hereafter direct; and that what money or rent shall remain undisposed of, shall be imployed to buy coals for some poor people, that shall most need them, in the said towne; the said coals to be delivered the *first weeke in January*, or in every *first week in February*; I say *then*, because I take that time to be the hardest and most pinching times with poor people; and God reward those that shall do this without partiality, and with honesty, and a good conscience. And if the said major and others of the said towne of STAFFORD shall prove so negligent, or dishonest, as not to imploy the rent by me given as intended and exprest in this my will, which God forbid,—then I give the said rents and profits of the said farme, or land, to the towne, and chief magistrates or governors, of ECLESHALL, to be disposed of by them in such manner as I have ordered the disposal of it by the towne of Stafford, the said farme or land being near the towne of Ecleshall. And I give to my son-in-law, Dr. HAWKINS, whom I love as my own son; and to MY DAUGHTER, HIS WIFE; and my son IZAAK; to each of them a ring, with these words or motto; "*Love my memory, I. W. obiit* " to the Lord Bishop of WINTON a ring, with this motto; "*A mite for a million, I. W. obiit* " and to the friends hereafter-named, I give to each of them a ring with this motto; "*A friend's farewell, I. W. obiit* " And my will is, the said rings be delivered within forty days after my death: and that the price or value of all the said rings shall be thirteen shillings and four-pence a piece. I give to Dr. HAWKINS, Doctor Donne's *Sermons*, which I have heard preacht, and read with much content. To my son IZAAK, I give Doctor Sibbs his *Soul's Conflict;* and to MY DAUGHTER his *Bruised Reed*,[1] desiring them to read them so as to be well acquainted with them. And I also give unto HER all my books at Winchester and Droxford, and whatever in those two places are, or I can call mine, except a trunk of linen, which I give to my son IZAAK: but if he do not live to marry, or make use of it, then I give the same to my grand-daughter, ANNE HAWKINS. And I give MY DAUGHTER Doctor Hall's *Works*, which be now at Farnham. To my son IZAAK I give all my books, not yet given, at Farnham Castell; and a deske of prints and pictures; also a cabinett near my bed's head, in which are some

(1) This book was an instrument in the conversion of Mr. Richard Baxter. See Dr. Calamy's *Life* of him, page 7.

little things that he will value, though of no great worth. And my will and desire is, that he shall be kind to his aunt BEACHAME, and his aunt ROSE KEN; by allowing the first about fifty shillings a-year, in or for bacon and cheese, not more, and paying four pounds a-year towards the boarding of her son's dyet to Mr. John Whitehead: for his aunt *Ken*, I desire him to be kind to her according to her necessitie and his own abilitie; and I commend one of her children, to breed up as I have said I intend to do, if he shall be able to do it, as I know he will; for they be good folke. I give to Mr. JOHN DARBYSHIRE the *Sermons* of Mr. Anthony Farringdon, or of Dr. Sanderson, which my executor thinks fit. To my servant, THOMAS EDGILL, I give five pound in money, and all my cloths, linen and woollen, except one suit of cloths, which I give to Mr. HOLINSHED, and forty shillings if the said Thomas be my servant at my death; if not, my cloths only. And I give my old friend, Mr. RICHARD MARRIOT,[1] ten pounds in money, to be paid him within three months after my death; and I desire my son to shew kindness to him if he shall neede, and my son can spare it. And I do hereby will and declare my son IZAAK to be my sole executor of this my last will and testament; and Doctor HAWKINS, to see that he performs it; which I doubt not but he will. I desire my burial may be near the place of my death, and free from any ostentation or charge, but privately. This I make to be my last will, (to which I shall only add the codicil for rings,) this sixteenth day of August, one thousand six hundred eighty-three. IZAAK WALTON. Witness to this will.

The rings I give, are as on the other side. To my brother *John Ken*; to *my Sister* his wife; to my brother, Doctor *Ken*; to my sister *Pye*; to Mr. *Francis Morley*; to Mr. *George Vernon*; to *his wife*; to *his three Daughters*; to Mistris *Nelson*; to Mr. *Richard Walton*; to Mr. *Palmer*; to Mr. *Taylor*; to Mr. *Thomas Garrard*; to the Lord Bishop of *Sarum*; to Mr. *Rede*, his servant; to my cousin *Dorothy Kenrick*; to my cousin *Lewin*; to Mr. *Walter Higgs*; to Mr. *Charles Cotton*; to Mr. *Richard Marryot*: 22. To my brother *Beacham*; to my *Sister*, his wife; to the lady *Anne How*; to Mrs. *King*; Doctor Phillips's wife; to Mr. *Valentine Harecourt*; to Mrs. *Eliza Johnson*; to Mrs. *Mary Rogers*; to Mrs. *Eliza Milward*; to Mrs. *Dorothy Wollop*; to Mr. *Will. Milward*, of Christ-church, Oxford; to Mr. *John Darbyshire*; to Mr. *Undevill*; to Mrs. *Rock*; to Mr. *Peter White*; to Mr. *John Lloyde*; to *my cousin Creinsell's Widow*; Mrs. *Dalbin* must not be forgotten: 16. IZAAK WALTON. *Note*, that several lines are blotted out of this will, for they were twice repeated,—and that this will is now signed and sealed this twenty and fourth day of October, one thousand six hundred eighty-three, in the presence of us: Witness, ABRAHAM MARKLAND, JOS. TAYLOR, THOMAS CRAWLEY.

(1) Bookseller, and his Publisher.

Being a Diſcourſe of

FISH and FISHING,

Not unworthy the peruſal of moſt *Anglers.*

Simon Peter *ſaid, I go a fiſhing; and they ſaid, We alſo wil go with thee. John* 21. 3.

London, Printed by *T. Maxey for Rich*: MARRIOT, *in S. Dunſtans* Church-Yard, Fleet ſtreet. 1653.

MADE[illegible] MANOR.

THE

EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL

JOHN OFFLEY, Esq.

Of MADELY MANOR, *in the* COUNTY *of* STAFFORD.

MY MOST HONOURED FRIEND,

SIR,

I HAVE made so ill use of your former favours, as by them to be encouraged to entreat, that they may be enlarged to the patronage and protection of this book: and I have put on a modest confidence, that I shall not be denied, because it is a discourse of fish and fishing, which you know so well, and both love and practise so much.

You are assured, though there be ignorant men of another belief, that Angling is an Art: and you know that art better than others; and that this truth is demonstrated by the fruits of that pleasant labour which you enjoy, when you purpose to give rest to your mind, and divest yourself of your more serious business, and (which is often) dedicate a day or two to this recreation.

At which time, if common Anglers should attend you, and be eye-witnesses of the success, not of your fortune but your skill, it would doubtless beget in them an emulation to be like you, and that emulation might beget an industrious diligence to be so; but I know it is not attain-

able by common capacities. And there be now many men of great wisdom, learning, and experience, which love and practise this art, that know I speak the truth.

Sir, this pleasant curiosity of fish and fishing, of which you are so great a master, has been thought worthy the pens and practices of divers in other nations, that have been reputed men of great learning and wisdom. And amongst those of this nation, I remember Sir Henry Wotton (a dear lover of this art) has told me, that his intentions were to write a discourse of the art, and in praise of Angling; and doubtless he had done so, if death had not prevented him; the remembrance of which hath often made me sorry; for if he had lived to do it, then the unlearned angler had seen some better treatise of this art, a treatise that might have proved worthy his perusal, which, though some have undertaken, I could never yet see in English.

But mine may be thought as weak, and as unworthy of common view; and I do here freely confess, that I should rather excuse myself, than censure others: my own discourse being liable to so many exceptions; against which you, Sir, might make this one, that it can contribute nothing to your knowledge. And lest a longer epistle may diminish your pleasure, I shall make this no longer than to add this following truth, that I am really,

SIR,

Your most affectionate Friend,

and most humble Servant,

IZ. WA.

TO ALL

READERS OF THIS DISCOURSE,

BUT ESPECIALLY TO

THE HONEST ANGLER.

I THINK *fit to tell thee these following truths, that I did neither undertake, nor write, nor publish, and much less own, this discourse to please myself: and, having been too easily drawn to do all to please others, as I propose not the gaining of credit by this undertaking, so I would not willingly lose any part of that to which I had a just title before I begun it, and do therefore desire and hope, if I deserve not commendations, yet I may obtain pardon.*

And though this Discourse may be liable to some exceptions, yet I cannot doubt but that most readers may receive so much pleasure or profit by it, as may make it worthy the time of their perusal, if they be not too grave or too busy men. And this is all the confidence that I can put on, concerning the merit of what is here offered to their consideration and censure; and if the last prove too severe, as I have a liberty, so I am resolved to use it, and neglect all sour censures.

And I wish the reader also to take notice, that in writing of it I have made myself a recreation of a recreation; and that it might prove so to him, and not read dull and tediously, I have in several places mixed, not any scurrility,

but some innocent, harmless mirth, of which, if thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge; for divines say, there are offences given *and* offences not given but taken.

And I am the willinger to justify the pleasant part of it, because though it is known I can be serious at all seasonable times, yet the whole discourse is, or rather was, a picture of my own disposition, especially in such days and times as I have laid aside business, and gone a fishing with honest Nat. *and* R. Roe;[1] *but they are gone, and with them most of my pleasant hours, even as a shadow that passeth away and returns not.*

And next let me add this, that he that likes not the book, should like the excellent picture of the Trout,[2] *and some of the other fish: which I may take a liberty to commend, because they concern not myself.*

Next let me tell the reader, that in that which is the more useful part of this discourse, that is to say, the observations of the nature and breeding, and seasons, and catching of fish, I am not so simple as not to know, that a captious reader may find exceptions against something said of some of these; and therefore I must entreat him to consider, that experience teaches us to know that several countries alter the time, and I think almost the manner, of fishes' breeding, but doubtless of their being in season; as may appear by three rivers in Monmouthshire, namely, Severn, Wye, *and* Usk, *where Camden,* Brit. f. 633, *observes, that in the river* Wye, *Salmon are in season* from September to April; *and*

(1) These persons are supposed to have been related to Walton, from the circumstance of a copy, handed down, of his *Lives of Donne, Sir H. Wotton, Hooker, and Herbert*, wherein is written by the Author on the frontispiece, "For my cousin Roe."

(2) These plates, for reasons assigned in the Preface to this Edition, have been omitted.

we are certain, that in Thames *and* Trent, *and in most other rivers, they be in season the* six hotter months.

Now for the Art of catching fish, *that is to say, How to make a man that was none, to be an angler by a book; he that undertakes it, shall undertake a harder task than Mr. Hales, a most valiant and excellent fencer, who in a printed book called,* A private School of Defence, *undertook to teach that art or science, and was laughed at for his labour. Not but that many useful things might be learnt by that book: but he was laughed at because that art was not to be taught by words, but practice: and so must angling. And note also, that in this discourse I do not undertake to say all that is known, or may be said of it, but I undertake to acquaint the reader with many things that are not usually known to every angler; and I shall leave gleanings and observations enough to be made out of the experience of all that love and practise this recreation, to which I shall encourage them. For angling may be said to be so like the mathematics, that it can never be fully learnt; at least not so fully, but that there will still be more new experiments left for the trial of other men that succeed us.*

But I think all that love this game may here learn something that may be worth their money, if they be not poor and needy men; and in case they be, I then wish them to forbear to buy it; for I write not to get money, but for pleasure, and this discourse boasts of no more; for I hate to promise much, and deceive the reader.

And however it proves to him, yet I am sure I have found a high content in the search and conference of what is here offered to the reader's view and censure: I wish him as much in the perusal of it, and so I might here take my leave; but will stay a little and tell him, that whereas it

is said by many, that in fly-fishing for a Trout, *the angler must observe his* twelve several flies *for the* twelve months *of the year: I say, he that follows that rule, shall be as sure to catch fish, and be as wise, as he that makes hay by the fair days in an almanack, and no surer; for* these very flies that used to appear about and on the water in one month of the year, may the following year come almost a month sooner or later, as the same year proves colder or hotter: *and yet, in the following* Discourse, *I have set down the twelve flies that are in reputation with many anglers; and they may serve to give him some observations concerning them. And he may note, that there are in* Wales, *and other countries,* peculiar flies, proper to the particular place or country; *and doubtless, unless a man makes a fly to counterfeit that very fly in that place, he is like to lose his labour, or much of it; but for the generality,* three or four *flies, neat and rightly made, and not too big, serve for a* Trout *in most rivers, all the summer. And for* winter fly-fishing *it is as useful as an almanack out of date! And of these, because as no man is born an artist, so no man is born an angler, I thought fit to give thee this notice.*

When I have told the reader, that in this fifth[1] *impression there are many enlargements, gathered both by my own observation, and the communication with friends, I shall stay him no longer than to wish him a rainy evening to read this following discourse; and that, if he be an honest angler, the east wind may never blow when he goes a fishing.*

I. W.

(1) The fifth, as it is the last of the editions published in the author's lifetime, has been carefully followed in the present publication. See the Author's *Life*.

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

TO

MY DEAR BROTHER, IZAAK WALTON,

UPON HIS

COMPLETE ANGLER.

ERASMUS in his learned Colloquies
Has mixt some toys, that by varieties
He might entice all readers: for in him
Each child may wade, or tallest giant swim.
And such is this discourse: there's none so low,
Or highly learn'd, to whom hence may not flow
Pleasure and information: both which are
Taught us with so much art, that I might swear
Safely, the choicest critic cannot tell,
Whether your matchless judgment most excel
In angling or its praise: where commendation
First charms, then makes an art a recreation.
'Twas so to me; who saw the cheerful spring
Pictur'd in every meadow, heard birds sing
Sonnets in every grove, saw fishes play
In the cool crystal streams, like lambs in May:
And they may play, till anglers read this book;
But after, 'tis a wise fish 'scapes a hook.

Jo. FLOUD, *Mr. of Arts.*

TO THE

READER OF THE COMPLETE ANGLER.

First mark the Title well: my Friend that gave it
Has made it good; this book deserves to have it.
For he that views it with judicious looks,
Shall find it full of art, baits, lines, and hooks.
The world the river is; both you and I,
And all mankind, are either fish or fry.
If we pretend to reason, first or last,
His baits will tempt us, and his hooks hold fast.
Pleasure or profit, either prose or rhyme,
If not at first will doubtless take in time.
Here sits, in secret, blest Theology,
Waited upon by grave Phylosophy
Both natural and moral; History,
Deck'd and adorn'd with flowers of Poetry,
The matter and expression striving which
Shall most excel in worth, yet not seem rich.
There is no danger in his baits; that hook
Will prove the safest, that is surest took.
Nor are we caught alone, but, which is best,
We shall be wholesome, and be toothsome drest;
Drest to be fed, not to be fed upon:
And danger of a surfeit here is none.
The solid food of serious contemplation
Is sauc'd, here, with such harmless recreation,
That an ingenuous and religious mind
Cannot inquire for more than it may find
Ready at once prepar'd either t'excite
Or satisfy a curious appetite.
More praise is due: for 'tis both positive
And truth, which once was interrogative,
And utter'd by the poet, then, in jest—
Et piscatorem piscis amare potest.

Ch. Harvie, *Mr. of Arts.*[1]

(1) Supposed to be *Christopher Harvie*; for whom see *Athen. Oxon.* Vol. I & *vide infra*, chap. v.

TO

MY DEAR FRIEND, MR. IZ. WALTON,

In praise of Angling, which we both love.

Down by this smooth stream's waud'ring side,
Adorn'd and perfum'd with the pride
Of Flora's wardrobe, where the shrill
Aërial choir express their skill,
First, in alternate melody,
And, then, in chorus all agree.
Whilst the charm'd fish, as extasy'd
With sounds, to his own throat deny'd,
Scorns his dull element, and springs
I' th' air, as if his fins were wings.
'Tis here that pleasures sweet and high
Prostrate to our embraces lie:
Such as to body, soul, or fame,
Create no sickness, sin, or shame:
Roses, not fenc'd with pricks, grow here;
No sting to th' honey-bag is near:
But, what's perhaps their prejudice,
They difficulty want and price.
An obvious rod, a twist of hair,
With hook hid in an insect, are
Engines of sport would fit the wish
O' th' Epicure, and fill his dish.
In this clear stream, let fall a grub;
And, strait, take up a *Dace* or *Chub*.
I' th' mud, your worm provokes a *snig*,
Which being fast, if it prove big,
The Gotham folly will be found
Discreet, ere ta'en she must be drown'd.
The *Tench*, physician of the brook,
In yon dead hole expects your hook;
Which having first your pastime been,
Serves then for meat or medicine.

Ambush'd behind that root doth stay
A *Pike;* to catch, and be a prey.
The treacherous quill in this slow stream
Betrays the hunger of a *Bream.*
And at that nimble ford, no doubt,
Your false fly cheats a speckled *Trout.*
  When you these creatures wisely chuse
To practise on, which to your use
Owe their creation,—and when
Fish from your arts do rescue men,—
To plot, delude, and circumvent,
Ensnare, and spoil, is innocent.
Here by these crystal streams you may
Preserve a conscience clear as they;
And when by sullen thoughts you find
Your harassed, not busied, mind
In sable melancholy clad,
Distemper'd, serious, turning sad;
Hence fetch your cure, cast in your bait,
All anxious thoughts and cares will strait
Fly with such speed, they'll seem to be
Possest with the *hydrophobie.*
The water's calmness in your breast,
And smoothness on your brow, shall rest.
  Away with sports of charge and noise,
And give me cheap and silent joys,
Such as *Actæon's game* pursue,
Their fate oft makes the tale seem true.
The sick or sullen hawk, to-day,
Flies not; to-morrow, quite away.
Patience and purse to cards and dice
Too oft are made a sacrifice:
The daughter's dower, th' inheritance
O' th' son, depend on one mad chance.
The harms and mischiefs which th' abuse
Of wine doth every day produce,
Make good the doctrine of the Turks,
That in each grape a devil lurks.

And by yon fading sapless tree,
'Bout which the ivy twin'd you see,
His fate's foretold, who fondly places
His bliss in woman's soft embraces.
All pleasures, but the angler's, bring
I' the tail repentance, like a sting.
  Then on these banks let me sit down,
Free from the toilsome sword and gown;
And pity those that do affect
To conquer nations and protect.
My reed affords such true content,
Delights so sweet and innocent,
As seldom fall unto the lot
Of sceptres, though they're justly got.

1649. THO. WEAVER, *Mr. of Arts.*

TO THE READERS

OF MY MOST INGENUOUS FRIEND'S BOOK,

THE COMPLETE ANGLER.

HE that both knew and writ the *Lives* of men,
  Such as were once, but must not be again;
  Witness his matchless *Donne* and *Wotton*, by
  Whose aid he could their speculations try:
He that convers'd with angels, such as were
  Ouldsworth[1] and Featly,[2] each a shining star
  Shewing the way to Bethlem; each a saint,
  Compar'd to whom our zealots, now, but paint.
He that our pious and learn'd Morley[3] knew,
  And from him suck'd wit and devotion too.

---

(1) Dr. Richard Holdsworth. See an account of him in the *Fasti Oxon.* 207; and in Ward's *Lives of the Gresham Professors.*
(2) Dr. Daniel Featly, for whom see *Athen. Oxon.* 603.
(3) Dr. George Morley, bishop of Winchester.

He that from these such excellencies fetch'd,
That He could tell how high and far they reach'd;
What learning this, what graces th' other had;
And in what several dress each soul was clad.

Reader, this *He*, this fisherman, comes forth,
And in these fisher's weeds would shroud his worth.
Now his mute harp is on a willow hung,
With which, when finely touch'd, and fitly strung,
He could friends' passions for these times allay,
Or chain his fellow anglers from their prey.
But now the music of his pen is still,
And he sits by a brook watching a quill:
Where with a fixt eye, and a ready hand,
He studies first to hook, and then to land
Some *Trout*, or *Pearch*, or *Pike;* and having done,
Sits on a bank, and tells how this was won,
And that escap'd his hook, which with a wile
Did eat the bait, and fisherman beguile.
Thus whilst some vex they from their lands are thrown,
He joys to think the waters are his own;
And like the Dutch, he gladly can agree
To live at peace now, and have fishing free.

April 3, 1650. EDV. POWEL, *Mr. of Arts.*

TO

MY DEAR BROTHER, MR. IZ. WALTON,

ON HIS

COMPLETE ANGLER.

THIS book is so like you, and you like it,
For harmless mirth, expression, art, and wit,
That I protest, ingenuously 'tis true,
I love this mirth, art, wit, the book, and you.

ROB. FLOUD, *C.*

LAUDATORUM CARMINA.

CLARISSIMO AMICISSIMOQUE FRATRI,

DOMINO ISAACO WALTON,

ARTIS PISCATORIÆ PERITISSIMO.

Unicus est medicus reliquorum piscis, et istis,
Fas quibus est medicum tangere, certa salus.
Hic typus est salvatoris mirandus Jesu,
*Litera mysterium quælibet hujus habet.

Hunc cupio, hunc capias, (bone frater arundinis,) ιχθύν:
†Solveret hic pro me debita, teque Deo.
Piscis is est, et piscator, mihi credito, qualem
Vel piscatorem piscis amare velit.

* ΙΧΘΥΣ, *PISCIS.*

Ι	Ἰησοῦς	*Jesus.*
Χ	Χριστὸς	*Christus.*
Θ	Θεοῦ,	*Dei.*
Υ	Υἱὸς,	*Filius.*
Σ	Σωτὴρ	*Salvator.*

† Matt. xvii. 27. the last words of the chapter.

Henry Bailey, *Artium Magister.*

AD

VIRUM OPTIMUM ET PISCATOREM PERITISSIMUM

ISAACUM WALTONUM.

Magister artis docte piscatoriæ,
Waltone, salve! magne dux arundinis,
Seu tu reducta valle solus ambulas,
Præterfluentes interim observans aquas.
Seu fortè puri stans in amnis margine,
Sive in tenaci gramine & ripâ sedens,
Fallis peritâ squameum pecus manu;
O te beatum! qui procul negotiis,
Forique & urbis pulvere & strepitu carens,
Extraque turbam, ad lenè manantes aquas
Vagos honestâ fraude pisces decipis.
Dum cætera ergo penè gens mortalium
Aut retia invicem sibi & technas struunt,
Donis, ut hamo, aut divites captant senes;
Gregi natantûm tu interim nectis dolos,
Voracem inescas advenam hamo *lucium*,
Avidamvè *percam* parvulo alburno capis,
Aut verme ruffo, musculâ aut *truttam* levi,
Cautumvè *cyprinum*, & ferè indocilem capi
Calamoque linoque, ars et hunc superat tua;
Medicamvè *tincam*, *gobium* aut escâ trahis,
Gratum palato *gobium*, parvum licèt;
Prædamvè, non æque salubrem *barbulum*,
Etsi ampliorem, et mystace insignem gravi.
Hæ sunt tibi artes, dum annus & tempus sinunt,
Et nulla transit absque lineâ dies.
Nec sola praxis, sed theoria & tibi
Nota artis hujus; unde tu simul bonus

Piscator, idem & scriptor; & calami potens
Utriusque necdum & ictus, & tamen sapis.
Ut hamiotam nempe tironem instruas!
Stylo eleganti scribis en Halieutica
Oppianus alter, artis & methodum tuæ, &
Præcepta promis ritè piscatoria,
Varias & escas piscium, indolem, & genus.
Nec tradere artem sat putas piscariam;
(Virtutis est hæc & tamen quædam schola
Patientiamque & temperantiam docet;)
Documenta quin majora das, & regulas
Sublimioris artis, & perennia
Monimenta morum, vitæ & exempla optima;
Dum tu profundum scribis *Hookerum*, & pium
Donnum ac disertum; sanctum & *Herbertum*, sacrum
Vatem; hos videmus nam penicillo tuo
Graphicè, et peritâ, Isaace, depictos manu.
Post fata factos hosce per te Virbios.[1]
O quæ voluptas est legere in scriptis tuis!
Sic tu libris nos, lineis pisces capis,
Musisque litterisque dum incumbis, licet
Intentus hamo, interque piscandum studes.

(1) "*Virbius*, quasi *bis vir*," is an epithet applied to Hippolytus, because he was by Diana restored to life after his death. *Vide* Ovidii *Met* lib. xv. *v.* 536, *& seq.* Hoffmanni *Lexicon Universale*, art. VIRBIUS. In this place it is meant to express, that by *Walton's* skill in biography, those persons whose lives he has written, are so accurately represented, as that, even after their deaths, they are again, as it were, brought to life.

ALIUD

AD ISAACUM WALTONUM,

VIRUM ET PISCATOREM OPTMUM.

Isaace, Macte hâc arte piscatoriâ;
Hac arte Petrus principi censum dedit;
Hac arte princeps nec Petro multo prior,
Tranquillus ille, teste Tranquillo,[1] pater
Patriæ, solebat recreare se lubens
Augustus, hamo instructus ac arundine.
Tu nunc, Amice, proximum clari es decus
Post Cæsarem hami, gentis ac Halieuticæ:
Euge, O professor, artis haud ingloriæ,
Doctor cathedræ, perlegens piscariam!
Næ tu magister, & ego discipulus tuus,
Nam candidatum & me ferunt arundinis,
Socium hac in arte nobilem nacti sumus.
Quid amplius, Waltone, nam dici potest?
Ipse *hamiota* Dominus en orbis fuit!

Jaco. Dup.[2] D.D.

(1) i. e. *Suetonius Tranquillus.*

(2) The contracting of surnames is a faulty practice: the above *might* stand for "Duppa," but signifies "*Duport.*" This person was a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Professor of Greek in that University. His father, *John*, had a hand in the translation of King James's Bible. Fuller's *Ch. Hist.* book X. p. 46. Dr. *James Duport* wrote, also, the Latin verses *preceding* these; and both copies are extant in a volume of Latin Poems by him, entitled *Musæ ubsecivæ*, printed at Cambridge in 8vo. 1676.

THE

Complete Angler.

PART I.

CHAP. I.

Conference betwixt an ANGLER, *a* HUNTER, *and a* FALCONER; *each commending his Recreation.*

PISCATOR, VENATOR, AUCEPS.

Piscator. YOU are well overtaken, Gentlemen! A good morning to you both! I have stretched my legs up Tottenham-hill to overtake you, hoping your business may occasion you towards WARE, whither I am going this fine, fresh May morning.

Venator. Sir, I for my part shall almost answer your hopes; for my purpose is to drink my morning's draught at the Thatch'd House in Hodsden, and I think not to rest till I come thither, where I have appointed a friend or two to meet me; but for this gentleman that you see with me, I know not how far he intends his journey: he came so lately into my company, that I have scarce had time to ask him the question.

Auceps. Sir, I shall by your favour bear you company as far as *Theobalds*,[1] and there leave you; for then I turn up to a friend's house, who mews a Hawk for me, which I now long to see.

(1) Theobalds, in the county of Hertford, a house built by Lord Burleigh, and much improved by his son, Robert Earl of Salisbury, who exchanged it with King James the First, for Hatfield. *Camd. Brit.* Hertfordshire. See also Sir Anthony Weldon's *Court and Char. of King James*, 51.

Ven. Sir, we are all so happy as to have a fine, fresh, cool, morning; and I hope we shall each be the happier in the others company. And, Gentlemen, that I may not lose yours, I shall either abate or amend my pace to enjoy it, knowing that, as the Italians say, Good company in a journey makes the way to seem the shorter.

Auc. It may do so, Sir, with the help of good discourse, which, methinks, we may promise from you, that both look and speak so cheerfully: and for my part, I promise you, as an invitation to it, that I will be as free and open-hearted as discretion will allow me to be with strangers.

Ven. And, Sir, I promise the like.

Pisc. I am right glad to hear your answers; and, in confidence you speak the truth, I shall put on a boldness to ask you, Sir, whether business or pleasure caused you to be so early up, and walk so fast? for this other gentleman hath declared he is going to see a hawk, that a friend mews for him.

Ven. Sir, mine is a mixture of both, a little business and more pleasure; for I intend this day to do all my business, and then bestow another day or two in hunting the Otter, which a friend, that I go to meet, tells me is much pleasanter than any other chace whatsoever: howsoever, I mean to try it; for to-morrow morning we shall meet a pack of Otter-dogs of noble Mr. *Sadler's*,[1] upon *Amwell-hill*, who will be there so early, that they intend to prevent the sun-rising.

Pisc. Sir, my fortune has answered my desires, and my purpose is to bestow a day or two in helping to

(1) Sir Henry Chauncy, in speaking of this gentleman, says, that "he delighted much in Hawking and Hunting, and the pleasures of a country life; was famous for his noble table, his great hospitality to his neighbours, and his abundant charity to the poor: and, after he had lived to a great age, died on the twelfth day of February, 1660, without issue; whereupon this manor descended to Walter Lord Aston, the son and heir of Gertrude his sister." *Histor. Antiq. of Hertf.* p. 219 *b*.

destroy some of those villainous vermin; for I hate them perfectly, because they love fish so well, or rather, because they destroy so much; indeed so much, that, in my judgment, all men that keep Otter-dogs ought to have pensions from the King, to encourage them to destroy the breed of these base Otters, they do so much mischief.

Ven. But what say you to the Foxes of the nation, would not you as willingly have them destroyed? for doubtless they do as much mischief as Otters do.

Pisc. Oh, Sir, if they do, it is not so much to me and my fraternity, as those base vermin the Otters do.

Auc. Why, Sir, I pray, of what fraternity are you, that you are so angry with the poor Otters?

Pisc. I am, Sir, a Brother of the Angle, and therefore an enemy to the Otter: for you are to note, that we Anglers all love one another, and therefore do I hate the Otter both for my own, and for their sakes who are of my brotherhood.

Ven. And I am a lover of Hounds; I have followed many a pack of dogs many a mile, and heard many merry Huntsmen make sport and scoff at Anglers.

Auc. And I profess myself a Falconer, and have heard many grave, serious men pity them, it is such a heavy, contemptible, dull recreation.

Pisc. You know, Gentlemen, it is an easy thing to scoff at any art or recreation; a little wit mixed with ill-nature, confidence, and malice, will do it; but though they often venture boldly, yet they are often caught, even in their own trap, according to that of Lucian, the father of the family of Scoffers.

> Lucian, well skill'd in scoffing, this hath writ,
> Friend, that's your folly, which you think your wit:
> This you vent oft, void both of wit and fear,
> Meaning another, when yourself you jeer.

If to this you add what Solomon says of Scoffers, that

they are an abomination to mankind, let him that thinks fit scoff on, and be a Scoffer still; but I account them enemies to me and all that love virtue and Angling.

And for you that have heard many grave, serious, men pity Anglers; let me tell you, Sir, there be many men that are by others taken to be serious and grave men, whom we contemn and pity. Men that are taken to be grave, because nature hath made them of a sour complexion; money-getting men, men that spend all their time, first in getting, and next, in anxious care to keep it; men that are condemned to be rich, and then always busy or discontented: for these poor rich-men, we Anglers pity them perfectly, and stand in no need to borrow their thoughts to think ourselves so happy. No, no, Sir, we enjoy a contentedness above the reach of such dispositions, and as the learned and ingenious Montaigne[1] says—like himself, freely, "When my Cat and I entertain each other with mutual apish tricks, as playing with a garter, who knows but that I make my Cat more sport than she makes me? Shall I conclude her to be simple, that has her time to begin or refuse to play as freely as I myself have? Nay, who knows but that it is a defect of my not understanding her language (for doubtless Cats talk and reason with one another) that we agree no better: and who knows but that she pities me for being no wiser, than to play with her, and laughs and censures my folly, for making sport for her, when we two play together?"

Thus freely speaks Montaigne concerning Cats; and I hope I may take as great liberty to blame any man, and laugh at him too, let him be never so grave, that hath not heard what Anglers can say in the justification of their Art and Recreation; which I may again tell you,

(1) In Apol. for *Raim. de Sebonde.*

is so full of pleasure, that we need not borrow their thoughts, to think ourselves happy.

Ven. Sir, you have almost amazed me; for though I am no Scoffer, yet I have, I pray let me speak it without offence, always looked upon Anglers as more patient, and more simple men, than I fear I shall find you to be.

Pisc. Sir, I hope you will not judge my earnestness to be impatience: and for my simplicity, if by that you mean a harmlessness, or that simplicity which was usually found in the primitive Christians, who were, as most Anglers are, quiet men, and followers of peace; men that were so simply wise, as not to sell their Consciences, to buy riches, and with them vexation and a fear to die; if you mean such simple men as lived in those times when there were fewer Lawyers; when men might have had a Lordship safely conveyed to them in a piece of parchment no bigger than your hand, though several sheets will not do it safely in this wiser age; I say, Sir, if you take us Anglers to be such simple men as I have spoke of, then myself and those of my profession will be glad to be so understood: But if by simplicity you meant to express a general defect in those that profess and practise the excellent Art of Angling, I hope in time to disabuse you, and make the contrary appear so evidently, that if you will but have patience to hear me, I shall remove all the anticipations that discourse, or time, or prejudice, have possessed you with against that laudable and ancient Art; for I know it is worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man.

But, Gentlemen, though I be able to do this, I am not so unmannerly as to engross all the discourse to myself; and, therefore, you two having declared yourselves, the one to be a lover of Hawks, the other of Hounds, I shall be most glad to hear what you can say in the commen-

dation of that recreation which each of you love and practise; and having heard what you can say, I shall be glad to exercise your attention with what I can say concerning my own recreation and art of Angling, and by this means we shall make the way to seem the shorter: and if you like my motion, I would have Mr. *Falconer* to begin.

Auc. Your motion is consented to with all my heart; and to testify it, I will begin as you have desired me.

And first, for the Element that I use to trade in, which is the Air, an Element of more worth than weight, an Element that doubtless exceeds both the Earth and Water; for though I sometimes deal in both, yet the Air is most properly mine, I and my Hawks use that most, and it yields us most recreation; it stops not the high soaring of my noble, generous Falcon; in it she ascends to such an height, as the dull eyes of beasts and fish are not able to reach to; their bodies are too gross for such high elevations; in the Air my troops of Hawks soar up on high, and when they are lost in the sight of men, then they attend upon and converse with the gods; therefore I think my Eagle is so justly styled Jove's servant in ordinary: and that very Falcon, that I am now going to see, deserves no meaner a title, for she usually in her flight endangers herself, like the son of Dædalus, to have her wings scorched by the Sun's heat, she flies so near it, but her mettle makes her careless of danger; for she then heeds nothing, but makes her nimble pinions cut the fluid air, and so makes her highway over the steepest mountains and deepest rivers, and in her glorious career looks with contempt upon those high Steeples and magnificent Palaces which we adore and wonder at; from which height, I can make her to descend by a word from my mouth (which she both knows and obeys) to

accept of meat from my hand, to own me for her Master, to go home with me, and be willing the next day to afford me the like recreation.

And more; this element of air, which I profess to trade in, the worth of it is such, and it is of such necessity, that no creature whatsoever—not only those numerous creatures that feed on the face of the earth, but those various creatures that have their dwelling within the waters, every creature that hath life in its nostrils, stands in need of my element. The waters cannot preserve the Fish without air, witness the not breaking of ice in an extreme frost; the reason is, for that if the inspiring and expiring organ of any animal be stopped, it suddenly yields to nature, and dies. Thus necessary is air, to the existence both of Fish and Beasts, nay, even to Man himself; that air, or breath of life, with which God at first inspired mankind, he, if he wants it, dies presently, becomes a sad object to all that loved and beheld him, and in an instant turns to putrefaction.

Nay more, the very birds of the air, those that be not Hawks, are both so many and so useful and pleasant to mankind, that I must not let them pass without some observations: they both feed and refresh him; feed him with their choice bodies, and refresh him with their heavenly voices:[1]—I will not undertake to mention the several kinds of Fowl by which this is done:—and his curious palate pleased by day, and which with their very excrements afford him a soft lodging at night:—These I will pass by, but not those little nimble Musicians of

(1) To these particulars may be added, That the Kings of Persia were wont to hawk after Butterflies with Sparrows and Stares, or Starlings, trained for the purpose. Burton *on Melancholy*, 1651, p. 268, from the relations of Sir Anthony Shirley. And we are also told, that M. de Luisnes (afterwards Prime Minister of France,) in the nonage of Lewis XIII. gained much upon him by making Hawks catch little Birds, and by making some of those little Birds again catch Butterflies. *Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury*, p. 134.

the air, that warble forth their curious ditties, with which nature hath furnished them to the shame of art.

As first the Lark, when she means to rejoice; to cheer herself and those that hear her; she then quits the earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the air, and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute, and sad, to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch, but for necessity.

How do the Blackbird and Thrassel with their melodious voices bid welcome to the cheerful Spring, and in their fixed months warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to!

Nay, the smaller birds also do the like in their particular seasons, as namely the Leverock, the Titlark, the little Linnet, and the honest Robin, that loves mankind both alive and dead.

But the Nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, Lord, what music hast thou provided for the Saints in Heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on Earth!

And this makes me the less to wonder at the many Aviaries in Italy, or at the great charge of Varro for his Aviarie, the ruins of which are yet to be seen in *Rome*, and is still so famous there, that it is reckoned for one of those notables which men of foreign nations either record, or lay up in their memories when they return from travel.

This for the birds of pleasure, of which very much more might be said. My next shall be of birds of political

use; I think 'tis not to be doubted that Swallows have been taught to carry letters between two armies. But 'tis certain that when the Turks besieged Malta or Rhodes, I now remember not which it was, Pigeons are then related to carry and recarry letters: And Mr. G. Sandys,[1] in his *Travels*, relates it to be done betwixt Aleppo and Babylon.[2] But if that be disbelieved, it is not to be doubted that the Dove was sent out of the ark by Noah, to give him notice of land, when to him all appeared to be sea; and the Dove proved a faithful and comfortable messenger. And for the sacrifices of the law, a pair of Turtle-doves, or young Pigeons, were as well accepted as costly Bulls and Rams. And when God would feed the Prophet Elijah, 1 *Kings*, xvii. after a kind of miraculous manner, he did it by Ravens, who brought him meat morning and evening. Lastly, the Holy Ghost, when he descended visibly upon our Saviour, did it by assuming the shape of a Dove.[3] And, to con-

(1) Mr. George Sandys, a very pious, learned, and accomplished gentleman, was the youngest son of Dr. Edwin Sandys, Abp. of York. He published his *Travels to the Holy Land, Egypt*, and elsewhere, in folio, 1615; and made an excellent Paraphrase on the *Psalms*, *Canticles*, and *Ecclesiastes*, in verse; and also translated *Ovid's Metamorphoses*. He was one of the best versifiers of that age, and died in 1642.

(2) "A thing usual it is betweene Tripoly and Aleppo, as betweene Aleppo and Babylon, to make tame Doves the speedy transporters of their Letters; which they wrap about their legs like jesses, trained thereunto at such time as they have young ones, by bearing them from them in open cages. A fowle of a notable memory. Nor is it a moderne invention. For we reade that Thaurosthones, by a pigeon stained with purple, gave notice of his victory at the Olimpian games the selfe same day to his father in Ægina. By which meanes also the Consul Hircus held intelligence with Decimus Brutus besieged in Mutina. The like perhaps is meant by the Poet, when he saith

> ——'Tanquam e diversis partibus Orbis
> Anxia præcipiti venisset Epistola prima.' *Juv. Sat. &c.*
>
> As if from parts removed farre, from some
> A wofull Letter swiftly winged should come.

When the Christians besieged Acre, Saladine sent out one of these winged scouts to confirm the courages of the besieged, with promise of a speedy reliefe: when I know not by what chance or policy, intercepted, and furnished with a contrary message, occasioned a sodaine surrender." *Sandys' Travels, fol. Lond.* 1615. p. 209.

(3) Walton here mistakes the sense of two passages in Scripture, viz. *Matt.* iii. 16. and *Luke* iii. 22. in which the baptism of our Lord is related. The mean-

clude this part of my discourse, pray remember these wonders were done by birds of the air, the element in which they, and I, take so much pleasure.

There is also a little contemptible winged creature, an inhabitant of my aërial element, namely, the laborious Bee, of whose Prudence, Policy, and regular Government of their own commonwealth, I might say much, as also of their several kinds, and how useful their honey and wax is both for meat and medicines to mankind;[1] but I will leave them to their sweet labour, without the least disturbance, believing them to be all very busy at this very time amongst the herbs and flowers that we see nature puts forth this *May* morning.

And now to return to my Hawks, from whom I have made too long a digression; you are to note, that they are usually distinguished into two kinds; namely, the long-winged, and the short-winged Hawk: of the first kind, there be chiefly in use amongst us in this nation,

The Gerfalcon and Jerkin,
The Falcon and Tassel-gentel,
The Laner and Laneret,
The Bockerel and Bockeret,
The Saker and Sacaret,
The Merlin and Jack Merlin,
The Hobby and Jack:
There is the Stelletto of Spain,
The Blood-red Rook from Turkey,
The Waskite from Virginia:
And there is of short-winged Hawks,
The Eagle and Iron,
The Goshawk and Tarcel,

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ing of both is, that the Holy Spirit descended, as a Dove uses to descend upon any thing, hovering, and overshadowing it. Vide Whitby on *Luke* iii. 22. Dr. *Hammond* on the passage, and Bp. Taylor's *Ductor Dubitantium*, 254.

(1) See the *Feminine Monarchy; or History of Bees*, by Charles Butler, 4to. 1634.

The Sparhawk and Musket,
The French Pye of two sorts:

These are reckoned Hawks of note and worth; but we have also of an inferior rank,

The Stanyel, the Ringtail,
The Raven, the Buzzard,
The Forked Kite, the Bald Buzzard,
The Hen-driver, and others that I forbear to name.[1]

Gentlemen, if I should enlarge my discourse to the observation of the Eires, the Brancher, the Ramish Hawk, the Haggard, and the two sorts of Lentners, and then treat of their several Ayries, their Mewings, rare order of casting, and the renovation of their feathers: their reclaiming, dieting, and then come to their rare stories of practice; I say, if I should enter into these, and many other observations that I could make, it would be much, very much pleasure to me: but lest I should break the rules of civility with you, by taking up more than the proportion of time allotted to me, I will here break off, and intreat you, Mr. *Venator*, to say what you are able in the commendation of Hunting, to which you are so much affected; and if time will serve, I will beg your favour for a further enlargement of some of those several heads of which I have spoken. But no more at present.

Ven. Well, Sir, and I will now take my turn, and will first begin with a commendation of the Earth, as you have done most excellently of the Air; the Earth being that element upon which I drive my pleasant, wholesome, hungry trade. The Earth is a solid, settled element; an element most universally beneficial both to man and beast; to men who have their several recreations upon it, as horse-races, hunting, sweet smells, plea-

(1) See Turberville, Latham, and Markham, *on Falconry*.

sant walks: the earth feeds man, and all those several beasts that both feed him, and afford him recreation. What pleasure doth man take in hunting the stately Stag, the generous Buck, the Wild Boar, the cunning Otter, the crafty Fox, and the fearful Hare! And if I may descend to a lower game, what pleasure is it sometimes with gins to betray the very vermin of the earth! as namely, the Fichat, the Fulimart,[1] the Ferret, the Pole-cat, the Mouldwarp, and the like creatures that live upon the face and within the bowels of the earth. How doth the earth bring forth herbs, flowers, and fruits, both for physic and the pleasure of mankind; and above all, to me at least, the fruitful vine, of which when I drink moderately, it clears my brain, chears my heart, and sharpens my wit. How could Cleopatra have feasted Mark Antony with eight Wild Boars roasted whole at one supper, and other meat suitable, if the earth had not been a bountiful mother? But to pass by the mighty Elephant, which the earth breeds and nourisheth, and descend to the least of creatures, how doth the earth afford us a doctrinal example in the little Pismire, who in the summer provides and lays up her winter provision, and teaches man to do the like! The earth feeds and carries those horses that carry us. If I would be prodigal of my time and your patience, what might not I say in commendations of the earth? That puts limits to the proud and raging sea,—and by that means preserves both man and beast, that it destroys them not, as we see it daily doth

(1) Dr. Skinner, in his *Etymologicon Linguæ Anglicanæ*, Lond. fol. 1671, *voce* "*Fulimart*," gives us to understand, that this word is *Vox quæ nusquam, nisi in libro* the "Complete Angler," *dicto occurrit*. Upon which it may be observed, that Dame Juliana Barnes, in her *Book of Hunting*, ranks the *Fulmarde* among the beasts of chace; and that both in the *Dictionary* of Dr. Adam Littleton, and that of Phillips, entitled the *World of Words*, it occurs: the first renders it *Putorius, mus Ponticus;* the latter *a kind of Polecat*. In Junius it is *Fullmer*, and said to be *idem quod* Polecat; but in this interpretation they seem all to be mistaken, for Walton here mentions the Polecat by name, as does also Dame Juliana Barnes in her book.

those that venture upon the sea, and are there ship-wrecked, drowned, and left to feed Haddocks; when we that are so wise as to keep ourselves on earth, walk, and talk, and live, and eat, and drink, and go a hunting: of which recreation I will say a little, and then leave Mr. *Piscator* to the commendation of Angling.

Hunting is a game for princes and noble persons; it hath been highly prized in all ages; it was one of the qualifications that Xenophon bestowed on his Cyrus, that he was a hunter of wild beasts. Hunting trains up the younger nobility to the use of manly exercises in their riper age. What more manly exercise than hunting the Wild Boar, the Stag, the Buck, the Fox, or the Hare? How doth it preserve health, and increase strength and activity!

And for the dogs that we use, who can commend their excellency to that height which they deserve? How perfect is the hound at smelling, who never leaves or forsakes his first scent, but follows it through so many changes and varieties of other scents, even over, and in, the water, and into the earth! What music doth a pack of dogs then make to any man, whose heart and ears are so happy as to be set to the tune of such instruments! How will a right Greyhound fix his eye on the best Buck in a herd, single him out, and follow him, and him only, through a whole herd of rascal game, and still know and then kill him! For my hounds, I know the language of them, and they know the language and meaning of one another, as perfectly as we know the voices of those with whom we discourse daily.

I might enlarge myself in the commendation of Hunting, and of the noble Hound especially, as also of the docibleness of dogs in general; and I might make many observations of land-creatures, that for composition, order, figure, and constitution, approach nearest to the completeness and understanding of man; especially of those

creatures, which Moses *in the Law* permitted to the Jews, which have cloven hoofs, and chew the cud; which I shall forbear to name, because I will not be so uncivil to Mr. *Piscator*, as not to allow him a time for the commendation of Angling, which he calls an art; but doubtless it is an easy one: and Mr. *Auceps*, I doubt we shall hear a watery discourse of it, but I hope it will not be a long one.

Auc. And I hope so too, though I fear it will.

Pisc. Gentlemen, let not prejudice prepossess you. I confess my discourse is like to prove suitable to my recreation, calm and quiet; we seldom take the name of God into our mouths, but it is either to praise him, or pray to him: if others use it vainly in the midst of their recreations, so vainly as if they meant to conjure, I must tell you it is neither our fault nor our custom; we protest against it. But, pray remember, I accuse nobody; for as I would not make a watery discourse, so I would not put too much vinegar into it: nor would I raise the reputation of my own art, by the diminution or ruin of another's. And so much for the prologue to what I mean to say.

And now for the Water, the element that I trade in. The water is the eldest daughter of the creation, the element upon which the spirit of God did first move, the element which God commanded to bring forth living creatures abundantly; and without which, those that inhabit the land, even all creatures that have breath in their nostrils, must suddenly return to putrefaction. Moses, the great lawgiver and chief philosopher, skilled in all the learning of the Egyptians, who was called the friend of God, and knew the mind of the Almighty, names this element the first in the creation: this is the element upon which the Spirit of God did first move, and is the chief ingredient in the creation: many philosophers have made

it to comprehend all the other elements, and most allow it the chiefest in the mixtion of all living creatures.

There be that profess to believe that all bodies are made of water, and may be reduced back again to water only: they endeavour to demonstrate it thus:

Take a willow, or any like speedy growing plant, newly rooted in a box or barrel full of earth, weigh them all together exactly when the tree begins to grow, and then weigh all together after the tree is increased from its first rooting, to weigh an hundred pound weight more than when it was first rooted and weighed; and you shall find this augment of the tree to be without the diminution of one drachm weight of the earth. Hence they infer this increase of wood to be from water of rain, or from dew, and not to be from any other element. And they affirm, they can reduce this wood back again to water; and they affirm also, the same may be done in any animal or vegetable. And this I take to be a fair testimony of the excellency of my element of water.

The water is more productive than the earth. Nay, the earth hath no fruitfulness without showers or dews; for all the herbs, and flowers, and fruit, are produced and thrive by the water; and the very minerals are fed by streams that run under ground, whose natural course carries them to the tops of many high mountains, as we see by several springs breaking forth on the tops of the highest hills; and this is also witnessed by the daily trial and testimony of several miners.

Nay, the increase of those creatures that are bred and fed in the water, are not only more and more miraculous, but more advantageous to man, not only for the lengthening of his life, but for preventing of sickness; for it is observed by the most learned physicians, that the casting off of Lent, and other fish-days, which hath not only given the lie to so many learned, pious, wise founders of col-

leges, for which we should be ashamed, hath doubtless been the chief cause of those many putrid, shaking, intermitting agues, unto which this nation of ours is now more subject, than those wiser countries that feed on herbs, sallets, and plenty of fish; of which it is observed in story, that the greatest part of the world now do. And it may be fit to remember that Moses, *Lev.* xi. 9. *Deut.* xiv. 9. appointed fish to be the chief diet for the best commonwealth that ever yet was.

And it is observable, not only that there are fish, as namely the Whale, three times as big as the mighty Elephant, that is so fierce in battle, but that the mightiest feasts have been of fish. The Romans, in the height of their glory, have made fish the mistress of all their entertainments; they have had music to usher in their Sturgeons, Lampreys, and Mullets, which they would purchase at rates rather to be wondered at than believed. He that shall view the writings of Macrobius,[1] or Varro,[2] may be confirmed and informed of this, and of the incredible value of their fish and fish-ponds.

But, Gentlemen, I have almost lost myself, which I confess I may easily do in this philosophical discourse; I met with most of it very lately, and I hope happily, in a conference with a most learned physician, Dr. Wharton, a dear friend, that loves both me and my art of angling. But, however, I will wade no deeper in these mysterious arguments, but pass to such observations as I can manage with more pleasure, and less fear of running into error.

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(1) Aurelius Macrobius, a learned writer of the fourth century; he was chamberlain to the Emperor Theodosius. Fabricius makes it a question whether he was a Christian or a Pagan. His works are *A Commentary on the Somnium Scipionis of Cicero*, in two books; and *Saturnalia Convivia*, in seven. Besides these, he was the Author of many, which are lost.

(2) Marcus Terentius Varro, a most learned Roman, contemporary with Cicero, and author, as it is said, of near five hundred volumes. He is one of the best writers on agriculture.

But I must not yet forsake the waters, by whose help we have so many known advantages.

And first to pass by the miraculous cures of our known baths, how advantageous is the sea for our daily traffic, without which we could not now subsist! How does it not only furnish us with food and physic for the bodies, but with such observations for the mind as ingenious persons would not want!

How ignorant had we been of the beauty of Florence, of the monuments, urns, and rarities that yet remain in and near unto old and new Rome, so many as it is said will take up a year's time to view, and afford to each of them but a convenient consideration! And therefore it is not to be wondered at, that so learned and devout a father as St. Jerome, after his wish to have seen *Christ in the flesh*, and to have heard *St. Paul preach*, makes his third wish, to *have seen Rome in her glory*; and that glory is not yet all lost, for what pleasure is it to see the monuments of Livy, the choicest of the historians; of Tully, the best of orators; and to see the bay-trees that now grow out of the very tomb of Virgil! These, to any that love learning, must be pleasing. But what pleasure is it to a devout Christian, to see there the humble house in which St. Paul was content to dwell, and to view the many rich statues that are made in honour of his memory! nay, to see the very place in which St. Peter[1] and he lie buried together!

(1) The Protestants deny, not only that St. Peter lies buried in the Vatican, as the Romish writers assert, but that he ever was at Rome. See the *Historia Apostolica* of Lud. Capellus.—The sense of the Protestants on this point is expressed in the following epigram, alluding to the prænomen of Peter. "Simon," and to the simony practised in that city:

An *Petrus* fuerat *Romæ* sub judice lis est,
Simonem Romæ nemo fuisse negat.

Many that "*Peter* ne'er saw *Rome*" declare,
But all must own that *Simon* hath been there.

Of which that may be observed which I have heard said of libels, "the more true the more provoking;" and this the author, John Owen, the famous epigram-

These are in and near to Rome. And how much more doth it please the pious curiosity of a Christian, to see that place, on which the blessed Saviour of the world was pleased to humble himself, and to take our nature upon him, and to converse with men: to see Mount Sion, Jerusalem, and the very sepulchre of our Lord Jesus! How may it beget and heighten the zeal of a Christian, to see the devotions that are daily paid to him at that place! Gentlemen, lest I forget myself, I will stop here, and remember you, that but for my element of water, the inhabitants of this poor island must remain ignorant that such things ever were, or that any of them have yet a being.

Gentlemen, I might both enlarge and lose myself in such like arguments; I might tell you that Almighty God is said to have spoken to a fish, but never to a beast; that he hath made a whale a ship, to carry and set his prophet Jonah safe on the appointed shore. Of these I might speak, but I must in manners break off, for I see *Theobald's House*. I cry you mercy for being so long, and thank you for your patience.

Auc. Sir, my pardon is easily granted you: I except against nothing that you have said: nevertheless, I must part with you at this park-wall, for which I am very sorry; but I assure you, Mr. *Piscator*, I now part with you full of good thoughts, not only of yourself, but your recreation. And so, Gentlemen, God keep you both.

Pisc. Well, now, Mr. *Venator*, you shall neither want time, nor my attention to hear you enlarge your discourse concerning hunting.

Ven. Not I, Sir: I remember you said that angling itself was of great antiquity, and a perfect art, and an art not

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matist, found to his cost; for his uncle, a Papist, was so stung by these lines, that, in revenge, he disinherited him, and doomed him to extreme poverty the remainder of his life. *Athen. Oxon.* Vol. I. 471. The Romanists have also taken their revenge on the book that contains them, by inserting it in their *Index Expurgatorius*. Ibid.

easily attained to; and you have so won upon me in your former discourse, that I am very desirous to hear what you can say further concerning those particulars.

Pis. Sir, I did say so: and I doubt not but if you and I did converse together but a few hours, to leave you possessed with the same high and happy thoughts that now possess me of it; not only of the antiquity of angling, but that it deserves commendations; and that it is an art, and an art worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man.

Ven. Pray, Sir, speak of them what you think fit, for we have yet five miles to the Thatch'd-house; during which walk, I dare promise you my patience and diligent attention shall not be wanting. And if you shall make that to appear which you have undertaken, first, that it is an art, and an art worth the learning, I shall beg that I may attend you a day or two a-fishing, and that I may become your scholar, and be instructed in the art itself which you so much magnify.

Pisc. O, Sir, doubt not but that angling is an art; is it not an art to deceive a Trout with an artificial Fly? a Trout! that is more sharp-sighted than any Hawk you have named, and more watchful and timorous than your high-mettled Merlin is bold;[1] and yet, I doubt not to catch a brace or two to-morrow, for a friend's breakfast: doubt not, therefore, Sir, but that angling is an art, and an art worth your learning. The question is rather, whether you be capable of learning it? for angling is somewhat like poetry, men are to be born so: I mean, with inclinations to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice: but he that hopes to be a good angler, must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a

(1) This is a mistake: it was *Auceps*, and not *Venator*, that named the Hawks; and *Auceps* had before taken his leave of these his companions,

love and propensity to the art itself;[1] but having once got and practised it, then doubt not but angling will prove to be so pleasant, that it will prove to be, like virtue, a reward to itself.

Ven. Sir, I am now become so full of expectation, that I long much to have you proceed, and in the order that you propose.

Pisc. Then first, for the antiquity of Angling, of which I shall not say much, but only this; some say it is as ancient as *Deucalion's* flood; others, that *Belus*, who was the first inventor of godly and virtuous recreations, was the first inventor of Angling: and some others say, (for former times have had their disquisitions about the antiquity of it,) that *Seth*, one of the sons of *Adam*, taught it to his sons, and that by them it was derived to posterity: others say that he left it engraven on those pillars which he erected, and trusted to preserve the knowledge of the mathematics, music, and the rest of that precious knowledge, and those useful arts, which

(1) Markham, in his *Country Contentments*, has a whole chapter on the subject of *the Angler's Apparel, and inward qualities*; some of which are, "That he be a general scholar, and seen in all the liberal sciences; as a *grammarian*, to know how to write, or discourse, of his art in true and fitting terms. He should," says he, "have *sweetness of speech*, to entice others to delight in an exercise so much laudable. He should have *strength of argument*, to defend and maintain his profession against envy and slander." Thou seest, reader, how easily the author has dispatched *Grammar*, *Rhetoric*, and *Logic*, three of the liberal sciences; and his reasons are not a whit less convincing, with respect to the other four.

A man would think, now, that with proper baits, good tackle in his pannier, and so much science in his head, our angler would stand a pretty good chance to catch fish; but, alas! those are little to the purpose, without the Christian virtues of *faith*, *hope*, and *charity*; and unless two at least of the *cardinal virtues* can be persuaded to go a-fishing, the angler may as well stay at home; for hear what Mr. Markham says as to *fortitude*; "Then must he be *strong* and *valiant*; neither to be amazed with storms, nor affrighted with thunder: and if he is not *temperate*, but has a gnawing stomach that will not endure much fasting, but must observe hours; it troubleth the mind and body, and loseth that delight which maketh the pastime only pleasing."

There is no doubt but Walton had this chapter of Markham in his eye; and as there is a humorous solemnity in thus attempting to dignify an art, which surely borrows as little of its perfections from *learning* as any that is practised, it was thought it might divert the reader to quote it.

by God's appointment or allowance, and his noble industry, were thereby preserved from perishing in *Noah's* flood.

These, Sir, have been the opinions of several men, that have possibly endeavoured to make angling more ancient than is needful, or may well be warranted; but for my part, I shall content myself in telling you, that angling is much more ancient than the incarnation of our Saviour; for in the Prophet *Amos*, mention is made of fish-hooks; and in the book of *Job*, (which was long before the days of *Amos*, for that book is said to have been written by *Moses*,) mention is made also of fish-hooks, which must imply anglers in those times.

But, my worthy friend, as I would rather prove myself a gentleman, by being learned and humble, valiant and inoffensive, virtuous and communicable, than by any fond ostentation of riches, or, wanting those virtues myself, boast that these were in my ancestors; (and yet I grant, that where a noble and ancient descent and such merit meet in any man, it is a double dignification of that person;) so if this antiquity of angling, which for my part I have not forced, shall, like an ancient family, be either an honour or an ornament to this virtuous art which I profess to love and practise, I shall be the gladder that I made an accidental mention of the antiquity of it, of which I shall say no more, but proceed to that just commendation which I think it deserves.

And for that, I shall tell you, that in ancient times a debate hath risen, and it remains yet unresolved, whether the happiness of man in this world doth consist more in contemplation or action?

Concerning which, some have endeavoured to maintain their opinion of the first; by saying, that the nearer we mortals come to God by way of imitation, the more happy we are. And they say, that God enjoys himself

only, by a contemplation of his own infiniteness, eternity, power, and goodness, and the like. And upon this ground, many cloisteral men of great learning, and devotion, prefer contemplation before action. And many of the fathers seem to approve this opinion, as may appear in their commentaries upon the words of our Saviour to Martha, *Luke* x. 41, 42.

And, on the contrary, there want not men of equal authority and credit, that prefer action to be the more excellent; as namely, experiments in physic, and the application of it, both for the ease and prolongation of man's life; by which each man is enabled to act and do good to others, either to serve his country, or do good to particular persons: and they say also, that action is doctrinal, and teaches both art and virtue, and is a maintainer of human society; and for these, and other like reasons, to be preferred before contemplation.

Concerning which two opinions I shall forbear to add a third, by declaring my own; and rest myself contented in telling you, my very worthy friend, that both these meet together, and do most properly belong to the most honest, ingenious, quiet, and harmless art of angling.

And first, I shall tell you what some have observed, and I have found it to be a real truth, that the very sitting by the river's side, is not only the quietest and fittest place for contemplation, but will invite an angler to it; and this seems to be maintained by the learned Peter du Moulin,[1] who, in his discourse of the fulfilling of Prophecies, observes, that when God intended to reveal any future events or high notions to his prophets, he then carried them either to the deserts, or the sea-shore, that having so separated them from amidst the press of people and business, and the cares of the world, he might settle

(1) Dr. *Peter du Moulin*, Prebendary of Canterbury, and author of several pieces in the Romish controversy.

their mind in a quiet repose, and there make them fit for revelation.

And this seems also to be intimated by the children of Israel, (*Ps.* 137.) who having in a sad condition banished all mirth and music from their pensive hearts, and having hung up their then mute harps upon the willow-trees growing by the rivers of Babylon, sat down upon those banks, bemoaning the ruins of Sion, and contemplating their own sad condition.

And an ingenious Spaniard[1] says, that "rivers and the inhabitants of the watery element were made for wise men to contemplate, and fools to pass by without consideration." And though I will not rank myself in the number of the first, yet give me leave to free myself from the last, by offering to you a short contemplation, first of rivers, and then of fish; concerning which I doubt not but to give you many observations that will appear very considerable: I am sure they have appeared so to me, and made many an hour pass away more pleasantly, as I have sate quietly on a flowery bank by a calm river, and contemplated what I shall now relate to you.

And first concerning rivers; there be so many wonders reported and written of them, and of the several creatures that be bred and live in them, and those by authors of so good credit, that we need not to deny them an historical faith.

As namely of a river in Epirus, that puts out any lighted torch, and kindles any torch that was not lighted. Some waters, being drank, cause madness, some drunkenness, and some laughter to death. The river Selarus in a few hours turns a rod or wand to stone; and our Camden

(1) It has been said that the person here meant was *John Valdesso*, mentioned in the *Life* of Walton preceding, and that the passage in the text occurs in his *Considerations*; but upon a careful perusal of that book for the purpose, no such sentiment has been found.

mentions the like in England, and the like in Lochmere in Ireland. There is also a river in Arabia, of which all the sheep that drink thereof have their wool turned into a vermilion colour. And one of no less credit than Aristotle, tells us of a merry river, the river Elusina, that dances at the noise of music, for with music it bubbles, dances, and grows sandy, and so continues till the music ceases, but then it presently returns to its wonted calmness and clearness. And Camden tells us of a well near to Kirby, in Westmoreland, that ebbs and flows several times every day: and he tells us of a river in Surrey, (it is called Mole,) that after it has run several miles, being opposed by hills, finds or makes itself a way under ground, and breaks out again so far off, that the inhabitants thereabout boast, as the Spaniards do of their river Anus, that they feed divers flocks of sheep upon a bridge. And lastly, for I would not tire your patience, one of no less authority than Josephus, that learned Jew, tells us of a river in Judea that runs swiftly all the six days of the week, and stands still and rests all their sabbath.

But I will lay aside my discourse of rivers, and tell you some things of the monsters, or fish, call them what you will, that they breed and feed in them. Pliny the philosopher says, in the third chapter of his ninth book, that in the Indian Sea, the fish called *Balæna* or Whirlpool, is so long and broad, as to take up more in length and breadth than two acres of ground; and, of other fish of two hundred cubits long; and that in the river Ganges, there be Eels of thirty feet long. He says there, that these monsters appear in that sea, only when the tempestuous winds oppose the torrents of waters falling from the rocks into it, and so turning what lay at the bottom to be seen on the water's top. And he says, that the people of Cadara, an island near this place, make the timber for their houses of those fish-bones. He there tells us, that

there are sometimes a thousand of these great Eels found wrapt, or interwoven together. He tells us there, that it appears that dolphins love music, and will come when called for, by some men or boys that know, and use to feed them; and that they can swim as swift as an arrow can be shot out of a bow; and much of this is spoken concerning the dolphin, and other fish, as may be found also in the learned Dr. Casaubon's[1] *Discourse of Credulity and Incredulity*, printed by him about the year 1670.

I know, we Islanders are averse to the belief of these wonders; but there be so many strange creatures to be now seen, many collected by John Tradescant,[2] and others

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(1) *Meric*, son of *Isaac Casaubon*, born at Geneva in 1599, but educated at Oxford, was, for his great learning, preferred to a Prebend in the Cathedral of Canterbury, and the Rectory of Ickham near that city. Oliver Cromwell would have engaged him, by a pension of 300*l.* a year, to write the history of his time, but Casaubon refused it. Of many books extant of his writing, that mentioned in the text is one. He died in 1671, leaving behind him the character of a religious man, loyal to his Prince, exemplary in his life and conversation, and very charitable to the poor.—*Athen. Oxon.* Vol. II. 485, edit. 1721.

(2) There were, it seems, three of the *Tradescants*, grandfather, father, and son: the son is the person here meant: the two former were Gardeners to Queen Elizabeth, and the latter to King Charles the First. They were all great botanists, and collectors of natural and other curiosities, and dwelt at South Lambeth, in Surrey; and dying there, were buried in Lambeth Church-yard. Mr. Ashmole contracted an acquaintance with the last of them, and, together with his wife, boarded at his house for a summer, during which Ashmole agreed for the purchase of Tradescant's collection, and the same was conveyed to him by a deed of gift from Tradescant and his wife. Tradescant soon after died, and Ashmole was obliged to file a bill in Chancery for the delivery of the curiosities, and succeeded in his suit. Mrs. Tradescant, shortly after the pronouncing the decree, was found drowned in her pond. This collection, with what additions he afterwards made to it, Mr. Ashmole gave to the University of Oxford, and so became the Founder of the *Ashmolean Museum*. A monument for the three Tradescants, very curiously ornamented with sculptures, is to be seen in Lambeth Church-yard; and a representation thereof, in four plates, and also some particulars of the family, are given in the *Philosophical Transactions*, Volume LXIII. Part I. p. 79, *et seq.* The monument, by the contribution of some friends to their memory, was, in the year 1773, repaired; and the following *Lines*, formerly intended for an epitaph, inserted thereon:

Know, stranger! ere thou pass, beneath this stone
Lies *John Tradescant*, grandsire, father, son.
The last dy'd in his spring: the other two
Liv'd till they had travell'd art and nature thro';
As by their choice collections may appear,
Of what is rare in land, in seas, in air;

added by my friend Elias Ashmole, Esq. who now keeps them carefully and methodically at his house near to Lambeth, near London,[1] as may get some belief of some of the other wonders I mentioned. I will tell you some of the wonders that you may now see, and not till then believe, unless you think fit.

You may there see the Hog-fish, the Dog-fish, the Dolphin, the Cony-fish, the Parrot-fish, the Shark, the Poison-fish, Sword-fish, and not only other incredible *fish*, but you may there see the Salamander, several sorts of Barnacles, of Solan-Geese, the Bird of Paradise, such sorts of Snakes, and such Bird's-nests, and of so various forms, and so wonderfully made, as may beget wonder and amusement in any beholder; and so many hundred of other rarities in that collection, as will make the other

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Whilst they (as Homer's Iliad, in a nut)
A world of wonders in one closet shut.
These famous Antiquarians—that had been,
Both Gardeners to the Rose and Lilly Queen—
Transplanted now themselves, sleep here. And when
Angels shall with their trumpets waken men,
And fire shall purge the world, these hence shall rise,
And change their gardens for a Paradise.

The Tradescants were the first collectors of natural curiosities in this kingdom; Ashmole, and Sir Hans Sloane, were the next; the generous spirit of these persons seems to have been transfused into, and at present (1784) to reside in, a private Gentleman of unbounded curiosity and liberality, Sir Ashton Lever; whose collections, for beauty, variety, and copiousness, exceed all description, and surpass every thing of the kind in the known world. *Hawkins.*

After Sir Ashton Lever's death, this collection was disposed of by lottery, and came into the hands of Mr. Parkinson, who, (in 1806) sold the whole, in separate lots, by public auction.

(1) Ashmole was, at first, a Solicitor in Chancery: but marrying a lady with a large fortune, and being well skilled in history and antiquities, he was promoted to the office of *Windsor Herald*, and wrote the *History of the Order of the Garter*, published in 1672, in folio. But addicting himself to the then fashionable studies of chemistry and judicial astrology; and associating himself with that silly, crack-brained enthusiast, John Aubrey, Esq. of Surrey, and that egregious impostor, Lilly the Astrologer, he became a dupe to the knavery of the one, and the follies of both; and lost in a great measure the reputation he had acquired by this, and other of his writings. Of his weakness and superstition, he has left on record this memorable instance: "11th April, 1681, I took, early in the morning, a good dose of elixir, *and hung three spiders about my neck;* and they drove my ague away. *Deo gratias.*" See *Memoirs of the Life of that Antiquarian, Elias Ashmole, Esq. drawn up by himself by way of diary*, published by Charles Burman, Esq. 12mo. 1717.

wonders I spake of the less incredible; for, you may note, that the waters are Nature's store-house, in which she locks up her wonders.

But, Sir, lest this discourse may seem tedious, I shall give it a sweet conclusion out of that holy poet, Mr. George Herbert, his divine *Contemplation on God's Providence.*

Lord! who hath praisé enough, nay, who hath any?
None can express thy works, but he that knows them;
And none can know thy works, they are so many,
And so complete, but only he that owes[1] them.

We all acknowledge both thy power and love
To be exact, transcendant, and divine;
Who dost so strangely and so sweetly move,
Whilst all things have their end, yet none but thine.

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit! I here present,
For me, and all my fellows, praise to thee;
And just it is that I should pay the rent,
Because the benefit accrues to me.

And as concerning fish, in that psalm, *Psal.* 104. wherein, for height of poetry and wonders, the prophet David seems even to exceed himself; how doth he there express himself in choice metaphors, even to the amazement of a contemplative reader, concerning the sea, the rivers, and the fish therein contained! And the great naturalist Pliny says, "That nature's great and wonderful power is more demonstrated in the sea than on the land." And this may appear, by the numerous and various creatures inhabiting both in and about that element; as to the readers of Gesner,[2] Rondeletius,[3] Pliny, Ausonius,[4]

(1) Equivalent to whom they are *owing*.

(2) *Conrade Gesner*, an eminent physician and naturalist, was born at Zurich in 1516. His skill in botany and natural history was such as procured him the appellation of the *Pliny of Germany:* and Beza, who knew him, scruples not to assert, that he concentered in himself the *learning of Pliny and Varro.* Nor was he more distinguished for his learning, than esteemed and beloved for that probity and sweetness of manners, which rendered him conspicuous through the course of his life.

(3) *Guillaume Rondelet*, an eminent physician, born at Montpelier in Languedoc, 1507. He wrote several books; and a treatise *De Piscibus marinis*, where all that Walton has taken from him is to be found. He died—very poor—of a surfeit, occasioned by eating figs to excess, in 1566.

(4) *Decius Ausonius*, a native of Bourdeaux; was a Latin Poet, Consul of Rome, and Preceptor to the Emperor Gratian. He died about 390.

Aristotle, and others, may be demonstrated. But I will sweeten this discourse also out of a contemplation in divine Du Bartas,[1] who says:

Du Bartas, in the fifth day.

God quickened in the sea, and in the rivers,
So many fishes of so many features,
That in the waters we may see all creatures,
Even all that on the earth are to be found,
As if the world were in deep waters drown'd.
For seas—as well as skies—have Sun, Moon, Stars;
As well as air—Swallows, Rooks, and Stares;[2]
As well as earth—Vines, Roses, Nettles, Melons,
Mushrooms, Pinks, Gilliflowers, and many millions
Of other plants, more rare, more strange than these,
As very fishes, living in the seas;
As also Rams, Calves, Horses, Hares, and Hogs,
Wolves, Urchins, Lions, Elephants, and Dogs;
Yea men and maids; and, which I most admire,
The mitred Bishop and the cowled Friar;[3]
Of which, examples, but a few years since,
Were shewn the Norway and Polonian prince.

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(1) *Guillaume de Saluste*, Sieur *du Bartas*, was a poet of great reputation in Walton's time. He wrote, in French, a poem called *Divine Weeks and Works*; whence the passage in the text, and many others cited in this work, are extracted. This, with his other *delightful* works, was translated into English by Joshua Sylvester.

(2) Or *Starlings*. Minsheu.

(3) This story of the Bishop-fish is told by Rondeletius, and vouched by Bellonius. Without taking much pains in the translation, it is as follows: "In the year 1531, a fish was taken in Polonia, that represented a bishop. He was brought to the king; but seeming to desire to return to his own element, the king commanded him to be carried back to the sea, into which he immediately threw himself." Rondeletius had before related the story of a Monk-fish, which is what Du Bartas means by the "cowled Friar." The reader may see the portraits of these wonderful personages in *Rondeletius*; or, in the *Posthumous Works* of the reverend and learned Mr. John Gregory, in 4to. Lond. 1683, page 121, 122, where they are exhibited.

Stow, in his *Annals*, p. 157, from the *Chronicle* of Radulphus Cogeshale, gives the following relation of a sea-monster, taken on the coast of Suffolk, *temp. Hen.* II.

"Neare unto Orford in Suffolk, certaine fishers of the sea tooke in their nets a fish, having the shape of a man in all points: which fish was kept by Bartlemew de Glaunville, *custos* of the castle of Orford, in the same castle, by the space of six moneths and more, for a wonder. He spake not a word. All manner of meates he did eate, but most greedily raw fish, after he had crushed out the moisture. Oftentimes, he was brought to the *church*, where he *shewed no tokens of adoration*." "At length," says this author, "when he was not well looked to, he stole away to the sea, and never after appeared." The wisdom of these fishermen in taking the monster to church, calls to remembrance many instances of similar sagacity recorded of the *wise men of Gotham*. Finding him so indevout, we may suppose them to have been ready to exclaim with Caliban, in the *Tempest*,

"By this good light, a very shallow monster!"

These seem to be wonders; but have had so many confirmations from men of learning and credit, that you need not doubt them. Nor are the *number*, nor the various *shapes*, of fishes more strange, or more fit for contemplation, than their different *natures*, *inclinations*, and *actions*; concerning which, I shall beg your patient ear a little longer.

The Cuttle-fish will cast a long gut out of her throat, which, like as an Angler doth his line, she sendeth forth, and pulleth in again at her pleasure, according as she sees some little fish come near to her; and the Cuttle-fish,* being then hid in the gravel, lets the smaller fish nibble and bite the end of it; at which time she by little and little, draws the smaller fish so near to her that she may leap upon her, and then catches and devours her: and for this reason some have called this fish the Sea-angler.

* Mont. *Essays*, and others affirm this.

And there is a fish called a *Hermit*, that at a certain age gets into a dead fish's shell, and, like a hermit, dwells there alone, studying the wind and weather; and so turns her shell, that she makes it defend her from the injuries that they would bring upon her.

There is also a fish called by Ælian,[1] in his 9th book *Of Living Creatures*, ch. 16. the *Adonis*, or Darling of the Sea; so called, because it is a loving and innocent fish, a fish that hurts nothing that hath life, and is at peace with all the numerous inhabitants of that vast watery element; and truly, I think most Anglers are so disposed to most of mankind.

And there are, also, lustful and chaste fishes; of which I shall give you examples.

And first, what Du Bartas says of a fish called the

(1) *Claudius Ælianus* was born at Præneste in Italy, in the reign of the Emperor Adrian. He wrote *De Animalium Naturâ*, and *On Martial Discipline*.

Sargus; which, because none can express it better than he does, I shall give you in his own words; supposing it shall not have the less credit for being verse; for he hath gathered this and other observations out of Authors that have been great and industrious searchers into the secrets of nature.

> The adult'rous Sargus doth not only change
> Wives every day, in the deep streams, but, strange!
> As if the honey of sea-love delight
> Could not suffice his ranging appetite,
> Goes courting she-goats on the grassy shore,
> Horning their husbands that had horns before.

And the same Author writes concerning the *Cantharus*, that which you shall also hear in his own words:

> But, contrary, the constant Cantharus
> Is ever constant to his faithful spouse;
> In nuptial duties, spending his chaste life;
> Never loves any but his own dear wife.

Sir, but a little longer, and I have done.

Ven. Sir, take what liberty you think fit, for your discourse seems to be music, and charms me to an attention.

Pisc. Why then, Sir, I will take a liberty to tell, or rather to remember you what is said of Turtle-doves: first, that they silently plight their troth, and marry; and that then the survivor scorns, as the Thracian women are said to do, to outlive his or her mate; and this is taken for a truth; and if the survivor shall ever couple with another, then, not only the living, but the dead, be it either the he or the she, is denied the name and honour of a true Turtle-dove.[1]

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(1) Of *Swans*, it is also said, that, if either of a pair die, or be otherwise separated from its mate, the other does not long survive; and that it is chiefly for this reason, that the stealing of Swans is by our law made penal; so as that, "He who stealeth a Swan in an open and common river, lawfully marked; the same Swan shall be hung in a house by the beak; and he who stole it shall, in recompence thereof, give to the owner so much wheat as may cover all the Swan, by putting and turning the wheat upon the head of the Swan, until the head of the Swan be covered with wheat." Coke's *Reports*, Part VII. The case of Swans.

And to parallel this land-rarity, and teach mankind moral faithfulness, and to condemn those that talk of religion, and yet come short of the moral faith of fish and fowl, men that violate the law affirmed by St. Paul, (*Rom.* ii. 14, 15,) to be writ in their hearts, and which, he says, shall at the Last Day condemn and leave them without excuse—I pray hearken to what Du Bartas sings, for the hearing of such conjugal faithfulness will be music to all chaste ears, and therefore I pray hearken to what Du Bartas sings of the Mullet.

Du Bartas, fifth day.

> But for chaste love the Mullet hath no peer;
> For, if the fisher hath surpris'd her pheer,[1]
> As mad with wo, to shore she followeth,
> Prest[2] to consort him, both in life and death.

On the contrary, what shall I say of the House-Cock, which treads any hen; and then, contrary to the Swan, the Partridge, and Pigeon, takes no care to hatch, to feed, or cherish his own brood, but is senseless, though they perish. And it is considerable, that the Hen, (which, because she also takes any Cock, expects it not,) who is sure the chickens be her own, hath by a moral impression her care and affection to her own brood more than doubled, even to such a height, that our Saviour in expressing his love to Jerusalem, *Matt.* xxiii. 37, quotes her for an example of tender affection; as his Father had done Job, for a pattern of patience.

And to parallel this Cock, there be divers fishes that cast their spawn on flags or stones, and then leave it uncovered, and exposed to become a prey and be devoured by vermin or other fishes. But other fishes, as namely

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(1) Or Fellow; so *Bed-pheer*, Bed-fellow.

(2) *Prest*, from the French *prêt*, Lat. *paratus*, ready, prepared. So Psalm 104. old version:

> He maketh his spirites as heralds to go,
> And lightnings, to serve, we see also *prest*.

Vide GLOSSARY to *Robert of Gloucester* and to *Peter Langtoft*. edit. Hearne

the Barbel, take such care for the preservation of their seed, that (unlike to the Cock, or the Cuckoo) they mutually labour, both the spawner and the melter, to cover their spawn with sand, or watch it, or hide it in some secret place, unfrequented by vermin or by any fish but themselves.

Sir, these examples may, to you and others, seem strange; but they are testified, some by Aristotle, some by Pliny, some by Gesner, and by many others of credit; and are believed and known by divers, both of wisdom and experience, to be a truth; and indeed are, as I said at the beginning, fit for the contemplation of a most serious and a most pious man. And, doubtless, this made the prophet David say, "They that occupy themselves in *deep waters*, see the wonderful works of God:" indeed such wonders, and pleasures too, as the *land* affords not. And that *they be fit for the contemplation of the most prudent, and pious, and peaceable men*, seems to be testified by the practice of so many devout and contemplative men, as the Patriarchs and Prophets of old; and of the Apostles of our Saviour in our latter times, of which twelve, we are sure, he *chose* four that were simple *fishermen*, whom he inspired, and sent to publish his blessed will to the Gentiles; and inspired them also with a power to speak all languages, and by their powerful eloquence to beget faith in the unbelieving Jews; and, themselves to suffer for that Saviour whom their forefathers and they had crucified; and, in their sufferings, to preach freedom from the incumbrances of the law, and a new way to everlasting life: this was the employment of these happy fishermen. Concerning which *choice*, some have made these observations:

First, that he never reproved these, for their employment or calling, as he did the Scribes and the Moneychangers. And secondly, he found that the hearts of

such men, by nature, were fitted for contemplation and quietness; *men of mild, and sweet, and peaceable spirits*, as indeed most Anglers are: these men our blessed Saviour, who is observed to love to plant grace in *good* natures, though indeed nothing be too hard for him, yet these men he chose to call from their irreproveable employment of fishing, and gave them grace to be his disciples, and to follow him, and do wonders; I say four of twelve.

And it is observable, that it was our Saviour's will that these, our four fishermen, should have a priority of nomination in the catalogue of his twelve Apostles (*Matt.* x.): as namely, first St. Peter, St. Andrew, St. James, and St. John; and, then, the rest in their order.

And it is yet more observable, that when our blessed Saviour went up into the mount, when he left the rest of his disciples, and chose only three to bear him company at his Transfiguration, that those three were all fishermen. And it is to be believed, that all the other Apostles, after they betook themselves to follow Christ, betook themselves to be fishermen too; for it is certain, that the greater number of them were found together, fishing, by Jesus after his resurrection, as it is recorded in the 21st chapter of St. John's gospel.

And since I have your promise to hear me with patience, I will take a liberty to look back upon an observation that hath been made by an ingenious and learned man; who observes, that God hath been pleased to allow those whom he himself hath appointed to write his holy will in holy writ, yet to express his will in such metaphors as their former affections or practice had inclined them to. And he brings Solomon for an example, who, *before* his conversion, was remarkably carnally amorous; and *after*, by God's appointment, wrote that Spiritual dialogue, or

holy amorous love-song the *Canticles*, betwixt God and his church: in which he says, 'his beloved had eyes like the fish-pools of Heshbon.'

And if this hold in reason, as I see none to the contrary, then it may be probably concluded, that Moses (who I told you before writ the book of *Job*,) and the prophet Amos who was a shepherd, were both Anglers; for you shall, in all the *Old Testament*, find fish-hooks, I think but twice mentioned, namely, by meek Moses the friend of God, and by the humble prophet Amos.[1]

Concerning which last, namely the prophet Amos, I shall make but this observation, that he that shall read the humble, lowly, plain style of that prophet, and compare it with the high, glorious, eloquent style of the prophet Isaiah, (though they be both equally true) may easily believe Amos to be, not only a shepherd, but a good-natured plain fisherman. Which I do the rather believe, by comparing the affectionate, loving, lowly, humble Epistles of St. Peter, St. James, and St. John, whom we know were all fishers, with the glorious language and high metaphors of St. Paul, who we may believe was not.

And for the lawfulness of fishing: it may very well be

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(1) Walton was a good Scripturist, and therefore can hardly be supposed to have been ignorant of the passage in *Isaiah*, chap. xix. 8. "The fishers shall mourn, and all they that cast *angle* upon the brooks shall lament, and they that spread nets upon the waters shall languish." Which words as they do but *imply* the use of fish-hooks, he might think not directly to his purpose; but in the translation of the above prophet by the learned Bishop *Lowth*, who himself assures me that the word *hook* is truly rendered, the passage stands thus:

"And the fishers shall mourn and lament;
All those that cast *the hook* in the river,
And those that spread nets on the face of the waters shall languish."

The following passage Walton seems likewise to have forgotten when he wrote the above, unless the reason before assigned induced him to reject it: 'They take up all of them with the *angle*, they catch them in their net, and gather them in their drag, therefore they rejoice and are glad." *Habakkuk*, chap. i. v. 15.

maintained by our Saviour's bidding St. Peter cast his hook into the water and catch a fish, for money to pay tribute to Cæsar.

And let me tell you, that Angling is of high esteem, and of much use in other nations. He that reads the *Voyages* of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto,[1] shall find that there he declares to have found a king and several priests a fishing.

And he that reads *Plutarch* shall find that Angling was not contemptible in the days of Mark Antony and Cleopatra, and that they, in the midst of their wonderful glory, used Angling as a principal recreation.[2] And let me tell you, that in the *Scripture*, Angling is always taken in the best sense; and that though hunting may be sometimes so taken, yet it is but seldom to be so understood.

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(1) A traveller, whose veracity is much questioned.

(2) I must here so far differ from my author, as to say, that if Angling was not contemptible in the days of Mark Antony and Cleopatra, that illustrious prostitute endeavoured to make it so. The fact related by Plutarch is the following:

"It would be very tedious and trifling to recount all his follies: but his fishing must not be forgot. He went out one day to angle with Cleopatra; and being so unfortunate as to catch nothing in the presence of his mistress, he was very much vexed, and gave secret orders to the fishermen to dive under water, and put fishes that had been fresh taken upon his hook. After he had drawn up two or three, Cleopatra perceived the trick; she pretended, however, to be surprised at his good fortune and dexterity; told it to all her friends, and invited them to come and see him fish the next day. Accordingly, a very large company went out in the fishing vessels; and as soon as Antony had let down his line, she commanded one of her servants to be before-hand with Antony's, and, diving into the water, to fix upon his hook a salted fish, one of those which were brought from the *Euxine Sea*."

The story here told affords matter of serious reflection. Behold here, two persons of the highest rank, who had exhausted all the sources of delight, their appetites palled, and every gratification rendered tasteless, stooping to partake of the recreations of the humbler kind,—and, of tyrants, and persecutors of their fellow-creatures, to become the deceivers of silly fish, and of each other. Doubtless we may suppose that long before the tragical end, which they severally made, of a profligate and wicked life, they were grown tired and sick of the world; and had frequent occasion to exclaim, and that with greater reason than their Predecessor in worldly glory, that all the pomp and splendour of dominion, all the pomp and authority resulting from regal grandeur, all ambitious enterprises, all merely human projects, pursuits, and pleasures, without a tranquil and composed mind, such as God vouchsafes only to the meek and humble, are vanity and vexation of Spirit.

And let me add this more: he that views the ancient *Ecclesiastical Canons*, shall find hunting to be forbidden to Churchmen, as being a turbulent, toilsome, perplexing recreation; and shall find Angling allowed to clergymen, as being a harmless recreation, a recreation that invites them to contemplation and quietness.

I might here enlarge myself, by telling you what commendations our learned *Perkins* bestows on Angling; and how dear a lover, and great a practiser of it, our learned Dr. *Whitaker*[1] was; as indeed many others of great learning have been. But I will content myself with two memorable men, that lived near to our own time, whom I also take to have been ornaments to the art of Angling.

The first is Dr. *Nowel*, some time dean of the cathedral church of St. Paul, in London, where his monument stands yet undefaced;[2] a man that, in the

1550.

(1) *William Perkins* was a learned divine, and a pious and painful Preacher: Dr. *William Whitaker*, an able writer in the Romish controversy, and Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge. They both flourished at the latter end of the sixteenth century. I remark the extreme caution of our author in this passage; for he says not of *Perkins*, as he does of *Whitaker*, that he was a practiser of, but only that he bestows (in some of his writings we must conclude) great commendations on angling. Perkins had the misfortune to want the use of his right hand; as we find intimated in this distich on him:

Dextera quamtumvis fuerat tibi manca, docendi
Pollebas mirâ dexteritate tamen.

Though Nature hath thee of thy right hand bereft,
Right well thou writest with thy hand that's left.

And therefore can hardly be supposed capable of even baiting his hook.

The Fact respecting Whitaker is thus attested by Dr. Fuller, in his *Holy State*, book iii. chap. 13. "Fishing with an angle is to some rather a torture than a pleasure, to stand an hour as mute as the fish they mean to take; yet herewithal Dr. Whitaker was much delighted."

To these examples of divines, lovers of Angling, I here add (1784) that of Dr. *Leigh*, the present Master of Baliol College, Oxford, who, though turned of ninety, makes it the recreation of his vacant hours.

(2) Dr. *Alexander Nowel*, a learned divine, and a famous preacher in the reign of King *Edw.* VI.; upon whose death he, with many other Protestants, fled to Germany, where he lived many years. In 1561 he was made dean of St. Paul's; and in 1601 died. The monument mentioned in the text was undoubtedly consumed, with the church, in the fire of London; but the inscription thereon is preserved in Stow's *Survey*, edit. 1633, page 362. See *Athen. Oxon.* 313. An engraving of the monument itself is in Dugdale's *History of St. Paul's Cathedral*

reformation of Queen Elizabeth, (not that of Henry VIII.) was so noted for his meek spirit, deep learning, prudence, and piety, that the then Parliament and Convocation, both, chose, enjoined, and trusted him to be the man to make a *Catechism* for public use, such a one as should stand as a rule for faith and manners to their posterity. And the good old man, (though he was very learned, yet knowing that God leads us not to heaven by many, nor by hard questions,) like an honest Angler, made that good, plain, unperplexed *Catechism* which is printed with our good old *Service-book*.[1] I say, this good man was a dear lover and constant practiser of Angling,

(1) The question who was the compiler of our church *Catechism*, must, I fear, be reckoned among the *desiderata* of our ecclesiastical history. It is certain that *Nowel* drew up two catechisms, a greater and a less; the latter in the *Title*, as it stands in the English translation, expressly directed "to be learned of all youth, next after the "little *Catechisme* appoynted in the Booke of *Common Prayer*." But, besides that both were originally written in Latin, and translated by other hands, the lesser, though declared to be an abridgement of the greater, was at least twenty times longer than that in the Common-Prayer Book. And whereas Walton says, that in the *reformation of Elizabeth*, the then Parliament enjoined Nowel to make a *Catechism, &c.* and that he made that which is printed in our old *Service-book*; the catechism in question is to be found in both the *Liturgies* of *Edw.* VI. (the first whereof was set forth in 1549,) and also in his *Primer*, printed in 1552; and Nowel is not enumerated among the compilers of the *Service-book* Further, both the *Catechisms* of Nowel contain the doctrine of the sacraments; but that in the old *Service-book* is silent on that head, and so continued, till, upon an objection of the Puritans in the conference at Hampton Court, an explanation of the sacraments was drawn up by Dr. John Overall, and printed in the next impression of the Book of *Common Prayer*. It may further be remarked, that in the conference above mentioned, the two *Catechisms* are contra-distinguished, in an expression of Dr. Reynolds; who objected, that the *Catechism* in the Common-Prayer Book was too brief; and that by Dean Nowel, too long for novices to learn by heart. See Fuller's *Ch. Hist.* book x. page 14.

So much of Walton's assertion as respects the sanction given to a catechism of Nowel's is true; but it was the larger catechism, drawn up at the request of secretary Cecil, and other great persons, that was so approved, and that not by Parliament, but by a Convocation held *anno* 1562, *temp. Eliz.* See Strype's *Life of Archbishop Parker*, 202.

From all which particulars it must be inferred, that Walton's assertion, with respect to the *Catechism* in the *Service-Book, i. e.* the Book of *Common Prayer*, is a mistake; and although Strype, in his *Memorials*, Vol. II. page 442, concludes a catechism of Nowel's (mentioned in the said book, page 368, *et in loc cit.*) to be the church *Catechism joined, ordinarily, with our Common Prayer*, he also must have misunderstood the fact.

as any age can produce: and his custom was to spend besides his fixed hours of prayer, (those hours which, by command of the church, were enjoined the clergy, and voluntarily dedicated to devotion by many primitive Christians,) I say, besides those hours, this good man was observed to spend a tenth part of his time in Angling; and, also, (for I have conversed with those which have conversed with him,) to bestow a tenth part of his revenue, and usually all his fish, amongst the poor that inhabited near to those rivers in which it was caught; saying often, "that charity gave life to religion:" and, at his return to his house, would praise God he had spent that day free from worldly trouble; both harmlessly, and in a recreation that became a churchman. And this good man was well content, if not desirous, that posterity should know he was an Angler; as may appear by his picture, now to be seen, and carefully kept, in Brazen-nose College; to which he was a liberal benefactor. In which picture he is drawn, leaning on a desk, with his Bible before him; and on one hand of him, his lines, hooks, and other tackling, lying in a round; and, on his other hand, are his Angle-rods of several sorts;[1] and by them this is written, "that he died 13 *Feb.* 1601, being aged 95 years, 44 of which he had been Dean of St. Paul's church; and that his age neither impaired his hearing,

(1) Fuller, in his *Worthies*, (*Lancashire*, page 115,) has thought it worth recording of this pious and learned divine, and that in language so very quaint as to be but just intelligible, that he was accustomed to fish in the *Thames;* and having one day left his bottle of ale in the grass, on the bank of the river, he found it some days after, *no bottle but a gun, such the sound at the opening thereof.* And hence, with what degree of sagacity let the reader determine, he seems to derive the original of bottled ale in England. Could he have shewn that the bottle was of leather, it is odds but he had attributed to him the invention of that noble vehicle, and made

——————— his soul in heaven to dwell,
For first devising the leatharn bottel;

as, in a fit of maudlin devotion, sings the author of a humorous and well-known old ballad.

nor dimmed his eyes, nor weakened his memory, nor made any of the faculties of his mind weak or useless." It is said that Angling and temperance were great causes of these blessings. And I wish the like to all that imitate him, and love the memory of so good a man.

My next and last example shall be that undervaluer of money, the late provost of Eton College, Sir Henry Wotton,[1] (a man with whom I have often fished and conversed,) a man whose foreign employments in the service of this nation, and whose experience, learning, wit, and cheerfulness, made his company to be esteemed one of the delights of mankind. This man, whose very approbation of Angling were sufficient to convince any modest censurer of it, this man was also a most dear lover, and a frequent practiser of the art of Angling; of which he would say, "it was an employment for his idle time, which was not then idly spent; for Angling was, after a tedious study, a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness;" and "that it begat habits of peace and patience in those that professed and practised it." Indeed, my friend, you will find Angling to be like the virtue of Humility, which has a calmness of spirit, and a world of other blessings attending upon it. Sir, this was the saying of that learned man.

And I do easily believe, that peace, and patience, and a calm content, did cohabit in the cheerful heart of Sir Henry Wotton, because I know that when he was beyond seventy years of age, he made this *description of a part of the present pleasure that possessed him*, as he sat quietly, in a summer's evening, on a bank a fishing. It is a description of the spring; which, because it

(1) Of whom see an account in the *Life of Walton*.

glided as soft and sweetly from his pen, as that river does at this time, by which it was then made, I shall repeat it unto you:

This day dame Nature seem'd in love;
The lusty sap began to move;
Fresh juice did stir th' embracing Vines;
And birds had drawn their Valentines.
The jealous Trout, that low did lie,
Rose at a well-dissembled flie;
There stood my friend, with patient skill,
Attending of his trembling quill
Already were the eaves possest
With the swift Pilgrim's[1] daubed nest;
The groves already did rejoice,
In Philomel's triumphing voice
The showers were short, the weather mild,
The morning fresh, the evening smil'd.
Joan takes her neat-rubb'd pail, and now,
She trips to milk the sand-red Cow;
Where, for some sturdy foot-ball swain,
Joan strokes a syllabub or twain.
The fields and gardens were beset
With Tulips, Crocus, Violet:
And now, though late, the modest Rose
Did more than half a blush disclose.
Thus all looks gay, and full of cheer,
To welcome the new-livery'd year.

These were the thoughts that then possessed the undisturbed mind of Sir Henry Wotton. Will you hear the wish of another Angler, and the commendation of his happy life, which he also sings in verse, *viz.* Jo. Davors, Esq.

Let me live harmlessly, and near the brink
Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling-place;
Where I may see my quill, or cork, down sink
With eager bite of Perch, or Bleak, or Dace;
And on the world and my Creator think:
Whilst some men strive ill-gotten goods t'embrace;
And others spend their time in base excess
Of wine, or worse, in war and wantonness.

Let them that list, these pastimes still pursue,
And on such pleasing fancies feed their fill;
So I the Fields and Meadows green may view,
And daily by fresh Rivers walk at will,
Among the Daises and the Violets blue,
Red Hyacinth, and yellow Daffodil,
Purple Narcissus like the morning rays,
Pale Gaudet-grass, and azure Culver-keyes.

(1) The Swallow.

I count it higher pleasure to behold
The stately compass of the lofty sky;
And in the midst thereof, like burning gold,
The flaming chariot of the world's great eye;
The wat'ry clouds that in the air up-roll'd
With sundry kinds of painted colours fly;
And fair Aurora, lifting up her head,
Still blushing, rise from old Tithonus' bed.

The hills and mountains raised from the plains,
The plains extended level with the ground;
The grounds divided into sundry veins,
The veins enclos'd with rivers running round;
These rivers, making way through nature's chains,
With headlong course into the sea profound;
The raging sea, beneath the vallies low,
Where lakes, and rills, and rivulets do flow:

The lofty woods, the forests wide and long,
Adorn'd with leaves and branches fresh and green,
In whose cool bowers the birds, with many a song,
Do welcome with their quire the summer's Queen;
The meadows fair, where Flora's gifts, among
Are intermixt, with verdant grass between;
The silver-scaled fish that softly swim
Within the sweet brook's crystal, wat'ry stream.

All these, and many more of his creation
That made the heavens, the angler oft doth see;
Taking therein no little delectation,
To think how strange, how wonderful they be;
Framing thereof an inward contemplation
To set his heart from other fancies free;
And whilst he looks on these with joyful eye,
His mind is rapt above the starry sky.

Sir, I am glad my memory has not lost these last verses, because they are somewhat more pleasant and more suitable to *May-day* than my harsh discourse. And I am glad your patience hath held out so long, as to hear them and me: for both together have brought us within the sight of the *Thatch'd-house*. And I must be your debtor, if you think it worth your attention, for the rest of my promised discourse, till some other opportunity, and a like time of leisure.

Ven. Sir, you have angled me on with much pleasure to the *Thatch'd-house;* and I now find your words true, "that good company makes the way seem short," for trust me, Sir, I thought we had wanted three miles of this house, till you shewed it to me. But now we are

at it, we'll turn into it, and refresh ourselves with a cup of drink, and a little rest.

Pisc. Most gladly, Sir, and we'll drink a civil cup to all the Otter-hunters that are to meet you to-morrow.

Ven. That we will, Sir, and to all the lovers of Angling too, of which number I am now willing to be one myself; for, by the help of your good discourse and company, I have put on new thoughts, both of the art of Angling and of all that profess it: and if you will but meet me to-morrow at the time and place appointed, and bestow one day with me and my friends, in hunting the Otter, I will dedicate the next two days to wait upon you; and we two will, for that time, do nothing but angle, and talk of fish and fishing.

Pisc. It is a match, Sir, I will not fail you, God willing, to be at *Amwell-hill* to-morrow morning before sunrising.

CHAP. II.

Observations of the OTTER *and* CHUB.

Venator. My friend *Piscator*, you have kept time with my thoughts; for the sun is just rising, and I myself just now come to this place, and the dogs have just now put down an Otter. Look! down at the bottom of the hill there, in that meadow, chequered with Water-lilies and Lady-smocks; there you may see what work they make; look! look! you may see all busy; men and dogs; dogs and men; all busy.

Pisc. Sir, I am right glad to meet you, and glad to have so fair an entrance into this day's sport, and glad to see so many dogs and more men all in pursuit of the Otter. Let us compliment no longer, but join unto them. Come, honest *Venator*, let us be gone, let us make haste; I long to be going; no reasonable hedge or ditch shall hold me.

Ven. Gentleman Huntsman where found you this Otter?

Hunt. Marry, Sir, we found her a mile from this place, a-fishing. She has this morning eaten the greatest part of this Trout; she has only left thus much of it as you see, and was fishing for more; when we came we found her just at it: but we were here very early, we were here an hour before sun-rise, and have given her no rest since we came; sure she will hardly escape all these dogs and men. I am to have the skin if we kill her.

Ven. Why, Sir, what is the skin worth?

Hunt. It is worth ten shillings to make gloves; the gloves of an Otter are the best fortification for your hands that can be thought on against wet weather.

Pisc. I pray, honest Huntsman, let me ask you a pleasant question; do you hunt a beast or a fish?

Hunt. Sir, it is not in my power to resolve you; I leave it to be resolved by the college of Carthusians, who have made vows never to eat flesh. But, I have heard, the question hath been debated among many great clerks, and they seem to differ about it; yet most agree that her tail is fish: and if her body be fish too, then I may say that a fish will walk upon land: for an Otter does so, sometimes, five or six or ten miles in a night, to catch for her young ones, or to glut herself with fish. And I can tell you that Pigeons will fly forty miles for a breakfast: but, Sir, I am sure the Otter devours much fish, and kills and spoils much more than he eats. And I can tell you, that this dog-fisher, for so the Latins call him, can smell a fish in the water an hundred yards from him: Gesner says much farther: and that his stones are good against the falling sickness; and that there is an herb, *Benione*, which, being hung in a linen cloth, near a fish-pond, or any haunt that he uses, makes him to avoid the place; which proves he smells both by water and land. And I can tell you, there is brave hunting this *water-dog* in Cornwall: where there have been so many, that our learned Camden says there is a river called *Ottersey*, which was so named by reason of the abundance of Otters that bred and fed in it. And thus much for my knowledge of the Otter: which you may now see above water at vent, and the dogs close with him; I now see he will not last long. Follow, therefore, my masters, follow; for Sweetlips was like to have him at this last vent.

Ven. Oh me! all the horse are got over the river, what shall we do now? shall we follow them over the water?

Hunt. No, Sir, no; be not so eager; stay a little, and follow me; for both they and the dogs will be suddenly

on this side again, I warrant you, and the Otter too, it may be. Now have at him with Kilbuck, for he vents again.

Ven. Marry! so he does; for, look! he vents in that corner. Now, now, Ringwood has him: now, he is gone again, and has bit the poor dog. Now Sweetlips has her; hold her, Sweetlips! now all the dogs have her; some above, and some under water: but now, now she is tired, and past losing. Come bring her to me, Sweetlips. Look! it is a Bitch-otter, and she has lately whelp'd. Let's go to the place where she was put down; and not far from it you will find all her young ones, I dare warrant you, and kill them all too.

Hunt. Come, Gentlemen! come, all! let's go to the place where we put down the Otter. Look you! hereabout it was that she kennelled; look you! here it was indeed! for here's her young ones, no less than five: come, let us kill them all.

Pisc. No: I pray, Sir, save me one, and I'll try if I can make her tame, as I know an ingenious gentleman in Leicestershire, Mr. *Nich. Seagrave*, has done; who hath not only made her tame, but to catch fish, and do many other things of much pleasure.

Hunt. Take one with all my heart; but let us kill the rest. And now let's go to an honest ale-house, where we may have a cup of good barley wine, and sing *Old Rose*, and all of us rejoice together.

Ven. Come, my friend *Piscator*, let me invite you along with us. I'll bear your charges this night, and you shall bear mine to-morrow; for my intention is to accompany you a day or two in fishing.

Pisc. Sir, your request is granted; and I shall be right glad both to exchange such a courtesy, and also to enjoy your company.

Ven. Well, now let's go to your sport of angling.

Pisc. Let's be going, with all my heart. God keep you

all, Gentlemen; and send you meet, this day, with another Bitch-otter, and kill her merrily, and all her young ones too.

Ven. Now, *Piscator*, where will you begin to fish?

Pisc. We are not yet come to a likely place; I must walk a mile further yet before I begin.

Ven. Well then, I pray, as we walk, tell me freely, how do you like your lodging, and mine host, and the company? Is not mine host a witty man?

Pisc. Sir, I will tell you, presently, what I think of your host: but first, I will tell you, I am glad these Otters were killed; and I am sorry there are no more Otter-killers; for I know that the want of Otter-killers, and the not keeping the *fence-months* for the preservation of fish, will, in time, prove the destruction of all rivers. And those very few that are left, that make conscience of the laws of the nation, and of keeping days of abstinence, will be forced to eat flesh, or suffer more inconveniences than are yet foreseen.

Ven. Why, Sir, what be those that you call the *fence-months?*

Pisc. Sir, they be principally three, namely, *March*, *April*, and *May;* for these be the usual months that Salmon come out of the sea to spawn in most fresh rivers. And their fry would, about a certain time, return back to the salt-water, if they were not hindered by weirs and unlawful gins, which the greedy fishermen set, and so destroy them by thousands; as they would, being so taught by nature, change the fresh for salt water. He that shall view the wise Statutes made in the 13th of Edward the I. and the like in Richard the III. may see several provisions made against the destruction of fish: and though I profess no knowledge of the law, yet I am sure the regulation of these defects might be easily mended. But I remember that a wise friend of mine did

usually say, "that which is every body's business is nobody's business:" If it were otherwise, there could not be so many nets and fish, that are under the statute size, sold daily amongst us; and of which the conservators of the waters should be ashamed.[1]

But, above all, the taking fish in spawning-time may be said to be against nature; it is like the taking the dam on the nest when she hatches her young: a sin so against nature, that Almighty God hath in the Levitical law made a law against it.

But the poor fish have enemies enough beside such unnatural fishermen; as namely, the Otters that I spake of, the Cormorant, the Bittern, the Osprey, the Sea-gull, the Hern, the King-fisher, the Gorara, the Puet, the Swan, Goose, Duck, and the Craber which some call the Water-rat: against all which any honest man may make a just quarrel, but I will not; I will leave them to be quarrelled with and killed by others; for I am not of a cruel nature, I love to kill nothing but fish.

And, now, to your question concerning your host, to speak truly, he is not to me a good companion: for most of his conceits were either scripture jests, or lascivious jests; for which I count no man witty: for the devil will help a man, that way inclined, to the first; and his own corrupt nature, which he always carries with him, to the latter. But a companion that feasts the company with wit and mirth, and leaves out the sin which is usually mixed with them, he is the man; and indeed such a companion should have his charges borne; and to such company I hope to bring you this night; for at *Trout-hall*,

(1) About the year 1770, upon the trial of an indictment before me at Hicks's Hall, a basket was produced in evidence, containing flounders that had been taken with unlawful nets in the river Thames, so small that scarce any one of them would cover a half-crown-piece. The indictment was, for an affray, and an assault on a person authorized to seize unstatutable nets; and the sentence of the offender, a year's imprisonment in Newgate.

not far from this place, where I purpose to lodge to-night, there is usually an Angler that proves good company. And let me tell you, good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue. But for such discourse as we heard last night, it infects others; the very boys will learn to talk and swear, as they heard mine host, and another of the company that shall be nameless:—I am sorry the other is a gentleman; for less religion will not save their souls than a beggar's: I think more will be required at the last great day. Well! you know what example is able to do; and I know what the poet says in the like case,—which is worthy to be noted by all parents and people of civility:

——————— many a one
Owes to his *country* his *religion*;
And in *another* would as strongly grow,
Had but his nurse or mother taught him so.

This is reason put into verse, and worthy the consideration of a wise man. But of this no more; for though I love civility, yet I hate severe censures. I'll to my own art; and I doubt not but at yonder tree I shall catch a Chub: and then we'll turn to an honest cleanly hostess, that I know right well; rest ourselves there; and dress it for our dinner.

Ven. Oh, Sir! a Chub is the worst fish that swims; I hoped for a Trout to my dinner.

Pisc. Trust me, Sir, there is not a likely place for a Trout hereabout: and we staid so long to take our leave of your huntsmen this morning, that the sun is got so high, and shines so clear, that I will not undertake the catching of a Trout till evening. And though a Chub be, by you and many others, reckoned the worst of fish; yet you shall see I'll make it a good fish by dressing it.

Ven. Why, how will you dress him?

Pisc. I'll tell you by and by, when I have caught him. Look you here, Sir, do you see? (but you must stand

very close,) there lie upon the top of the water, in this very hole, twenty Chubs. I'll catch only one, and that shall be the biggest of them all: and that I will do so, I'll hold you twenty to one: and you shall see it done.

Ven. Ay, marry! Sir, now you talk like an artist; and I'll say you are one, when I shall see you perform what you say you can do: but I yet doubt it.

Pisc. You shall not doubt it long; for you shall see me do it presently. Look! the biggest of these Chubs has had some bruise upon his tail, by a Pike, or some other accident; and that looks like a white spot. That very Chub I mean to put into your hands presently: sit you but down in the shade; and stay but a little while; and, I'll warrant you, I'll bring him to you.

Ven. I'll sit down, and hope well; because you seem to be so confident.

Pisc. Look you, Sir, there is a trial of my skill; there he is; that very Chub, that I shewed you, with the white spot on his tail. And I'll be as certain to make him a good dish of meat, as I was to catch him: I'll now lead you to an honest ale-house, where we shall find a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall.[1] There my hostess (which I may tell you is both cleanly, and handsome, and civil) hath dressed many a one for me; and shall now dress it after my fashion, and I warrant it good meat.

Ven. Come, Sir, with all my heart, for I begin to be hungry, and long to be at it, and indeed to rest myself too; for though I have walked but four miles this morning, yet I begin to be weary; yesterday's hunting hangs still upon me.

Pisc. Well, Sir, and you shall quickly be at rest; for yonder is the house I mean to bring you to.

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(1) A very homely, artless, and yet a picturesque scene; and I wish the honest angler no worse entertainment than many such houses as this afford.

Come, hostess, how do you? Will you first give us a cup of your best drink, and then dress this Chub, as you dressed my last, when I and my friend were here about eight or ten days ago? But you must do me one courtesy, it must be done instantly.

Host. I will do it, Mr. *Piscator*, and with all the speed I can.

Pisc. Now, Sir, has not my hostess made haste? and does not the fish look lovely?

Ven. Both, upon my word, Sir; and therefore let's say grace and fall to eating of it.

Pisc. Well, Sir, how do you like it?

Ven. Trust me, 'tis as good meat as I ever tasted. Now let me thank you for it, drink to you, and beg a courtesy of you, but it must not be denied me.

Pisc. What is it, I pray, Sir? You are so modest, that methinks I may promise to grant it before it is asked.

Ven. Why, Sir, it is, that from henceforth you would allow me to call you master, and that really I may be your scholar; for you are such a companion, and have so quickly caught and so excellently cooked this fish, as makes me ambitious to be your scholar.

Pisc. Give me your hand; from this time forward I will be your master, and teach you as much of this art as I am able; and will, as you desire me, tell you somewhat of the nature of most of the fish that we are to angle for, and I am sure I both can and will tell you more than any common angler yet knows.

CHAP. III.

How to fish for, and to dress, the CHAVENDER *or* CHUB.

The Chub though he eat well, thus dressed, yet as he is usually dressed, he does not. He is objected against, not only for being full of small forked bones, dispersed through all his body, but that he eats waterish, and that the flesh of him is not firm, but short and tasteless. The *French* esteem him so mean, as to call him *Un Villain;* nevertheless he may be so dressed as to make him very good meat; as, namely, if he be a large Chub, then dress him thus:—

First, scale him, and then wash him clean, and then take out his guts; and to that end make the hole as little, and near to his gills, as you may conveniently, and especially make clean his throat from the grass and weeds that are usually in it; for if that be not very clean, it will make him to taste very sour. Having so done, put some sweet herbs into his belly; and then tie him with two or three splinters to a spit, and roast him, basted often with vinegar, or rather verjuice and butter, with good store of salt mixed with it. Being thus dressed, you will find him a much better dish of meat than you, or most folk, even than anglers themselves, do imagine: for this dries up the fluid watery humour with which all Chubs do abound.

But take this rule with you, that a Chub newly taken and newly dressed, is so much better than a Chub of a day's keeping after he is dead, that I can compare him to nothing so fitly as to cherries newly gathered from a tree, and others that have been bruised and lain a day or two in water. But the Chub being thus used, and

dressed presently; and not washed after he is gutted, (for note, that lying long in water, and washing the blood out of any fish after they be gutted, abates much of their sweetness,) you will find the Chub (being dressed in the blood, and quickly) to be such meat as will recompense your labour, and disabuse your opinion.

Or you may dress the Chavender or Chub thus:—

When you have scaled him, and cut off his tail and fins, and washed him very clean, then chine or slit him through the middle, as a salt-fish is usually cut; then give him three or four cuts or scotches on the back with your knife, and broil him on charcoal, or wood coal, that are free from smoke: and all the time he is a broiling, baste him with the best sweet butter, and good store of salt mixed with it. And, to this, add a little thyme cut exceeding small, or bruised into the butter. The Cheven thus dressed hath the watery taste taken away, for which so many except against him. Thus was the Cheven dressed that you now liked so well, and commended so much. But note again, that if this Chub that you eat of had been kept till to-morrow, he had not been worth a rush. And remember, that his throat be washed very clean, I say very clean, and his body not washed after he is gutted, as indeed no fish should be.

Well, scholar, you see what pains I have taken to recover the lost credit of the poor despised Chub. And now I will give you some rules how to catch him: and I am glad to enter you into the art of fishing by catching a Chub, for there is no fish better to enter a young Angler, he is so easily caught, but then it must be this particular way.

Go to the same hole in which I caught my Chub, where, in most hot days, you will find a dozen or twenty Chevens floating near the top of the water. Get two or three grasshoppers as you go over the meadow:

DIBBING FOR CHUB

and get secretly behind the tree, and stand as free from motion as is possible. Then put a grasshopper on your hook, and let your hook hang a quarter of a yard short of the water, to which end you must rest your rod on some bough of the tree. But it is likely the Chubs will sink down towards the bottom of the water, at the first shadow of your rod, (for Chub is the fearfulest of fishes,) and will do so if but a bird flies over him and makes the least shadow on the water. But they will presently rise up to the top again, and there lie soaring till some shadow affrights them again. I say, when they lie upon the top of the water, look out the best Chub, (which you, setting yourself in a fit place, may very easily see,) and move your rod as softly as a snail moves, to that Chub you intend to catch; let your bait fall gently upon the water three or four inches before him, and he will infallibly take the bait. And you will be as sure to catch him; for he is one of the leather-mouthed fishes, of which a hook does scarce ever lose its hold; and therefore give him play enough before you offer to take him out of the water. Go your way presently; take my rod, and do as I bid you; and I will sit down and mend my tackling till you return back.

Ven. Truly, my loving master, you have offered me as fair as I could wish. I'll go, and observe your directions.

Look you, master, what I have done, that which joys my heart, caught just such another Chub as your's was.

Pisc. Marry, and I am glad of it: I am like to have a towardly scholar of you. I now see, that with advice and practice, you will make an Angler in a short time. Have but a love to it; and I'll warrant you.

Ven. But, master! what if I could not have found a grasshopper?

Pisc. Then I may tell you, that a black snail, with

his belly slit, to shew his white; or a piece of soft cheese; will usually do as well. Nay, sometimes a worm, or any kind of fly, as the ant-fly, the flesh-fly, or wall-fly; or the dor or beetle, which you may find under cow-dung; or a bob, which you will find in the same place, and in time will be a beetle; it is a short white worm, like to and bigger than a gentle; or a cod-worm; or a case-worm; any of these will do very well to fish in such a manner.

And after this manner you may catch a Trout, in a hot evening: when, as you walk by a brook, and shall see or hear him leap at flies, then, if you get a grasshopper, put it on your hook, with your line about two yards long; standing behind a bush or tree where his hole is: and make your bait stir up and down on the top of the water. You may, if you stand close, be sure of a bite, but not sure to catch him, for he is not a leather-mouthed fish. And after this manner you may fish for him with almost any kind of live fly, but especially with a grasshopper.

Ven. But before you go further, I pray, good master, what mean you by a leather-mouthed fish?

Pisc. By a leather-mouthed fish, I mean such as have their teeth in their throat, as the Chub or Cheven; and so the Barbel, the Gudgeon, and Carp, and divers others have. And the hook being stuck into the leather, or skin, of the mouth of such fish, does very seldom or never lose its hold: but, on the contrary, a Pike, a Pearch, or Trout, and so some other fish, which have not their teeth in their throats, but in their mouths, (which you shall observe to be very full of bones, and the skin very thin, and little of it:) I say, of these fish the hook never takes so sure hold but you often lose your fish, unless he have gorged it.

Ven. I thank you, good master, for this observation.

But now what shall be done with my Chub or Cheven that I have caught?

Pisc. Marry, Sir, it shall be given away to some poor body; for I'll warrant you I'll give you a Trout for your supper: and it is a good beginning of your art to offer your first-fruits to the poor, who will both thank you and God for it, which I see by your silence you seem to consent to. And for your willingness to part with it so charitably, I will also teach more concerning Chub-fishing: You are to note, that in *March* and *April* he is usually taken with worms; in *May*, *June*, and *July*, he will bite at any fly, or at cherries, or at beetles with their legs and wings cut off, or at any kind of snail, or at the black bee that breeds in clay walls. And he never refuses a grasshopper, on the top of a swift stream,[1] nor, at the bottom, the young humble-bee that breeds in long grass, and is ordinarily found by the mower of it. In *August*, and in the cooler months, a yellow paste, made of the strongest cheese, and pounded in a mortar, with a little butter and saffron, so much of it, as being beaten small, will turn it to a lemon colour. And some make a paste, for the winter months, at which time the Chub is accounted best, (for then it is observed, that the forked bones are lost, or turned into a kind of gristle, especially if he be baked) of cheese and turpentine. He will bite also at a minnow, or penk,[2] as a Trout will: of which I shall tell you more hereafter, and of divers other baits. But take this for a rule, that, in hot weather, he is to be fished for towards

(1) In the Thames, above Richmond, the best way of using the grasshopper for Chub, is to fish with it as with an artificial fly; the first joints of the legs must be pinched off; and in this way, when the weed is rotten, which is seldom till September, the largest Dace are taken.

(2) Chub will also take small Gudgeons in the way you troll for Pike; the hook ought not to be so heavy leaded upon the shank; they gorge immediately on taking the bait.

the mid-water, or near the top; and in colder weather nearer the bottom. And if you fish for him on the top, with a beetle, or any fly, then be sure to let your line be very long and to keep out of sight. And having told you that his spawn is excellent meat, and that the head of a large Cheven, the throat being well washed, is the best part of him, I will say no more of this fish at the present, but wish you may catch the next you fish for.

But, lest you may judge me too nice in urging to have the Chub dressed so presently after he is taken, I will commend to your consideration how curious former times have been in the like kind.

You shall read in Seneca, his *Natural Questions*, *Lib.* III. *Cap.* 17, that the ancients were so curious in the newness of their fish, that that seemed not new enough that was not put alive into the guest's hand; and he says, that to that end they did usually keep them living in glass-bottles in their dining-rooms, and they did glory much, in their entertaining of friends, to have that fish taken from under their table alive that was instantly to be fed upon. And he says, they took great pleasure to see their Mullets change to several colours, when they were dying. But enough of this; for I doubt I have staid too long from giving you some Observations of the Trout, and how to fish for him, which shall take up the next of my spare time.[1]

(1) The haunts of the Chub are streams shaded with trees: in summer, deep holes, where they will sometimes float near the surface of the water, and under the boughs on the side of a bank.

Their spawning time is towards the beginning of April: they are in season from about the middle of May, till the middle of February; but are best in winter.

At mid-water, and at bottom, use a float; at top, either dib, or, if you have room, use the fly-line, as for Trout.

They are so eager in biting, that, when they take the bait, you may hear their jaws chop like those of a dog.

CHAP. IV.

Observations on the NATURE *and* BREEDING *of the* TROUT, *and how to fish for him. And the Milk-maid's* Song.

Piscator. THE Trout is a fish highly valued, both in this and foreign nations. He may be justly said, as the old poet said of wine, and we English say of venison, to be a generous fish: a fish that is so like the buck, that he also has his seasons; for it is observed, that he comes in and goes out of season with the stag and buck. Gesner says, his name is of a German offspring; and says he is a fish that feeds clean and purely, in the swiftest streams, and on the hardest gravel; and that he may justly contend with all fresh-water fish, as the Mullet may with all sea-fish, for precedency and daintiness of taste; and that being in right season, the most dainty palates have allowed precedency to him.

And before I go farther, in my discourse, let me tell you, that you are to observe, that as there be some barren Does that are good in summer, so there be some barren Trouts that are good in winter; but there are not many that are so; for usually they be in their perfection in the month of May, and decline with the buck. Now you are to take notice, that in several countries, as in Germany, and in other parts, compared to ours, fish do differ much in their bigness, and shape, and other ways; and so do Trouts. It is well known, that in the Lake Leman (the Lake of Geneva) there are Trouts taken of three cubits long; as is affirmed by Gesner, a writer of good credit: and *Mercator*[1] says, the Trouts that are

(1) *Gerard Mercator*, of Ruremond in Flanders, a man of so intense application to mathematical studies, that he neglected the necessary refreshments of nature. He engraved with his own hand, and coloured the maps to his geographical writings. He wrote several books of Theology; and died 1594.

taken in the Lake of Geneva are a great part of the merchandize of that famous city. And you are further to know, that there be *certain waters* that breed Trouts remarkable both for their number and smallness. I know a little brook in Kent, that breeds them to a number incredible, and you may take them twenty or forty in an hour, but none greater than about the size of a Gudgeon. There are also, in divers rivers, especially that relate to, or be near to the sea, (as *Winchester*, or the *Thames about Windsor*,) a little Trout called a Samlet, or Skegger Trout, (in both which places I have caught twenty or forty at a standing,) that will bite as fast and as freely as Minnows: these be by some taken to be young Salmon; but in those waters they never grow to be bigger than a Herring.

There is also in *Kent, near to Canterbury*, a Trout called there a *Fordidge Trout*, a Trout that bears the name of the town where it is usually caught, that is accounted the rarest of fish; many of them near the bigness of a Salmon, but known by their different colour; and in their best season they cut very white: and none of these have been known to be caught with an angle, unless it were one that was caught by Sir George Hastings, an excellent angler, and now with God: and he hath told me, he thought THAT Trout bit not for hunger but wantonness; and it is the rather to be believed, because both he, then, and many others before him, have been curious to search into their bellies, what the food was by which they lived; and have found out nothing by which they might satisfy their curiosity.

Concerning which you are to take notice, that it is reported by good Authors, that grasshoppers[1] and some

(1) It has been said by naturalists, particularly by Sir Theodore Mayerne, in an *Epistle to Sir William Paddy*, prefixed to the translation of Mouffet's *Insect. Theatr.* printed with Topsel's *History of Four-footed Beasts and Serpents*, that

fish have no mouths, but are nourished and take breath by the porousness of their gills, man knows not how: and this may be believed, if we consider that when the raven hath hatched her eggs, she takes no farther care, but leaves her young ones to the care of the God of nature, who is said, in the *Psalms*, "to feed the young ravens that call upon him." And they be kept alive and fed by a dew; or worms that breed in their nests; or some other ways that we mortals know not. And this may be believed of the Fordidge Trout, which (as it is said of the stork, that he knows his season, so he) knows his times (I think almost his day) of coming into that river out of the sea; where he lives (and it is like feeds) nine months of the year, and fasts three in the river of Fordidge. And you are to note, that those townsmen are very punctual in observing the time of beginning to fish for them; and boast much, that their river affords a Trout that exceeds all others. And just so does *Sussex* boast of several fish; as namely, a *Shelsey Cockle*, a *Chichester Lobster*, an *Arundel Mullet*, and an *Amerly Trout*.

And, now, for some confirmation of the Fordidge Trout: you are to know that this Trout is thought to eat nothing in the fresh water; and it may be the better believed, because it is well known, that swallows, and bats, and wagtails, which are called half-year birds, and not seen to fly in England for six months in the year,

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the grasshopper has no mouth, but a pipe in his breast, through which it sucks the dew, which is its nutriment. There are two sorts, the green and the dun; some say there is a third, of a yellowish green. They are found in long grass, from June to the end of September, and even in October, if the weather be mild. In the middle of May, you will see, in the joints of rosemary, thistles, and almost all the larger weeds, a white fermented froth, which the country people call *Cuckoo Spit*, in these the eggs of the grasshopper are deposited; and if you examine them, you shall never fail of finding a yellowish insect, of about the size and shape of a grain of wheat, which, doubtless, is the young grasshopper. A passage to this purpose, is in Leigh's *History of Lancashire*, page 148.

but (about Michaelmas) leave us for a hotter climate, yet some of them that have been left behind their fellows, have been found, many thousands at a time, in hollow trees, or clay caves, where they have been observed to live, and sleep out the whole winter, without meat. And so Albertus[1] observes, that there is one kind of frog that hath her mouth naturally shut up about the end of August, and that she lives so all the winter: and though it be strange to some, yet it is known to too many among us to be doubted.[3]

View Sir Fran. Bacon, *Exper.* 899.

See Topsel[2] *of Frogs.*

And so much for these Fordidge Trouts, which never afford an angler sport, but either live their time of being in the fresh water, by their meat formerly gotten in the sea, (not unlike the swallow or frog,) or, by the virtue of the fresh water only; or, as the birds of *Paradise* and the chameleon are said to live, by the sun and the air.[4]

There is also in *Northumberland* a Trout called a *Bull-trout*, of a much greater length and bigness than any in these southern parts. And there are, in many rivers that relate to the sea, Salmon-trouts, as much different from others, both in shape and in their spots,

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(1) *Albertus Magnus*, a German Dominican, and a very learned man. Urban IV. compelled him to accept of the bishopric of Ratisbon. He wrote a treatise *on the Secrets of Nature*, and twenty other volumes in folio; and died at *Cologne*, 1280.

(2) *Edward Topsel* was the author of a *History of Four-footed Beasts and Serpents*, collected out of the works of Gesner, and other authors, in folio, Lond. 1658. In this history he describes the several kinds of frogs; and in page 721 thereof, cites from *Albertus* the fact here related. See an account of him in Walton's *Life*.

(3) See Chap. VIII.

(4) That the *Chameleon* lives by the air alone is a vulgar error, it being well known that its food is flies and other insects. See Sir Tho. Brown's *Enquiry into Vulgar and Common Errors*, Book III. Chap. 21. About the year 1780, a living Chameleon was to be seen in the garden of the Company of Apothecaries, at Chelsea. And, at the same time, (1784,) an exanimated one, in a state of excellent preservation, is open to public view among the quadrupeds in Sir Ashton Lever's inestimable collection of natural curiosities.

as we see sheep in some countries differ one from another in their shape and bigness, and in the fineness of their wool. And, certainly, as some pastures breed larger sheep; so do some rivers, by reason of the ground over which they run, breed larger Trouts.

Now the next thing that I will commend to your consideration, is that the Trout is of a more sudden growth than other fish. Concerning which, you are also to take notice, that he lives not so long as the Pearch, and divers other fishes do, as Sir Francis Bacon hath observed in his *History of Life and Death.*

And next you are to take notice, that he is not like the Crocodile, which if he lives never so long, yet always thrives till his death: but 'tis not so with the Trout; for after he is come to his full growth, he declines in his body, and keeps his bigness, or thrives only in his head till his death. And you are to know, that he will, about (especially before) the time of his spawning, get, almost miraculously, through weirs and flood-gates, against the stream; even through such high and swift places as is almost incredible. Next, that the Trout usually spawns about *October* or *November*, but in some rivers a little sooner or later; which is the more observable, because most other fish spawn in the spring or summer, when the sun hath warmed both the earth and water, and made it fit for generation. And you are to note, that he continues many months out of season; for it may be observed of the Trout, that he is like the Buck or the Ox, that will not be fat in *many* months, though he go in the very same pastures that horses do, which will be fat in one month. And so you may observe, that most other fishes recover strength, and grow sooner fat and in season than the Trout doth.

And next you are to note, that till the sun gets to such a height as to warm the earth and the water, the

Trout is sick, and lean, and lousy, and unwholesome; for you shall, in winter, find him to have a big head, and, then, to be lank and thin and lean; at which time many of them have sticking on them Sugs, or Trout-lice; which is a kind of a worm, in shape like a clove, or pin with a big head, and sticks close to him, and sucks his moisture; these, I think, the Trout breeds himself: and never thrives till he free himself from them, which is when warm weather comes; and, then, as he grows stronger, he gets from the dead still water into the sharp streams and the gravel, and, there, rubs off these worms or lice; and then, as he grows stronger, so he gets him into swifter and swifter streams, and there lies at the watch for any fly or minnow that comes near to him; and he especially loves the May-fly, which is bred of the cod-worm, or cadis; and these make the Trout bold and lusty, and he is usually fatter and better meat at the end of that month than at any time of the year.

Now you are to know that it is observed, that usually the best Trouts are either red or yellow; though some (as the Fordidge Trout) be white and yet good; but that is not usual: and it is a note observable, that the female Trout hath usually a less head, and a deeper body than the male Trout, and is usually the better meat. And note, that a hog-back and a little head, to either Trout, Salmon, or any other fish, is a sign that that fish is in season.

But yet you are to note, that as you see some willows or palm-trees bud and blossom sooner than others do, so some Trouts be, in rivers, sooner in season: and as some hollies, or oaks, are longer before they cast their leaves, so are some Trouts in rivers longer before they go out of season.

And you are to note, that there are several kinds of

Trouts: but these several kinds are not considered but by very few men; for they go under the general name of Trouts: just as pigeons do, in most places; though it is certain, there are tame and wild pigeons: and of the tame, there be helmits and runts, and carriers and cropers, and indeed too many to name. Nay, the Royal Society have found and published lately, that there be thirty and three kinds of spiders; and yet all, for aught I know, go under that one general name of spider. And it is so with many kinds of fish, and of Trouts especially; which differ in their bigness, and shape, and spots, and colour. The great Kentish hens may be an instance, compared to other *hens*. And, doubtless, there is a kind of small Trout, which will never thrive to be big; that breeds very many more than others do, that be of a larger size: which you may rather believe, if you consider that the little wren and titmouse will have twenty young ones at a time, when, usually, the noble hawk, or the musical thrassel or blackbird, exceed not four or five.

And now you shall see me try my skill to catch a Trout. And at my next walking, either this evening or to-morrow morning, I will give you direction how you yourself shall fish for him.

Ven. Trust me, master, I see now it is a harder matter to catch a Trout than a Chub: for I have put on patience, and followed you these two hours, and not seen a fish stir, neither at your minnow nor your worm.

Pisc. Well, scholar, you must endure worse luck sometime, or you will never make a good angler. But what say you now? there is a Trout now, and a good one too, if I can but hold him; and two or three turns more will tire him. Now you see he lies still, and the sleight is to land him: reach me that landing-net. So,

Sir, now he is mine own: what say you now, is not this worth all my labour and your patience?

Ven. On my word, master, this is a gallant Trout; what shall we do with him?

Pisc. Marry, e'en eat him to supper: we'll go to my hostess from whence we came; she told me, as I was going out of door, that my brother *Peter*, a good angler and a cheerful companion, had sent word he would lodge there to-night, and bring a friend with him. My hostess has two beds, and I know you and I may have the best: we'll rejoice with my brother *Peter* and his friend, tell tales, or sing ballads, or make a catch, or find some harmless sport to content us and pass away a little time without offence to God or man.

Ven. A match, good master, let's go to that house, for the linen looks white, and smells of lavender, and I long to lie in a pair of sheets that smell so. Let's be going, good master, for I am hungry again with fishing.

Pisc. Nay, stay a little, good scholar; I caught my last Trout with a worm; now, I will put on a minnow, and try a quarter of an hour about yonder trees for another; and so walk towards our lodging. Look you, scholar, thereabout we shall have a bite presently, or not at all. Have with you, Sir: o' my word I have hold of him. Oh! it is a great logger-headed Chub; come, hang him upon that willow twig, and let's be going. But turn out of the way a little, good scholar! toward yonder high honeysuckle hedge; there we'll sit and sing, whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows.

Look! under that broad beech-tree I sat down, when I was last this way a-fishing. And the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree

near to the brow of that primrose-hill. There I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble-stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam. And sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs; some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possest my soul with content, that I thought as the poet has happily exprest it,

> I was for that time lifted above earth;
> And possest joys not promis'd in my birth.

As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me; 'twas a handsome milk-maid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do; but she cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale; her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it; it was that smooth song which was made by *Kit Marlow*,[1] now at least fifty years ago. And the milk-maid's mother sung an answer to it,

(1) *Christopher Marlow* was a poet of no small eminence in his day, as may be inferred from the frequent mention of him in the writings of his contemporaries. He was some time a student at Cambridge, and, after that, an actor on, and writer for the stage. There are extant, of his writing, five Tragedies; and a Poem that bears *his* name, entitled, *Hero and Leander* (possibly a translation from Musæus) which, he not living to complete it, was finished by Chapman. The Song here mentioned is printed, with his name to it, in a Collection entitled *England's Helicon*, 4to. 1600, as is also the *Answer*, here said to be written by Sir Walter Raleigh, but there subscribed "Ignoto." Of Marlow it is said, that he was the author of divers atheistical and blasphemous discourses; and that in a quarrel with a serving man, his rival in a connection with a lewd woman, he received a stab with a dagger, and shortly after died of the stroke. Wood (from whom, *Athen. Oxon.* Vol. I. 338. and also from Beard's *Theatre of God's Judgments*, this account is taken) says, that the end of this person was noted by the *Precisians*; but surely the *Precisians* are to be acquitted of all blame, as having done nothing, more than asserted God's moral government of the world, by noting in this instance, one example out of many, of the natural tendency of impiety and profligacy to destruction and infamy.

which was made by Sir *Walter Raleigh*, in his younger days.

They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good; I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age. Look yonder! on my word yonder they both be a milking again. I will give her the Chub, and persuade them to sing those two songs to us.

God speed you, good woman! I have been a fishing; and am going to *Bleak Hall*[1] to my bed; and having caught more fish than will sup myself and my friend, I will bestow this upon you and your daughter, for I use to sell none.

Milk-w. Marry! God requite you, Sir, and we'll eat it cheerfully. And if you come this way a fishing two months hence, a grace of God! I'll give you a syllabub of new verjuice, in a new made hay-cock, for it. And my Maudlin shall sing you one of her best ballads; for she and I both love all anglers, they be such honest, civil, quiet men.[2] In the mean time will you drink a draught of red cow's milk? you shall have it freely.

Pisc. No, I thank you; but, I pray, do us a courtesy that shall stand you and your daughter in nothing, and yet we will think ourselves still something in your debt: it is but to sing us a song that was sung by your daughter when I last passed over this meadow, about eight or nine days since.

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(1) The author seems here to have forgot himself; for, page 47, he says he is to lodge at *Trout-Hall*.

(2) There are some few exceptions to this character of anglers: the greatest and most wonderful revolution that ever happened in any state, I mean that in Naples, in the year 1647, was brought about by an *Angler*: concerning whom we are told, "that a young man, about twenty-four, happened to be in a corner of the great market-place at Naples; a sprightly man, of a middle stature, black eyed, rather lean than fat, having a small tuft of hair; he wore linen slops, a blue waistcoat, and went barefoot, with a mariner's cap; but he was of a good countenance, stout, and lively as could be. His profession was to *angle for little fish with a cane, hook, and line.* His name was *Tomaso Anello*, of Amalfi, but vulgarly called *Masaniello*." See the *History of the Revolution in Naples*, by Sig. Alessandro Giraffi.

Milk-w. What song was it, I pray? Was it, *Come, Shepherds deck your herds?* or, *As at noon Dulcina rested?* or, *Phillida flouts me?* or *Chevy Chace?* or *Johnny Armstrong?* or *Troy Town?*[1]

Pisc. No, it is none of those; it is a song that your daughter sung the first part, and you sung the answer to it.

Milk-w. O, I know it now. I learned the first part in my golden age, when I was about the age of my poor daughter; and the latter part, which indeed fits me best now, but two or three years ago, when the cares of the world began to take hold of me: but you shall, God willing, hear them both; and sung as well as we can, for we both love anglers. Come, Maudlin, sing the first part to the gentlemen, with a merry heart; and I'll sing the second, when you have done.

THE MILK-MAID'S SONG.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves, or hills, or field,
Or woods, and steepy mountains yield;

Where we will sit, upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed our flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls,
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses;
And then, a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers; and a kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers, lin'd choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs.
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love,

(1) See the songs '*As at Noon*,' '*Chevy Chace*,' '*Johnny Armstrong*,' and '*Troy Town*,' printed, after the most authentic copies, in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. '*Phillida flouts me*' is to be found in an elegant collection of songs entitled *The Hive*, in four volumes, small 8vo. Vol. II. p. 270.

Thy silver dishes, for thy meat,
As precious as the Gods do eat,
Shall, on an ivory table, be
Prepar'd each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight, each *May* morning.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

Ven. Trust me, master, it is a choice song, and sweetly sung by honest Maudlin. I now see it was not without cause that our good queen Elizabeth did so often wish herself a milk-maid all the month of May, because they are not troubled with fears and cares, but sing sweetly all the day, and sleep securely all the night: and without doubt, honest, innocent, pretty Maudlin does so. I'll bestow Sir Thomas Overbury's milk-maid's wish upon her, "that she may die in the Spring; and, being dead, may have good store of flowers stuck round about her winding sheet."[2]

THE MILK-MAID'S MOTHER'S ANSWER.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But Time drives flocks from field to fold;
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold;
Then *Philomel* becometh dumb;
And age complains of care to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields.
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring but sorrow's fall.

(1) Dr. Warburton, in his Notes on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, ascribes this song to Shakspeare: it is true, Sir Hugh Evans, in the third Act of that play, sings four lines of it; and it occurs in a *Collection of Poems* said to be Shakspeare's, printed by Thomas Cotes for John Benson, 12mo. 1640, with some variations. On the contrary, it is to be found, with the name of "Christopher Marlow" to it, in *England's Helicon;* and *Walton* has just said it was made by *Kit Marlow*. The reader will judge of these evidences, as he pleases.

As to the song itself, though a beautiful one, it is not so purely pastoral as it is generally thought to be; buckles of *gold; coral* clasps and *amber* studs, *silver* dishes and *ivory* tables, are luxuries; and consist not with the parsimony and simplicity of rural life and manners.

(2) Sir Thomas Overbury's character of "a fayre and happy milke-maid," printed with his poem, entitled "The Wife," in 12mo. 1655.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten;
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

What should we talk of dainties, then,
Of better meat than's fit for men?
These are but vain: that's only good
Which God hath blest, and sent for food.

But could youth last, and love still breed;
Had joys no date, nor age no need;
Then those delights my mind might move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Mother. Well! I have done my song. But stay, honest anglers; for I will make Maudlin to sing you one short song more. Maudlin! sing that song that you sung last night, when young Coridon the shepherd played so purely on his oaten pipe to you and your cousin Betty.

Maud. I will, mother.

I married a wife of late,
The more's my unhappy fate:
I married her for love,
As my fancy did me move,
And not for a worldly estate:

But oh! the green sickness
Soon changed her likeness;
And all her beauty did fail.
But 'tis not so
With those that go
Thro' frost and snow,
As all men know,
And carry the milking-pail.

Pisc. Well sung, good woman; I thank you. I'll give you another dish of fish one of these days; and then beg another song of you. Come, scholar! let Maudlin alone: do not you offer to spoil her voice.[1] Look! yonder comes

(1) The judgment of the author in this part of the dialogue is well worth noting. We may observe, that the interlocutors are *Piscator* and the *Milk-woman*; and that the daughter, except when she sings, and signifies her obedience to her mother in a speech of *three words*, is silent. It is pretty clear that *Venator*, after the second song (charmed perhaps with the maidenly inno-

mine hostess, to call us to supper. How now! is my brother Peter come?

Hostess. Yes, and a friend with him. They are both glad to hear that you are in these parts; and long to see you: and long to be at supper, for they be very hungry.

CHAP. V.

More Directions how to fish for, and how to make for the TROUT an artificial Minnow and Flies; *with some merriment.*

Piscator. WELL met, brother Peter! I heard you and a friend would lodge here to-night; and that hath made me to bring my friend to lodge here too. My friend is one that would fain be a brother of the angle: he hath been an angler but this day; and I have taught him how to catch a Chub, by daping with a grasshopper; and the Chub he caught was a lusty one of nineteen inches long. But pray, brother Peter, who is your companion?

Peter. Brother Piscator, my friend is an honest countryman, and his name is Coridon; and he is a downright witty companion, that met me here purposely to be pleasant and eat a Trout; and I have not yet wetted my line since we met together: but I hope to fit him with a Trout for his breakfast; for I'll be early up.

Pisc. Nay, brother, you shall not stay so long; for, look you! here is a Trout will fill six reasonable bellies.

Come, hostess, dress it presently; and get us what other meat the house will afford; and give us some of your best barley-wine, the good liquor that our honest

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cence, and probably beauty, of the young woman; for we are told that she is handsome) offers to kiss her; and that *Piscator*, an elder and more discreet man, checks him, lest he should offend her by too great familiarity. Such is the decorum observable in this elegant work.

forefathers did use to drink of; the drink which preserved their health, and made them live so long, and to do so many good deeds.

Peter. O' my word, this Trout is perfect in season. Come, I thank you, and here is a hearty draught to you, and to all the brothers of the Angle wheresoever they be, and to my young brother's good fortune to-morrow. I will furnish him with a rod, if you will furnish him with the rest of the tackling: we will set him up and make him a fisher.

And I will tell him one thing for his encouragement, that his fortune hath made him happy to be scholar to such a master; a master that knows as much, both of the nature and breeding of fish, as any man; and can also tell him as well how to catch and cook them, from the Minnow to the Salmon, as any that I ever met withal.

Pisc. Trust me, brother Peter, I find my scholar to be so suitable to my own humour, which is to be free and pleasant and civilly merry, that my resolution is to hide nothing that I know from him. Believe me, scholar, this is my resolution; and so here's to you a hearty draught, and to all that love us and the honest art of angling.

Ven. Trust me, good master, you shall not sow your seed in barren ground; for I hope to return you an increase answerable to your hopes: but, however, you shall find me obedient, and thankful, and serviceable to my best ability.

Pisc. 'Tis enough, honest scholar! come, let's to supper. Come, my friend Coridon, this Trout looks lovely; it was twenty-two inches when it was taken! and the belly of it looked, some part of it, as yellow as a marigold, and part of it as white as a lily; and yet, methinks, it looks better in this good sauce.

Cor. Indeed, honest friend, it looks well, and tastes

well: I thank you for it, and so doth my friend Peter, or else he is to blame.

Peter. Yes, and so I do; we all thank you: and, when we have supped, I will get my friend Coridon to sing you a song for requital.

Cor. I will sing a song, if any body will sing another: else, to be plain with you, I will sing none: I am none of those that sing for meat, but for company: I say, '*Tis merry in hall, when men sing all.*'[1]

Pisc. I'll promise you I'll sing a song that was lately made, at my request, by Mr. William Basse; one that hath made the choice songs of the *Hunter in his career*, and of *Tom of Bedlam*,[2] and many others of note; and this, that I will sing, is in praise of angling.

Cor. And then mine shall be the praise of a Countryman's life. What will the rest sing of?

Peter. I will promise you, I will sing another song in praise of Angling to-morrow night; for we will not part till then; but fish to-morrow, and sup together: and the next day every man leave fishing, and fall to his business.

Ven. 'Tis a match; and I will provide you a song or a catch against then, too, which shall give some addition of mirth to the company; for we will be civil and as merry as beggars.

Pisc. 'Tis a match, my masters. Let's e'en say grace,

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(1) Parody on the adage,

'It's merry in hall,
When beards wag all.'
i. e. when all are eating.

(2) This song, beginning "Forth from my sad and darksome cell," with the music to it, set by Hen. Lawes, is printed in a book entitled *Choice Ayres, Songs, and Dialogues, to sing to the Theorbo, Lute, and Bass Viol*, folio, 1675; and in Playford's *Antidote against Melancholy*, 8vo. 1669; also in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, Vol. II. p. 357; but in the latter with a mistake, in the last line of the third stanza, of the word *Pentarchye* for *Pentateuch*.

and turn to the fire, drink the other cup to whet our whistles, and so sing away all sad thoughts.

Come on my masters, who begins? I think it is best to draw cuts, and avoid contention.

Peter. It is a match. Look, the shortest cut falls to Coridon.

Cor. Well then, I will begin, for I hate contention.

CORIDON'S SONG.

Oh the sweet contentment
The countryman doth find!
Heigh trololie loe,
Heigh trololie lee.
That quiet contemplation
Possesseth all my mind;
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

For Courts are full of flattery,
As hath too oft been tried;
Heigh trololie lee, &c.
The city full of wantonness,
And both are full of pride:
Then care away, &c.

But oh the honest countryman
Speaks truly from his heart,
Heigh trololie lee, &c.
His pride is in his tillage,
His horses, and his cart:
Then care away, &c.

Our cloathing is good sheep-skins,
Gray russet for our wives;
Heigh trololie lee, &c.
'Tis warmth and not gay cloathing
That doth prolong our lives
Then care away, &c.

The ploughman, tho' he labour hard,
Yet on the holy-day,
Heigh trololie lee, &c.
No emperor so merrily
Does pass his time away:
Then care away, &c.

To recompense our tillage,
The heavens afford us showers;
Heigh trololie lee, &c.
And for our sweet refreshments
The earth affords us bowers:
Then care away, &c.

The cuckoo and the nightingale
Full merrily do sing,
Heigh trolollie lee, &c.
And with their pleasant roundelays
Bid welcome to the spring:
Then care away, &c.

This is not half the happiness
The countryman enjoys;
Heigh trolollie lee, &c.
Though others think they have as much,
Yet he that says so lies:
Then come away, turn
Countryman with me

JO. CHALKHILL.[1]

Pisc. Well sung, Coridon, this song was sung with mettle; and it was choicely fitted to the occasion: I shall love you for it as long as I know you. I would you were a brother of the angle; for a companion that is cheerful, and free from swearing and scurrilous discourse, is worth gold. I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning; nor men, that cannot well bear it, to repent the money they spend when they be warmed with drink. And take this for a rule: you may pick out such times and such companies, that you may make yourselves merrier for a little than a great deal of money; for "'Tis the company and not the charge that makes the feast;" and such a companion you prove: I thank you for it.

But I will not compliment you out of the debt that I owe you, and therefore I will begin my song, and wish it may be so well liked.

THE ANGLER'S SONG.

As inward love breeds outward talk,
The hound some praise, and some the hawk,
Some, better pleas'd with private sport,
Use tennis, some a mistress court:
But these delights I neither wish,
Nor envy, while I freely fish.

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(1) *John Chalkhill*, Esq. of whom mention is made in the Author's Life.

Who hunts, doth oft in danger ride;
Who hawks, lures oft both far and wide;
Who uses games shall often prove
A loser; but who falls in love,
Is fetter'd in fond *Cupid's* snare:
My angle breeds me no such care.

Of recreation there is none
So free as fishing is alone;
All other pastimes do no less
Than mind and body both possess:
My hand alone my work can do,
So I can fish and study too.

I care not, I, to fish in seas,
Fresh rivers best my mind do please,
Whose sweet calm course I contemplate,
And seek in life to imitate:
In civil bounds I fain would keep,
And for my past offences weep.

And when the timorous Trout I wait
To take, and he devours my bait,
How poor a thing, sometimes I find,
Will captivate a greedy mind:
And when none bite, I praise the wise,
Whom vain allurements ne'er surprise.

But yet, though while I fish I fast,
I make good fortune my repast;
And thereunto my friend invite,
In whom I more than that delight:
Who is more welcome to my dish
Than to my angle was my fish.

As well content no prize to take,
As use of taken prize to make:
For so our Lord was pleased, when
He fishers made fishers of men;
Where, (which is in no other game,)
A man may fish and praise his name.

The first men that our Saviour dear
Did choose to wait upon him here,
Blest fishers were, and fish the last
Food was that he on earth did taste:
I therefore strive to follow those
Whom he to follow him hath chose.

Cor. Well sung, brother, you have paid your debt in good coin. We anglers are all beholden to the good man that made this song: come, hostess, give us more ale, and let's drink to him.

And now let's every one go to bed, that we may rise early: but first let's pay our reckoning, for I will have nothing to hinder me in the morning; for my purpose is to prevent the sun-rising.

Pet. A match. Come Coridon, you are to be my bed-fellow. I know, brother, you and your scholar will lie together. But where shall we meet to-morrow night? for my friend Coridon and I will go up the water towards Ware.

Pisc. And my scholar and I will go down towards Waltham.

Cor. Then let's meet here, for here are fresh sheets that smell of lavender; and I am sure we cannot expect better meat, or better usage in any place.

Pet. 'Tis a match. Good-night to every body.

Pisc. And so say I.

Ven. And so say I.

Pisc. Good morrow, good hostess, I see my brother Peter is still in bed. Come, give my scholar and me a morning-drink, and a bit of meat to breakfast: and be sure to get a dish of meat or two against supper, for we shall come home as hungry as hawks. Come scholar, let's be going.

Ven. Well now, good master, as we walk towards the river, give me direction, according to your promise, how I shall fish for a Trout.

Pisc. My honest scholar, I will take this very convenient opportunity to do it.

The Trout is usually caught with a worm, or a minnow, (which some call a penk,) or with a fly, *viz.* either a natural or an artificial fly: concerning which three, I will give you some observations and directions.

And, first, for worms. Of these there be very many sorts: some breed only in the earth, as the earth-worm; others of, or amongst plants, as the dug-worm; and others breed either out of excrements, or in the bodies of living creatures, as in the horns of sheep or deer; or some of dead flesh, as the maggot or gentle, and others.

Now these be most of them particularly good for par-

ticular fishes. But for the Trout, the dew-worm, which some also call the lob-worm, and the brandling, are the chief; and especially the first for a great Trout, and the latter for a less. There be also of lob-worms, some called squirrel-tails, (a worm that has a red head, a streak down the back, and a broad tail,) which are noted to be the best, because they are the toughest and most lively, and live longest in the water; for you are to know that a dead worm is but a dead bait, and like to catch nothing, compared to a lively, quick, stirring worm. And for a brandling, he is usually found in an old dung-hill, or some very rotten place near to it, but most usually in cow-dung, or hog's dung, rather than horse-dung which is somewhat too hot and dry for that worm. But the best of them are to be found in the bark of the tanners, which they cast up in heaps after they have used it about their leather.

There are also divers other kinds of worms, which, for colour and shape, alter even as the ground out of which they are got; as the marsh-worm, the tag-tail, the flag-worm, the dock-worm, the oak worm, the gilt-tail, the twachel or lob-worm,[1] (which of all others is the most excellent bait for a Salmon) and too many to name, even as many sorts as some think there be of several herbs or

(1) To avoid confusion, it may be necessary to remark, that the same kind of worm is, in different places, known by different names: thus the marsh and the meadow-worm are the same; and the lob-worm or twachel is also called the dew-worm, and the garden-worm; and the dock-worm is, in some places, called the flag-worm.

The tag tail is found in *March* and *April*, in marled lands or meadows, after a shower of rain; or in a morning, when the weather is calm, and not cold.

To find the oak-worm, beat on an oak tree that grows over a high-way or bare place; and they will fall for you to gather.

To find the dock-worm, go to an old pond or pit, and pull up some of the flags; shake the roots in the water; and amongst the fibres that grow from the roots you will find little husks, or cases, of a reddish or yellowish colour; open these carefully with a pin, and take from thence a little worm, pale and yellow, or white, like a gentle, but longer and slenderer, with rows of feet down his belly, and a red head: this is the dock or flag-worm; an excellent bait for Grayling, Tench, Bream, Carp, Roach, and Dace.

shrubs, or of several kinds of birds in the air: of which I shall say no more, but tell you, that what worms soever you fish with, are the better for being well scoured, that is, long kept before they be used: and in case you have not been so provident, then the way to cleanse and scour them quickly, is, to put them all night in water, if they be lob-worms, and then put them into your bag with fennel. But you must not put your brandlings above an hour in water, and then put them into fennel, for sudden use: but if you have time, and purpose to keep them long, then they be best preserved in an earthen pot, with good store of moss, which is to be fresh every three or four days in summer, and every week or eight days in winter; or, at least, the moss taken from them, and clean washed, and wrung betwixt your hands till it be dry, and then put it to them again. And when your worms, especially the brandling, begins to be sick and lose of his bigness, then you may recover him, by putting a little milk or cream, (about a spoonful in a day,) into them, by drops on the moss; and if there be added to the cream an egg beaten and boiled in it, then it will both fatten and preserve them long.[1] And note, that when the knot, which is near to the middle of the brandling, begins to swell, then he is sick; and, if he be not well looked to, is near dying. And for moss, you are to note, that there be divers kinds of it,[2] which I could name to you, but I will only tell you that that which is likest a buck's-horn is the best, except

(1) The following is also an excellent way; viz. Take a piece of hop-sack, or other very coarse cloth, and wash it clean, and let it dry; then wet it in the liquor wherein beef has been boiled, (but be careful that the beef is fresh, for salt will kill the worms,) and wring it, but not quite dry; put the worms into this cloth, and lay them in an earthen pot, and let them stand from morning till night; then take the worms from the cloth and wash it, and wet it again in some of the liquor: do thus once a-day, and you may keep worms in perfect health, and fit for use, for near a month.

Observe that the lob-worm, marsh-worm, and red-worm, will bear more scouring than any others, and are better for long keeping.

(2) Naturalists reckon above two hundred.

it be soft white moss, which grows on some heaths, and is hard to be found. And note, that in a very dry time, when you are put to an extremity for worms, walnut-tree leaves squeezed into water, or salt in water, to make it bitter or salt, and then that water poured on the ground where you shall see worms are used to rise in the night, will make them to appear above ground presently.[1] And you may take notice, some say that camphire put into your bag with your moss and worms gives them a strong and so tempting a smell that the fish fare the worse and you the better for it.

And now, I shall shew you how to bait your hook with a worm so as shall prevent you from much trouble, and the loss of many a hook too, when you fish for a Trout with a running line;[2] that is to say, when you fish for him by hand at the ground. I will direct you in this as plainly as I can, that you may not mistake.

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(1) This practice was one of the common sports of school-boys, at the time Erasmus wrote his *Colloquies*. In that entitled *Venatio*, or *Hunting*, a company of them go abroad into the fields, and one named Laurence proposes fishing; but having no worms, Bartholus objects the want of them, till Laurence tells him how he may get some. The dialogue is very natural and descriptive; and being but short, is here given. "*Lau.* I should like to go a fishing; I have a neat hook. *Barth.* But where will you get baits? *Lau.* There are earth-worms every where to be had. *Barth.* So there are, if they would but creep out of the ground to you. *Lau.* I will make a great many thousands jump out presently. *Barth.* How? by witchcraft? *Lau.* You shall see the art. Fill this bucket with water: break these green shells of walnuts to pieces, and put them into it; wet the ground with the water. Now mind a little. Do you see them coming out? *Barth.* I see a miracle; I believe the armed men started out of the earth after this manner, from the serpent's teeth that were sown."

The above exclamation is clearly an allusion to the fable in the second book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses;* where Cadmus, by scattering the serpent's teeth on the ground, causes armed men to spring out of it.

(2) The *running-line*, so called because it runs along the ground, is made of strong silk, which you may buy at the fishing-tackle shops: but I prefer hair, as being less apt to tangle, and is thus fitted up. About ten inches from the end, fasten a small cleft shot; then make a hole through a pistol or musket bullet, according to the swiftness of the stream you fish in; and put the line through it, and draw the bullet down to the shot: to the end of your line fasten an Indian grass, or silkworm-gut, with a large hook. Or you may, instead of a bullet, fix four large shot, at the distance of eight inches from the hook. The running-line is used for Trout, Grayling, and Salmon-smelts; and is proper only for streams and rapid waters. See Part II. Chap. XI.

Suppose it be a big lob-worm: put your hook into him somewhat above the middle, and out again a little below the middle: having so done, draw your worm above the arming of your hook; but note, that, at the entering of your hook, it must not be at the head-end of the worm, but at the tail-end of him, that the point of your hook may come out toward the head-end; and, having drawn him above the arming of your hook, then put the point of your hook again into the very head of the worm, till it come near to the place where the point of the hook first came out, and then draw back that part of the worm that was above the shank or arming of your hook, and so fish with it. And if you mean to fish with two worms, then put the second on before you turn back the hook's-head of the first worm. You cannot lose above two or three worms before you attain to what I direct you; and having attained it, you will find it very useful, and thank me for it: for you will run on the ground without tangling.

Now for the *Minnow* or *Penk:* he is not easily found and caught till *March*, or in *April*, for then he appears first in the river; nature having taught him to shelter and hide himself, in the winter, in ditches that be near to the river; and there both to hide, and keep himself warm, in the mud, or in the weeds, which rot not so soon as in a running river, in which place if he were in Winter, the distempered floods that are usually in that season would suffer him to take no rest, but carry him headlong to mills and weirs, to his confusion. And of these Minnows: first, you are to know, that the biggest size is not the best; and next, that the middle size and the whitest are the best; and then you are to know, that your minnow must be so put on your hook, that it must turn round when 'tis drawn against the stream; and, that it may turn nimbly, you must put it on a big-sized hook, as I

shall now direct you, which is thus: Put your hook in at his mouth, and out at his gill; then, having drawn your hook two or three inches beyond or through his gill, put it again into his mouth, and the point and beard out at his tail; and then tie the hook and his tail about, very neatly, with a white thread, which will make it the apter to turn quick in the water: that done, pull back that part of your line which was slack when you did put your hook into the minnow the second time; I say, pull that part of your line back, so that it shall fasten the head, so that the body of the minnow shall be almost straight on your hook: this done, try how it will turn, by drawing it cross the water or against a stream; and if it do not turn nimbly, then turn the tail a little to the right or left hand, and try again, till it turn quick, for if not, you are in danger to catch nothing: for know, that it is impossible that it should turn too quick. And you are yet to know, that in case you want a minnow, then a small loach, or a stickle-bag, or any other small fish that will turn quick, will serve as well. And you are yet to know that you may salt them, and by that means keep them ready and fit for use three or four days, or longer; and that, of salt, bay-salt is the best.

And here let me tell you, what many old anglers know right well, that at some times, and in some waters, a minnow is not to be got; and therefore (let me tell you) I have, which I will shew to you, an artificial minnow, that will catch a Trout as well as an artificial fly: and it was made by a handsome woman that had a fine hand, and a live minnow lying by her: the mould or body of the minnow was cloth, and wrought upon, or over it, thus, with a needle; the back of it with very sad French green silk, and paler green silk towards the belly, shadowed as perfectly as you can imagine, just as you see a minnow: the belly was wrought also with a needle, and it was a part of it, white silk; and another part of it with silver

thread: the tail and fins were of a quill, which was shaven thin: the eyes were of two little black beads: and the head was so shadowed, and all of it so curiously wrought, and so exactly dissembled, that it would beguile any sharp-sighted Trout in a swift stream. And this minnow I will now shew you, (look, here it is,) and, if you like it, lend it you, to have two or three made by it; for they be easily carried about an angler, and be of excellent use: for note, that a large Trout will come as fiercely at a minnow as the highest-mettled hawk doth seize on a partridge, or a greyhound on a hare. I have been told that 160 minnows have been found in a Trout's belly: either the Trout had devoured so many, or the miller that gave it a friend of mine had forced them down his throat after he had taken him.

Now for Flies; which is the third bait wherewith Trouts are usually taken. You are to know, that there are so many sorts of flies as there be of fruits: I will name you but some of them; as the dun-fly, the stone-fly, the red-fly, the moor-fly, the tawney-fly, the shell-fly, the cloudy or blackish-fly, the flag-fly, the vine-fly: there be of flies, caterpillars, and canker-flies, and bear-flies; and indeed too many either for me to name, or for you to remember. And their breeding is so various and wonderful, that I might easily amaze myself, and tire you in a relation of them.

And, yet, I will exercise your promised patience by saying a little of the caterpillar, or the palmer-fly or worm; that by them you may guess what a work it were, in a discourse, but to run over those very many flies, worms, and little living creatures, with which the sun and summer adorn and beautify the river-banks and meadows, both for the recreation and contemplation of us anglers; pleasures which, I think, myself enjoy more than any other man that is not of my profession.

Pliny holds an opinion, that many have their birth, or

FLY FISHING FOR TROUT.

being, from a dew that in the spring falls upon the leaves of trees; and that some kinds of them are from a dew left upon herbs or flowers; and others, from a dew left upon coleworts or cabbages: all which kinds of dews being thickened and condensed, are by the sun's generative heat, most of them, hatched, and in three days made living creatures:[1] and these of several shapes and colours; some being hard and tough, some smooth and are horned in their head, some in their tail, some have soft; some none; some have hair, some none: some have sixteen feet, some less, and some have none: but (as our Topsel hath with great diligence observed) those which have none, move upon the earth, or upon broad leaves, their motion being not unlike to the waves of the sea. Some of them he also observes to be bred of the eggs of other caterpillars, and that those in their time turn to be butterflies; and again, that their eggs turn the following year to be caterpillars.[2] And some affirm, that every plant has its particular fly or caterpillar, which it breeds and feeds. I have seen, and may therefore affirm it, a green caterpillar, or worm, as big as a small peascod, which had fourteen legs; eight on the belly, four under the neck, and two near the tail. It was found on a hedge of privet; and was taken thence, and put into a large box, and a little branch or two of privet put to it, on which I saw it feed as sharply as a dog knaws a bone: it lived thus, five or six days, and thrived, and changed the colour two or three

In his History of Serpents.

(1) The doctrine of spontaneous or equivocal generation is now universally exploded; and all the *phænomena* that seem to support it are accounted for on other principles. See Derham's *Phys. Theol.* Chap. 15, and the authorities there cited. As also Mr. Ray's *Wisdom of God manifested in the works of the Creation*, 298, and Franc. Redi, *De Gen. Insect.*

(2) Whoever is desirous of knowing more of Caterpillars, and of the several flies produced by them, may consult Joannes Goedartius *De Insectis*, with the *Appendix* of Dr. Lister, *Lond.* 8vo. 1685.

times, but by some neglect in the keeper of it, it then died, and did not turn to a fly: but if it had lived, it had doubtless turned to one of those flies that some call *Flies of prey*, which those that walk by the rivers may, in Summer, see fasten on smaller flies, and, I think, make them their food. And 'tis observable, that as there be these Flies of Prey, which be very large; so there be others, very little, created, I think, only to feed them, and breed out of I know not what; whose life, they say, nature intended not to exceed an hour;[1] and yet that life is thus made shorter by other flies, or by accident.

(1) That there are creatures "whose life nature intended not to exceed an hour," is, I believe, not so well agreed, as that there are some whose existence is determined in five or six. It is well known that the Ephemeron, that wonderful instance of the care and providence of God, lives but from six in the evening till about eleven at night; during which time it performs all the animal functions; for, in the beginning of its life, it sheds its coat; and that being done, and the poor little animal thereby rendered light and agile, it spends the rest of its short time in frisking over the waters: the female drops her eggs, which are impregnated by the male; these, being spread about, descend to the bottom by their own gravity, and are hatched by the warmth of the sun into little worms, which make themselves cases in the clay, and feed on the same without any need of parental care. *Vide Ephem. Vita*, translated by Dr. Tysson, from Swammerdam. See also Derham's *Phys. Theol.* 247.

And to the truth of the assertion, that these short-lived animals shed their coats, I myself am a witness; for, being a fishing one summer evening, at about seven o'clock, I suddenly observed my cloaths covered with a number of very small flies, of a whitish colour inclining to blue; they continued fixed while I observed those on my left arm wriggle their bodies about, till at length they disengaged themselves from their external coat, which they left, and flew away; but what greatly astonished me was, that three whisks which each of these creatures had at its tail, which were slenderer than the finest hair, and, but for their whiteness, would have been scarcely perceptible, were left as entire and unbroken as the less tender parts of the coat.

At the time when I was preparing for the press the first edition of this book, I met (in a book entitled *The Art of Angling improved in all its parts, especially Fly-fishing*, 12mo. Worcester, no date, by Richard Bowlker) with a relation similar to this; which the author says was communicated to him by a gentleman, an accurate observer of nature's productions; and giving credit to the assertion, I inserted it as an extract from his book; but I have since discovered that the same had been communicated to the Royal Society by Mr. Peter Collinson, a London tradesman, well known among botanists and collectors of natural curiosities, in a *Letter* to their secretary, which was read the 21st of *January*, 1744-5, and is printed in the *Philosophical Transactions* for the year 1746, Numb. 481, page 329.

The letter is miserably written; and, in respect of the style, so ungrammatical, and otherwise obscure, as to need such interpolations as are here inserted, to render it in any degree intelligible.

'Tis endless to tell you what the curious searchers into nature's productions have observed of these worms and flies: but yet I shall tell you what Aldrovandus,[1] our

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The author, walking by the side of the river at Winchester, May 26, 1744, was shewn the May-fly, [conjectured to be the *musca tripilis* mentioned in Moufet, *Insect. Theatr.* p. 61. and is questionless the grey drake,] which (he says) lies all the year, but [except] a few days, in the bottom or sides of the river, [we must suppose in its nymphatic state, like the cadis, straw-worm, and other species of the *libella*;] and rising, when mature, to the surface of the water, splits its case, and appears an animal; [a fly he must mean;] having a slender body, and three long hairs at the tail, and four blackish veined transparent shining wings, the under much the smaller, and the upper having four black spots. He says, that having disengaged itself from its *exuvia*, [*i. e.* the case above mentioned,] of which, he adds, he saw innumerable floating on the water, the next business of this creature is flying about to find a proper place to fix on, as trees, rushes, &c.; and that having fixed, it waits for another change, which in two or three days is completed, and which he thus describes:

"The first hint I received of this wonderful operation, [*i. e.* the second transformation,] I took from the appearance of their *exuviæ* [he must here mean their second *exuvia* hereafter mentioned] hanging on the hedges. Of these, [not the *exuviæ*, but the flies] I collected many; and putting them into boxes, could easily discover when they were ready to put off their old cloaths, though so lately put on."

He says, he had the pleasure to shew his friends one of these creatures, that he held on his finger all the while it performed this great work; and that it was surprising to see the back part of the fly split open, and produce a new birth, [*i. e.* a new fly,] which left the case of the head, body, wings, legs, and even the three-haired tail [of the old one,] behind it. He adds, that after it had reposed itself awhile, it flew abroad with great briskness, to seek a mate.

After an enumeration of some particulars which I choose to omit, he says, he observed that when the females were impregnated, they left the males, and betook themselves to the river; where darting up and down, they were seen to eject a cluster of eggs, which seemed a pale bluish speck, like a small drop of milk, as they [the specks] were sinking to the bottom of the river; and that, then, [when the flies had thus ejected their eggs,] by the elasticity of their tails they sprung up, and darted down again, continuing so to do till, having exhausted their stock of eggs, together with their strength, they were able to rise no more, and became an easy prey to the fish. This is the end of the females; but of the males he says, that they never resort to the waters, but, after they have done their office, drop down, languish, and die, among the trees and bushes.

The conclusion of his letter, for I am tired of abridging it, I give in the author's own words. "They appear at six o'clock in the evening. On the 26th of *May* I perceived a few; but the 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th, it was a sight very surprising and entertaining, to see the rivers teeming with innumerable pretty nimble flying animals, and almost every thing near covered with them: when I looked up, the air was full of them as high as I could discern, and seemed so thick, and always in motion; [the air he tells you, but he means the flies;] the like it seems when one looks up and sees the snow coming down. And yet this wonderful appearance, in three or four days after the last of *May*, totally disappeared."

(1) *Ulysses Aldrovandus*, a great physician and naturalist of *Bologna*; he wrote 120 books on several subjects, and a treatise *De Piscibus*, published at Franckfort, 1640.

Topsel, and others, say of the PALMER-WORM, Caterpillar: that whereas others content themselves to feed on particular herbs or leaves; (for most think, those very leaves that gave them life and shape, give them a particular feeding and nourishment, and that upon them they usually abide;) yet he observes, that this is called a pilgrim, or palmer-worm, for his very wandering life, and various food; not contenting himself, as others do, with any one certain place for his abode, nor any certain kind of herb or flower for his feeding, but will boldly and disorderly wander up and down, and not endure to be kept to a diet, or fixed to a particular place.

Nay, the very colours of caterpillars are, as one has observed, very elegant and beautiful. I shall, for a taste of the rest, describe one of them; which I will, some time the next month, shew you feeding on a willow-tree; and you shall find him punctually to answer this very description: his lips and mouth somewhat yellow; his eyes black as jet; his forehead purple; his feet and hinder parts green; his tail two-forked and black; the whole body stained with a kind of red spots, which run along the neck and shoulder-blade, not unlike the form of St. Andrew's cross, or the letter X, made thus cross-wise, and a white line drawn down his back to his tail; all which add much beauty to his whole body. And it is to me observable, that at a fixed age this caterpillar gives over to eat, and towards Winter comes to be covered over with a strange shell or crust, called an *aurelia:* and so lives a kind of dead life, without eating, all the Winter. And as others of several kinds turn to be several kinds of flies and vermin, the Spring following; so this caterpillar then turns to be a painted butterfly.

View Sir Fra. Bacon's Exper. 728 & 90, *in his* Natural History.

Come, come, my scholar, you see the river stops our morning walk: and I will also here stop my discourse:

only as we sit down under this honeysuckle hedge, whilst I look a line to fit the rod that our brother Peter hath lent you, I shall, for a little confirmation of what I have said, repeat the observation of Du Bartas:

6. *Day* of Du Bartas.

God, not contented to each kind to give
And to infuse the virtue generative,
By his wise power made many creatures breed
Of lifeless bodies, without Venus' deed.

So the *Cold Humour* breeds the *Salamander*,
Who, in effect like to her birth's commander,
With child with hundred winters, with her touch
Quencheth the fire, tho' glowing ne'er so much.

So in the fire, in burning furnace, springs
The fly *Perausta* with the flaming wings:
Without the fire it dies; in it, it joys,
Living in that which all things else destroys.

View Gerh. Herbal*and* Camden.

So slow *Boôtes* underneath him sees,
In th' icy islands, goslings hatch'd of trees;
Whose fruitful leaves, falling into the water,
Are turn'd, 'tis known, to living fowls soon after.

So rotten planks of broken ships do change
To barnacles. O transformation strange!
'Twas first a green tree; then, a broken hull;
Lately, a mushroom; now, a flying gull.

Ven. O my good master, this morning-walk has been spent to my great pleasure and wonder: but, I pray, when shall I have your direction how to make artificial flies, like to those that the Trout loves best; and, also, how to use them?

Pisc. My honest scholar, it is now past five of the clock: we will fish till nine; and then go to breakfast. Go you to yon sycamore-tree, and hide your bottle of drink under the hollow root of it; for about that time, and in that place, we will make a brave breakfast with a piece of powdered beef, and a radish or two, that I have in my fish-bag: we shall, I warrant you, make a good, honest, wholesome, hungry breakfast. And I will then give you direction for the making and using of your flies: and in the mean time, there is your rod and line; and my advice is, that you fish as you see me do, and let's try which can catch the first fish.

Ven. I thank you, master. I will observe and practise your direction as far as I am able.

Pisc. Look you, scholar; you see I have hold of a good fish: I now see it is a Trout. I pray, put that net under him; and touch not my line, for if you do, then we break all. Well done, scholar: I thank you.

Now for another. Trust me, I have another bite. Come scholar, come lay down your rod, and help me to land this as you did the other. So now we shall be sure to have a good dish of fish for supper.

Ven. I am glad of that: but I have no fortune: sure, master, yours is a better rod and better tackling.

Pisc. Nay, then, take mine; and I will fish with yours. Look you, scholar, I have another. Come, do as you did before. And now I have a bite at another. Oh me! he has broke all: there's half a line and a good hook lost.

Ven. Ay, and a good Trout too.

Pisc. Nay, the Trout is not lost; for pray take notice, no man can lose what he never had.

Ven. Master, I can neither catch with the first nor second angle: I have no fortune.

Pisc. Look you, scholar, I have yet another. And now, having caught three brace of Trouts, I will tell you a short tale as we walk towards our breakfast. A scholar, a preacher I should say, that was to preach to procure the approbation of a parish that he might be their lecturer, had got from his fellow pupil the copy of a sermon that was first preached with great commendation by him that composed it: and though the borrower of it preached it, word for word, as it was at first, yet it was utterly disliked as it was preached by the second to his congregation; which the sermon-borrower complained of to the lender of it: and was thus answered: "I lent you, indeed, my fiddle, but not my fiddle-stick; for you are to know, that every one cannot make music with my words, which are

fitted to my own mouth." And so, my scholar, you are to know, that as the ill pronunciation or ill accenting of words in a sermon spoils it, so the ill carriage of your line, or not fishing even to a foot in a right place, makes you lose your labour: and you are to know, that though you have my fiddle, that is, my very rod and tacklings with which you see I catch fish, yet you have not my fiddle-stick, that is, you yet have not skill to know how to carry your hand and line, nor how to guide it to a right place: and this must be taught you; for you are to remember, I told you Angling is an art, either by practice or a long observation, or both. But take this for a rule, When you fish for a Trout with a worm, let your line have so much, and not more lead than will fit the stream in which you fish; that is to say, more in a great troublesome stream than in a smaller that is quieter; as near as may be, so much as will sink the bait to the bottom, and keep it still in motion, and not more.

But now let's say grace, and fall to breakfast. What say you, scholar, to the providence of an old angler? Does not this meat taste well? and was not this place well chosen to eat it? for this sycamore-tree will shade us from the sun's heat.

Ven. All excellent good; and my stomach excellent good, too. And now I remember, and find that true which devout Lessius[1] says, "that poor men, and those that fast often, have much more pleasure in eating than rich men, and gluttons, that always feed before their stomachs are empty of their last meat and call for more;

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(1) *Leonard Lessius*, a very learned jesuit, professor of divinity in the college of Jesuits at Louvain: he was born at Antwerp, 1554; and became very famous for his skill in divinity, civil law, mathematics, physic, and history: he wrote several theological tracts, and a book entitled, *Hygiasticon, seu vera ratio valetudinis bonæ, & vitæ ad extremam senectutem conservandæ.* See Walton's *Life* prefixed. From this tract of Lessius, it is probable the passage in the text is cited. He died 1623.

for by that means they rob themselves of that pleasure that hunger brings to poor men." And I do seriously approve of that saying of yours, "that you had rather be a civil, well-governed, well-grounded, temperate, poor angler, than a drunken lord:" but I hope there is none such. However, I am certain of this, that I have been at many very costly dinners that have not afforded me half the content that this has done; for which I thank God and you.

And now, good master, proceed to your promised direction for making and ordering my artificial fly.

Pisc. My honest scholar, I will do it; for it is a debt due unto you by my promise. And because you shall not think yourself more engaged to me than indeed you really are, I will freely give you such directions as were lately given to me by an ingenious brother of the angle, an honest man, and a most excellent fly-fisher.

You are to note, that there are twelve kinds of artificial made Flies, to angle with upon the top of the water. Note, by the way, that the fittest season of using these, is a blustering windy day, when the waters are so troubled that the natural fly cannot be seen, or rest upon them. The FIRST is the dun-fly, in *March:* the body is made of dun wool; the wings, of the partridge's feathers. The SECOND is another dun-fly: the body of black wool; and the wings made of the black drake's feathers, and of the feathers under his tail. The THIRD is the stone-fly, in *April:* the body is made of black wool; made yellow under the wings and under the tail, and so made with wings of the drake. The FOURTH is the ruddy fly, in the beginning of *May:* the body made of red-wool, wrapt about with black silk; and the feathers are the wings of the drake; with the feathers of a red capon also, which hang dangling on his sides next to the tail. The FIFTH is the yellow or greenish fly, in May likewise: the body made of yellow wool; and the wings made of the red

cock's hackle or tail. The SIXTH is the black-fly, in May also: the body made of black wool, and lapt about with the herle of a peacok's tail: the wings are made of the wings of a brown capon, with his blue feathers in his head. The SEVENTH is the sad yellow-fly in *June:* the body is made of black wool, with a yellow list on either side; and the wings taken off the wings of a buzzard, bound with black braked hemp. The EIGHTH is the moorish-fly; made, with the body of duskish wool; and the wings made of the blackish mail of the drake. The NINTH is the tawny-fly, good until the middle of June: the body made of tawny wool; the wings made contrary, one against the other, made of the whitish mail of the wild drake. The TENTH is the wasp-fly in *July;* the body made of black wool, lapt about with yellow silk; the wings made of the feathers of the drake, or of the buzzard. The ELEVENTH is the shell-fly, good in mid-July: the body made of greenish wool, lapt about with the herle of a peacock's tail: and the wings made of the wings of the buzzard. The TWELFTH is the dark drake-fly, good in *August:* the body made with black wool, lapt about with black silk; his wings are made with the mail of the black drake, with a black head. Thus have you a jury of flies, likely to betray and condemn all the Trouts in the river.

I shall next give you some other directions for fly-fishing, such as are given by Mr. *Thomas Barker,*[1] a

(1) It is supposed that the reader is by this time not wholly ignorant who this gentleman was, as mention is made of him in the Author's *Life.* We have already given the *Dedication* to his *Art of Angling;* and here now follow some extracts from that humourous piece itself. Addressing himself to the noble lord to whom his book is dedicated, he thus begins:

——"Under favour, I will compliment, and put a case to your honour. I met with a man; and upon our discourse he fell out with me, having a good weapon, but neither stomach nor skill: I say *this man may come home by Weeping-cross;* I will *cause the clerk to toll his knell.* It is the very like case to the gentleman angler, that goeth to the river for his pleasure. This angler hath neither judgment nor experience; he may come home lightly

gentleman that hath spent much time in fishing: but I shall do it with a little variation.

First, let your rod be light, and very gentle: I take

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laden at his leisure."——" A man that goeth to the river for his pleasure, must understand, when he cometh there, to *set forth his tackle.* The first thing he must do, is to observe the *wind* and *sun* for DAY, the *moon*, the *stars*, and the *wanes of the air* for Night, to *set forth his tackles* for day or night; and accordingly to go for his pleasure, and some profit."——" Now I am determined to angle with ground-baits, and set my tackles to my rod, and *go to my pleasure.* I begin at the uppermost part of the stream, carrying my line with an upright hand, feeling my plummet running truly on the ground some ten inches from the hook, plumming my line according to the swiftness of the stream I angle in; for one plummet will not serve for all streams; for the true angling is, that the plummet run truly on the ground."——

——" My Lord sent to me, at sun-going-down, to provide him a good dish of Trouts against the next morning, by six o'clock. I went to the door *to see how the wanes of the air were like to prove.* I returned answer, that I doubted not, God willing, but to be provided at the time appointed. I went presently to the river, and it proved very dark: I threw out a line of three silks and three hairs twisted, for the *uppermost* part; and a line of two hairs and two silks twisted, for the *lower* part—with a good large hook. I baited my hook with two lob-worms, the four ends hanging as meet as I could guess them in the dark. I fell to angle. It proved very dark, so that I had good sport; angling with the lob-worms as I do with the flies, on the top of the water:—You shall hear the fish rise at the top of the water; then, you must loose a slack line down to the bottom, as nigh as you can guess; then hold your line straight, feeling the fish bite; give time, there is no doubt of losing the fish, for there is not one amongst twenty but doth gorge the bait: the least stroke you can strike fastens the hook, and makes the fish sure, letting the fish take a turn or two; you may take him up with your hands. The night began to alter and grow somewhat lighter; I took off the lobworms, and set to my rod a white palmer-fly made of a large hook; I had good sport for the time, until it grew lighter; so I took off the white palmer, and set to a red palmer, made of a large hook: I had good sport until it grew very light: then I took off the red palmer, and set to a black palmer; I had good sport, and made up the dish of fish. So I put up my tackles, and was with my lord at his time appointed for the service.

" These three flies, with the help of the lob-worms, serve to angle all the year for the night; observing the times—as I have shewed you—in this night-work; the white fly for darkness, the red fly *in medio*, and the black fly for lightness. This is the true experience for angling in the night; which is the surest angling of all, and killeth the greatest Trouts. Your lines may be strong, but must not be longer than your rod.

" Now, having taken a good dish of Trouts, I presented them to my lord. He having provided good company, commanded me to turn cook, and dress them for dinner ——

——" There comes an honest gentleman, a familiar friend, to me—he was an angler—begins to compliment with me, and asked me how I did? when I had been angling? and demanded, in discourse, what was the reason I did not relate in my book the dressing of *his dish of fish*, which he loved? I *pray you, Sir, what dish of Trouts was that?* He said, it was a dish of close-boiled Trouts, buttered with eggs. My answer was to him, that *every scullion dresseth that dish against his will, because he cannot calvor them.* I will tell you, in short: Put your Trouts into the kettle when the kettle is set to the

the best to be of two pieces.[1] And let not your line exceed (especially for three or four links next to the hook) I say, not exceed three or four hairs at the most; though you may fish a little stronger above, in the upper part of your line: but if you can attain to angle with one hair, you shall have more rises, and catch more fish. Now you must be sure not to cumber yourself with too long a line, as most do. And before you begin to angle, cast to have the wind on your back; and the sun, if it shines to be before you; and to fish down the stream; and carry the point or top of your rod downward, by which means the shadow of yourself, and rod too, will be the least offensive to the fish; for the sight of any shade amazes the fish, and spoils your sport, of which you must take great care.

In the *middle of March*, till which time a man should not in honesty catch a Trout; or in *April*, if the weather be dark or a little windy or cloudy; the best fishing is with the PALMER-WORM, of which I last spoke to you; but of these there be divers kinds, or at least of divers colours: these and the MAY-FLY are the ground of all fly-angling: which are to be thus made:

See page 86.

First, you must arm your hook with the line, in the inside of it: then take your scissars, and cut so much of a brown mallard's feather as, in your own reason, will make the wings of it, you having, withal, regard to the bigness or littleness of your hook: then lay the outmost part of your feather next to your hook; then the point of your feather next the shank of your hook, and, having so done, whip it three or four times about the hook with the same silk with which your hook was armed; and having

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fire, and let them boil gently, as many cooks do; and they shall boil close enough; which is a good dish, buttered with eggs, good for ploughmen, but not for the palate. Sir, *I hope I have given you satisfaction.*"

(1) For your Rod, and also for a Fly-line, take the directions contained in the *Notes* on Chap. XXI.

made the silk fast, take the hackle of a cock or capon's neck, or a plover's top, which is usually better: take off the one side of the feather, and then take the hackle, silk or crewel, gold or silver thread; make these fast at the bent of the hook, that is to say, below your arming; then you must take the hackle, the silver or gold thread, and work it up to the wings, shifting or still removing your finger as you turn the silk about the hook, and still looking, at every stop or turn, that your gold, or what materials soever you make your fly of, do lie right and neatly; and if you find they do so, then when you have made the head, make all fast: and then work your hackle up to the head, and make that fast: and then, with a needle, or pin, divide the wing into two; and then, with the arming silk, whip it about cross-ways betwixt the wings: and then with your thumb you must turn the point of the feather towards the bent of the hook; and then work three or four times about the shank of the hook; and then view the proportion; and if all be neat, and to your liking, fasten.

I confess, no direction can be given to make a man of a dull capacity able to make a fly well: and yet I know this, with a little practice, will help an ingenious angler in a good degree. But to see a fly made by an artist in that kind, is the best teaching to make it. And, then, an ingenious angler may walk by the river, and mark what flies fall on the water that day; and catch one of them, if he sees the Trouts leap at a fly of that kind: and then having always hooks ready-hung with him, and having a bag also always with him, with bear's hair, or the hair of a brown or sad-coloured heifer, hackles of a cock or capon, several coloured silk and crewel to make the body of the fly, the feathers of a drake's head, black or brown sheep's wool, or hog's wool, or hair, thread of gold and of silver; silk of several colours, (especially

sad-coloured, to make the fly's head:) and there be also other coloured feathers, both of little birds and of speckled fowl:[1] I say, having those with him in a

(1) The Author not having particularly enumerated the Materials necessary for Fly-making, it will not be improper, once for all, to do it here. And, first, you must be provided with bear's hair of divers colours; as grey, dun, light and dark coloured, bright brown and that which shines; also camel's hair, dark, light, and of a colour between both: badger's hair, or fur: spaniel's hair from behind the ear, light and dark brown, blackish, and black: hog's down, which may be had about Christmas, of butchers, or rather of those that make brawn; it should be plucked from under the throat, and other soft places of the hog; and must be of the following colours, *viz.* black, red, whitish, and sandy; and for other colours, you may get them dyed at a dyers: seal's fur is to be had at the trunk-makers; get this also dyed of the colours of cow's and calf's hair, in all the different shades, from the light to the darkest brown; you will then never need cow's or calf's hair, both which are harsh, and will never work kindly, nor lie handsomely: get also mohairs, black, blue, purple, white, violet; *Isabella*, which colour is described in a note on Cotton's Flies for *March*; *Philomot*, from *feuille mort*, a dead leaf; yellow, and orange: camlets, both hair and worsted, blue, yellow, dun, light and dark brown, red, violet, purple, black, horse-flesh, pink, and orange colours. Some recommend the hair of abortive colts and calves; but seal's fur, dyed as above, is much better.

A piece of an old Turkey carpet will furnish excellent dubbing: untwist the yarn, and pick out the wool, carefully separating the different colours, and lay it by.

Some use for dubbing, barge-sail; concerning which, the reader is to know, that the sails of West country and other barges, when old, are usually converted into tilts, under which there is almost a continual smoak arising from the fire and the steam of the beef-kettle, which all such barges carry, and which in time dyes the tilt of a fine brown; this would be excellent dubbing, but that the material of these sails is sheep's wool, which soaks in the water, and soon becomes very heavy: however, get of this as many different shades as you can: and have seal's fur and hog-wool dyed to match them; which, by reason they are more turgid, stiff, and light, and so float better, are, in most cases, to be preferred to worsted, crewels, and, indeed, to every other kind of wool: and observe, that the hog-wool is best for large, and the seal's fur for small flies.

Get also furs of the following animals, *viz.* the squirrel, particularly from his tail; fox-cub, from the tail, where it is downy and of an ash-colour; an old fox; an old otter; otter-cub; badger; fulimart, or filmert; a hare, from the neck, where it is of the colour of withered fern; and, above all, the yellow fur of the martern, from off the gills or spots under the jaws. All these, and almost every other kind of fur, are easily got at the furrier's.

Hackles are a very important article in fly-making: they are the long slender feathers that hang from the head of a cock down his neck; there may also be fine ones got from near his tail; be careful that they are not too rank, which they are when the fibres are more than half an inch long, and for some purposes these are much too big: be provided with these of the following colours, *viz.* red, dun, yellowish, white, orange, and perfect black; and whenever you meet, alive or dead, with the cock of the game breed, whose hackle is of a strong brown-red, never fail to buy him: but observe, that the feathers of a cock chicken, be they ever so fine for shape and colour, are good for little; for they are too downy and weak to stand erect after they are once wet, and so are those of the Bantam-cock.

Feathers are absolutely necessary for the wings and other parts of flies: get

bag,[1] and trying to make a fly, though he miss at first, yet shall he at last hit it better, even to such a perfection

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therefore feathers from the back and other parts of the wild mallard, or drake; the feathers of a partridge, especially those red ones that are in the tail; feathers from a cock-pheasant's breast and tail; the wings of a blackbird, a brown hen, of a starling, a jay, a land-rail, a throstle, a fieldfare, and a water-coot; the feathers from the crown of the pewit, plover, or lap-wing; green and copper-coloured peacock's, and black ostrich, herle; feathers from a heron's neck and wings. And remember, that, in most instances, where the drake's or wild mallard's feather is hereafter [in the text] directed, that from a starling's wing will do much better, as being of a finer grain, and less spungy.

Be provided with marking-silk of all colours; fine, but very strong, flaw-silk; gold and silver flatted wire, or twist; a sharp knife; hooks of all sizes; hog's bristles for loops to your flies; shoe-maker's wax; a large needle to raise your dubbing, when flatted with working; and a small, but sharp pair of scissars.

And lastly, if any materials required in the *subsequent* Lists of Flies may have been omitted in the foregoing Catalogue, be careful to add them to your former stock, as often as you shall find any such omissions.

Remember, with all your dubbing to mix bear's hair and hog's wool, which are stiff, and not apt to imbibe the water, as the fine furs and most other kind of dubbing do; and remember also, that martern's fur is the best yellow you can use.

(1) The use of a Bag is attended with many inconveniences; of which, the mixing and wasting your materials are not the least: to prevent which, the following method is recommended. Take a piece of fine-grained parchment, of seven inches by nine, and fold it so that the size and proportion of it will be that of a small octavo volume; then open it, and through the first leaf, with a sharp penknife and a ruler, make three cross cuts, at the same proportionable distance, and with a needle and silk stitch the two leaves together: let each of the margins be half an inch at least.

Then, with a pair of compasses, take the distance from A to B, and set it on in the middle of a small piece of parchment; and likewise set on the same distance to the right and left; and at each extremity cut off, with a penknife and ruler, the spare parchment, observing that the sides are exactly parallel.

At about a quarter of an inch from the top, make a cut through the first and third divisions, and with a pair of scissars snip out the loose pieces.

Be careful that the cuts, and indeed all your work, are exactly square; and when this is done, turn in the sides and ends of the parchment, so cut as before; and press the folds with a folding-stick: and you have one pocket, which put into the first partition.

Pursue the same method with the small pockets, and those for the other partitions; and in this manner proceed till you have completed six leaves, which are to make the first of your book. The larger of these pockets are to hold hog's wool, seal's fur, and bear's hair; and the smaller, the finer furs, which are those of the martern, fox-cub, &c.

In each of the six divisions, in every leaf, with a sadler's hollow punch, make a hole: to which end, take a thin narrow stick of beech, or any hardish wood; and when the pocket is in its place, put the stick down into the pocket, and, observing the centre of the division, give the punch a smart blow with a mallet: these holes will shew what is contained in each of the pockets.

The next leaf may be single: stitch it across with double silk diagonally, and cross those stitches with others, and the spaces will be of a lozenge-shape; let the stitches be half an inch in length: into these you are to tuck your dubbing, when mixed ready for use.

as none can well teach him. And if he hit to make his fly right, and have the luck to hit, also, where there is store of Trouts, a dark day, and a right wind, he will catch such store of them, as will encourage him to grow more and more in love with the art of fly-making.

Ven. But, my loving master, if any wind will not serve, then I wish I were in Lapland, to buy a good wind of one of the honest witches, that sell so many winds there, and so cheap.

Pisc. Marry, scholar, but I would not be there, nor indeed from under this tree: for look how it begins to rain, and by the clouds, if I mistake not, we shall presently have a smoking shower; and therefore sit close; this sycamore-tree will shelter us: and I will tell you, as they

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The next leaf should be double, stitched with a margin as the others; and through the first fold cut a lozenge, as big as the size will allow of; into this you may tuck three or four wings of small birds, as the starling, the land-rail, the throstle, &c. At the back of this leaf, sew two little parchment straps, of half an inch wide, very strong; through which put a small, but very neat and sharp pair of scissars.

You may, on another single leaf, make four or five cross-bars of long stitches; through which, as well on the back as the fore-side, you may put large feathers, namely, those of a cock-pheasant's tail, a ruddy-brown hen, &c.

The next three leaves should be double; stitch them through the middle, from side to side; and with the compasses describe a circle of about an inch and a half diameter; cut out the parchment within the circle. Under some of the margins, when the leaves are stitched together, you may tuck peacock's and ostrich herle; and in others lay neatly the golden feathers of a pheasant's breast, and the grey and dyed yellow mail of a mallard.

Three double leaves more, with only two large pockets in each, may be allotted for silk of various colours, gold and silver twist, and other odd things. The other leaves you may fill with land-rail's and other small feathers, plovers' tops, and red and black hackles.

The first and last leaves of your book may be double, stitched in the middle from side to side, but open at the edges; which will leave you four pockets like those of a common pocket-book; into which you may put hooks, and a small piece of wax, wrapped in a bit of glove-leather.

To the page that contains the mixed dubbings, there should be an Index, referring to every division contained in it, and expressing what fly each mixture is for.

When your book is thus prepared, send it to the binder with directions to bind it as strong as possible; let him leave a flap to one of the boards, and fasten to it a yard of ribbon to tie it.

The usefulness and manifold conveniences of a book are apparent; and whoever will be at the pains of making such a one as this, will find it greatly preferable to a magazine-bag.

shall come into my mind, more observations of fly-fishing for a Trout.

But first for the WIND: you are to take notice that of the winds the south wind is said to be the best. One observes, that

> ——— when the wind is south,
> It blows your bait into a fish's mouth.

Next to that, the west wind is believed to be the best: and having told you that the east wind is the worst, I need not tell you which wind is the best in the third degree: and yet, (as Solomon observes,) that "he that considers the wind shall never sow;" so he that busies his head too much about them, if the weather be not made extreme cold by an east wind, shall be a little superstitious: for as it is observed by some, that "there is no good horse of a bad colour;" so I have observed, that if it be a cloudy day, and not extreme cold, let the wind sit in what corner it will and do its worst, I heed it not. And yet take this for a rule, that I would willingly fish, standing on the lee-shore: and you are to take notice, that the fish lies or swims nearer the bottom, and in deeper water, in Winter than in Summer; and also nearer the bottom in any cold day, and then gets nearest the lee-side of the water.

But I promised to tell you more of the Fly-fishing for a Trout; which I may have time enough to do, for you see it rains May butter. First for a MAY-FLY: you may make his body with greenish coloured crewel, or willowish colour; darkening it in most places with waxed silk; or ribbed with black hair; or, some of them, ribbed with silver thread; and such wings, for the colour, as you see the fly to have at that season, nay, at that very day on the water. Or you may make the OAK-FLY: with an orange, tawny, and black ground; and the brown of a

mallard's feather for the wings.[1] And you are to know, that these two are most excellent flies, that is, the May-fly and the Oak-fly.

And let me again tell you, that you keep as far from the water as you can possibly, whether you fish with a fly or worm; and fish down the stream. And when you fish with a fly, if it be possible, let no part of your line touch the water,[2] but your fly only; and be still moving your fly upon the water, or casting it into the water, you yourself being also always moving down the stream.

Mr. *Barker* commends several sorts of the palmer-flies; not only those ribbed with silver and gold, but others that have their bodies all made of black; or some with red, and a red hackle. You may also make the HAWTHORN-FLY: which is all black, and not big but very small, the smaller the better. Or the oak-fly,* the body of which is orange colour and black crewel, with a brown wing. Or a fly made with a peacock's feather is excellent in a bright day:[3] you must be sure you want not in your magazine-bag the peacock's

* See the preceding page.

(1) Some dub the Oak-fly, with black wool, and Isabella-coloured mohair, and bright brownish bear's hair, warped on with yellow silk, but the head of an ash-colour; others dub it with an orange, tawny, and black ground; others with blackish wool and gold-twist; the wings of the brown of a mallard's feather. Bowlker, in his *Art of Angling*, p. 63, says, "The body may be made of a bittern's feather, and the wings of the feather of a woodcock's wing."

(2) This is impossible, unless you dib with the artificial as with the natural fly, which is never practised. The method of throwing or casting is more particularly treated of, in the notes on Chap. V. Part II.

(3) *A brother of the angle must always be sped*
With three black palmers, and also two red;
And all made with hackles. In a cloudy day,
Or in windy weather, angle you may:

But morning *and* evening, *if the day be bright:*
And the chief point of all is to keep out of sight.
" *In the month of* May, none *but the* May-fly,
" *For every month, one,*" *is a pitiful lye.*

The black Hawthorn-fly *must be very small;*
And the sandy hog's hair is, sure, best of all
(For the mallard-wing May-fly, and peacock's train,
Will look like the flesh-fly,) to kill Trout amain.

feather; and grounds of such wool and crewel as will make the grasshopper. And note, that usually the smallest flies are the best; and note also, that the light fly does usually make most sport in a dark day, and the darkest and least fly in a bright or clear day: and lastly note, that you are to repair upon any occasion to your magazine-bag; and upon any occasion, vary and make them lighter or sadder, according to your fancy, or the day.

And now I shall tell you, that the fishing with a NATURAL-FLY is excellent, and affords much pleasure. They may be found thus: the *May-fly*, usually in and about that month, near to the river side, especially against rain: the *Oak-fly*, on the butt or body of an oak or ash, from the beginning of May to the end of August; it is a brownish fly and easy to be found, and stands usually with his head downward, that is to say, towards the root of the tree:[1] the small black-fly, or *Hawthorn-fly*,

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The Oak-fly *is good, if it have a brown wing.*
So is the grasshopper, that in July *doth sing:*
With a green body make him, on a middle-siz'd hook,
But when you have catcht fish, then play the good cook.

* Compare this with what is said at the end of Walton's *Preface.*

Once more, my good brother, I'll speak in thy ear:
Hog's, red cow's, and bear's wool, to float best appear:
And so doth your fur, if rightly it fall:
But always remember, Make two, *and make* all.*
A specimen of Mr. Barker's poetry!

(1) The Oak-fly is known also by the names of the Ash-fly and the Woodcock-fly; and in Shropshire it is called the cannon or Downhill-fly. Bowlker, in his *Art of Angling*, page 63, says: "This fly, as I have lately been informed by a gentleman of veracity, is bred in those little balls which grow on the boughs of large oaks, commonly called oak-apples; which he accidentally discovered, by opening several of these balls which had been gathered in the winter, and brought into the house; in each of which was found the cannon-fly, some of which being enlivened by the warmth of the room immediately took flight, and fixed in the window with the head downwards, the position they observe on the trees."

This discovery, by which the formation of galls is accounted for, as well as the substances above-mentioned, was made long ago by the sagacious Malpighi, who had with great diligence attended to the operations of insects in the act of depositing their eggs; and in his treatise *De Gallis*, he describes the hollow instrument wherewith many flies are provided, with which they perforate the tegument of leaves, fruits, or buds, and through the hollow of it inject their eggs into the wounds which they have made, where, in process of time, they hatch

is to be had on any hawthorn bush after the leaves be come forth. With these and a short line, (as I shewed to angle for a Chub,*) you may dape or dop, and also with a grasshopper, behind a tree, or in any deep hole; still making it to move on the top of the water as if it were alive, and still keeping yourself out of sight, you shall certainly have sport if there be Trouts; yea, in a hot day, but especially in the evening of a hot day, you will have sport.

* *See* page 53.

And now, scholar, my direction for fly-fishing is ended with this shower, for it has done raining. And now look about you, and see how pleasantly that meadow looks; nay, and the earth smells as sweetly too. Come let me tell you what holy Mr. Herbert says of such days and flowers as these, and then we will thank God that we enjoy them, and walk to the river and sit down quietly, and try to catch the other brace of Trouts.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
for thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
and thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie;
My music shews you have your closes,
and all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives,
But when the whole world turns to coal,
then chiefly lives.

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and are nourished; and this he beheld one of these insects doing in the bud of an oak. See Malpighi, *de Gallis*, page 47. See also Dr. Plot's *History of Staffordshire*, 224.

And Dr. Derham says, he himself "had once the good fortune to see an oak-ball ichneumon strike its *terebra* into an oak-apple divers times, no doubt to lay its eggs therein." *Phys. Theol.* Book viii. Chap. 6. Note *bb*.

There is no comparison between the first of these authorities and those of the two persons last-mentioned: but it is pleasing to apply the accidental discoveries of unlearned men to the confirmation of hypotheses of which they are ignorant.

Ven. I thank you, good master, for your good direction for fly-fishing, and for the sweet enjoyment of the pleasant day, which is so far spent without offence to God or man: and I thank you for the sweet close of your discourse with Mr. Herbert's verses; who, I have heard, loved angling; and I do the rather believe it, because he had a spirit suitable to anglers, and to those primitive Christians that you love, and have so much commended.

Pisc. Well, my loving scholar, and *I* am pleased to know that you are so well pleased with my direction and discourse.

And since you like these verses of Mr. Herbert's so well, let me tell you what a reverend and learned divine that professes to imitate him, (and has indeed done so most excellently,) hath writ of our book of *Common Prayer;* which I know you will like the better, because he is a friend of mine, and I am sure no enemy to angling.[1]

What! PRAY'R *by the* BOOK? *and* COMMON? Yes; why not?
The *spirit of grace*
And supplication
Is not left free *alone*
For time and place,
But manner too: TO READ, OR SPEAK, *by rote,*
Is all alike to him that prays,
In's heart, what with his mouth he says.

They that in private, by themselves alone,
Do pray, may take
What liberty they please,
In chusing of the ways
Wherein to make
Their soul's most intimate affections known
To him that sees in secret, when
Th' are most conceal'd from other men.

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(1) This passage goes very near to unfold to us a secret in literary history, *viz.* the name of the author of the *Synagogue*, a collection of poems, suppletory to that of Mr. George Herbert entitled the *Temple*. For we see "Ch. Harvie" subscribed to the ensuing EULOGIUM on the *Common Prayer*, WHICH is also to be found in the *Synagogue*. And I find in the *Athen. Oxon.* Vol. I. 267. a *Christopher Harvey*; a Master of Arts, Vicar of Clifton in Warwickshire; born in 1597, and who lived to 1663, and perhaps after. Further, the second copy of commendatory verses, prefixed to this book, has the subscription "Ch.

But he that unto others leads the way
In public prayer,
Should do it so,
As all, that hear, may know
They need not fear
To tune their hearts unto his tongue, and say
Amen; not doubt they were betray'd
To blaspheme, when they meant to have pray'd.

Devotion will add life unto the letter:
And why should not
That which authority
Prescribes, esteemed be
Advantage got?
If th' prayer be *good*, the *commoner* the better,
Prayer in the Church's WORDS *as well*
As SENSE, of all prayers bears the bell.[1]

CH. HARVIE.

And now, scholar, I think it will be time to repair to our angle-rods, which we left in the water to fish for themselves; and you shall choose which shall be yours; and it is an even lay, one of them catches.

And, let me tell you, this kind of fishing with a dead rod, and laying night-hooks, are like putting money to use; for they both work for the owners when they do nothing but sleep, or eat, or rejoice, as you know we have done this last hour, and sat as quietly and as free from cares under this sycamore, as Virgil's Tityrus and his Melibœus did under their broad beech-tree. No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is pre-

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Harvie, M. A." The presumption, therefore, is very strong, that both were written by the Christopher Harvey above-mentioned. At the end of the *Synagogue* are some verses subscribed "Iz. Wa."

(1) These verses were written at or near the time when the *Liturgy* was abolished by an ordinance of parliament, and while it was agitating, as a theological question, whether, of the two, *pre conceived* or *extemporary* prayer be most agreeable to the sense of Scripture? In favour of the former, I have heard it asserted by a very eloquent person, and one of the ablest writers both in prose and verse now living, that he never, without premeditation, could address his Maker in terms suited to his conceptions; and that of all written composition he had found that of prayer to be the most difficult. Of the same opinion is a very eminent prelate of this day; who, (being himself an excellent judge of literature), in a conversation on the subject, declared it to me, at the same time saying, that, excepting those in the *Liturgy*, he looked on the prayers of Dr. Jeremy Taylor, that occur in the course of his works, as by far the most eloquent and energetic of any in our language.

venting or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip-banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams, which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling, as Dr. Boteler[1] said of strawberries, "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did;" and so, (if I might be judge,) "God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling."

I'll tell you, scholar; when I sat last on this primrose-bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the emperor did of the city of Florence: "that they were too pleasant to be looked on, but only on holy-days." As I then sat on this very grass, I turned my present thoughts into verse: 'twas a *Wish*, which I'll repeat to you.[2]

THE ANGLER'S WISH.

I in these flowery meads would be:
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise
I with my angle would rejoice:
Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love:

Or, on that bank, feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty: please my mind,
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then washed off by *April* showers:
Here, hear my *Kenna* sing[3] a song* ;
There, see a blackbird feed her young,

* *Like Hermit poor.*

(1) The person here mentioned I take to be Dr. *William Butler*, an eminent physician of our author's time, styled by Fuller, in his *Worthies, Suffolk*, 67, the Æsculapius of the age: he invented a medical drink, called "Dr. Butler's Ale," which, if not now, was a very few years ago sold at certain houses in London, that had his head for a sign. One of these was in Ivy-lane, and another in an alley leading from Coleman-street to Basinghall-street. He was a great humourist; a circumstance in his character which, joined to his reputation for skill in his profession, might contribute to render him popular.

(2) We have here little less than Walton's own word for it, that the following beautiful *Stanzas* are of his writing. That he had in his mind a vein of poetry, is noted in our *Life* of him; to which let me add, that the name of his supposed mistress, "Kenna," seems clearly to be formed from the maiden-name of his wife, which was KEN.

(3) We see, by the *Author's* reference to the margin, that he wishes to hear Kenna, his mistress, sing the song "*Like Hermit poor.*" This song was set

Or a leverock build her nest:
Here, give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitch'd thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love:
Thus, free from law-suits and the noise
Of princes' courts, I would rejoice:

Or, with my *Bryan*,[1] and a book,
Loiter long days near *Shawford-brook*;[2]
There sit by him, and eat my meat,
There see the sun both rise and set:
There bid good morning to next day;
There meditate my time away;
And angle on; and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

When I had ended this composure, I left this place, and saw a brother of the angle sit under that honeysuckle hedge, one that will prove worth your acquaintance. I sat down by him, and presently we met with an accidental piece of merriment, which I will relate to you, for it rains still.

On the other side of this very hedge sat a gang of

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to music by Mr. Nich. Laneare, an eminent master of Walton's time; (who, we are told by Wood, was also an excellent painter; and whose portrait is yet to be seen in the Music-School at Oxford;) and is printed with the notes, in a Collection entitled *Select musical ayres and dialogues*, folio, 1653.

It was also set by Sig. Alfonso Ferabosco, and published in a collection of his airs, in folio, 1609; but Laneare's composition is preferred.

There is no doubt but that this song was (and probably with Mrs. Walton) a favourite one; for, some years after the Restoration, the three first words of it were become a phrase. The affected writer of the *Life of the Lord-keeper Guildford*, page 212 of that book, speaking of Sir Job Charleton, then chief-justice of Chester, says, he wanted to speak with the *King;* and went to Whitehall, where, returning from his walk in St. James's park, he must pass; and there he sat him down, "*like hermit poor*." And I also find, among the poems of Mr. Phineas Fletcher, hereafter mentioned, a metaphrase of the xliid Psalm; which, we are told, may be sung to the tune of, "*Like hermit poor*." Further, we meet with an allusion to this song in *Hudibras*, Part I. Canto ii. line 1169.

"That done, they ope the trap-door gate,
And let Crowdero down thereat;
Crowdero making doleful face,
Like hermit poor in pensive place."

(1) A friend conjectures this to be the name of his favourite dog.

(2) Shawford-brook, part of the river Sow, running through the very land which Walton bequeathed in his will to the corporation of Stafford to find coals for the poor: the right of fishery in which attaches to this little estate.

The house, described by Walton in his will, is now divided. The brook is a beautiful winding stream, and the situation such as would be likely to create admiration in a mind like Walton's.

gypsies; and near to them sat a gang of beggars. The gypsies were then to divide all the money that had been got that week, either by stealing linen or poultry, or by fortune-telling or legerdemain; or, indeed, by any other sleights and secrets belonging to their mysterious government. And the sum that was got that week proved to be but twenty and some odd shillings. The odd money was agreed to be distributed amongst the poor of their own corporation: and for the remaining twenty shillings, that was to be divided unto four gentlemen gypsies, according to their several degrees in their commonwealth.

And the first or chiefest gypsy was, by consent, to have a third part of the twenty shillings; which all men know is 6*s.* 8*d.*

The second was to have a fourth part of the 20*s.* which all men know to be 5*s.*

The third was to have a fifth part of the 20*s.* which all men know to be 4*s.*

The fourth and last gypsy was to have a sixth part of the 20*s.* which all men know to be 3*s.* 4*d.*

As, for example,

3 times 6*s.* 8*d.* is ... 20*s.*
And so is 4 times 5*s.* ..... 20*s.*
And so is 5 times 4*s.* ..... 20*s.*
And so is 6 times 3*s.* 4*d.* ... 20*s.*

And yet he that divided the money was so very a gypsy, that though he gave to every one these said sums, yet he kept one shilling of it for himself.

As for example,

s.	*d.*
6	8
5	0
4	0
3	4
make but - - - 19	0

But now you shall know, that when the four gypsies saw that he had got one shilling by dividing the money, though not one of them knew any reason to demand more, yet, like lords and courtiers, every gypsy envied him that was the gainer; and wrangled with him; and every one said the remaining 1*s.* belonged to him: and so they fell to so high a contest about it, as none that knows the faithfulness of one gypsy to another will easily believe; only we that have lived these last twenty years are certain that money has been able to do much mischief. However, the gypsies were too wise to go to law, and did therefore choose their choice friends Rook and Shark, and our late English Gusman,[1] to be their arbitrators and umpires. And so they left this honeysuckle hedge, and went to tell fortunes and cheat, and get more money and lodging in the next village.

When these were gone, we heard as high a contention amongst the beggars, whether it was easiest to rip a cloak, or to unrip a cloak? One beggar affirmed it was all one: but that was denied, by asking her, If doing and undoing were all one? Then another said, 'twas easiest to unrip a cloak; for that was to let it alone; but she was answered, by asking her, how she unript it if she let it alone? and she confest herself mistaken. These and twenty such like questions were proposed and answered, with as much beggarly logic and earnestness as was ever heard to proceed from the mouth of the most pertinacious schismatic; and sometimes all the beggars, (whose number was neither more nor less than the poets' nine muses,) talked all together about this ripping and unripping; and

(1) Alluding to a work that appeared a few years before, entitled "*The English Gusman*, or, the History of that unparalleled thief, James Hind," written by George Fidge, 4to. Lond. 1652.

Hind made a considerable figure at the time of the great rebellion, and fought, both at Worcester and Warrington, on the king's side. He was arrested by order of the Parliament in 1651.

so loud, that not one heard what the other said: but, at last, one beggar craved audience; and told them that old father Clause, whom *Ben Jonson*, in his *Beggar's Bush*,[1] created king of their corporation, was to lodge at an ale-house, called *Catch-her-by-the-way*, not far from Waltham Cross, and in the high road towards London; and he therefore desired them to spend no more time about that and such like questions, but refer all to father Clause at night, for he was an upright judge, and in the mean time draw cuts, what song should be next sung, and who should sing it. They all agreed to the motion; and the lot fell to her that was the youngest, and veriest virgin of the company. And she sung Frank Davison's song, which he made forty years ago; and all the others of the company joined to sing the burthen with her. The ditty was this: but first the burthen:

Bright shines the sun, play beggars, play:
Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.

What noise of viols is so sweet,
As when our merry clappers ring?
What mirth doth want when beggars meet?
A beggar's life is for a king.
Eat, drink, and play; sleep when we list;
Go where we will, so stocks be mist.
Bright shines the sun, play beggars, play;
Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.

The world is ours, and ours alone;
For we alone have world at will.
We purchase not; all is our own;
Both fields and streets we beggars fill.
Play beggars, play, play beggars, play;
Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.

A hundred herds of black and white
Upon our gowns securely feed;
And yet if any dare us bite,
He dies therefore, as sure as creed.
Thus beggars lord it as they please,
And only beggars live at ease.
Bright shines the sun, play beggars, play;
Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.

(1) The Comedy of *The Royal Merchant*, or *Beggar's Bush*, was written by Beaumont and Fletcher, and not by Ben Jonson. It has also been attributed wholly to Fletcher.

Ven. I thank you, good master, for this piece of merriment, and this song, which was well humoured by the maker, and well remembered by you.

Pisc. But, I pray, forget not the catch which you promised to make against night; for our countryman, honest Coridon, will expect your catch, and my song, which I must be forced to patch up, for it is so long since I learnt it, that I have forgot a part of it. But, come, now it hath done raining, let's stretch our legs a little in a gentle walk to the river, and try what interest our angles will pay us for lending them so long to be used by the Trouts; lent them indeed, like usurers, for our profit and their destruction.

Ven. Oh me! look you, master, a fish! a fish! Oh, alas, master, I have lost her!

Pisc. I marry, Sir, that was a good fish indeed: if I had had the luck to have taken up that rod, then 'tis twenty to one he should not have broke my line by running to the rod's end, as you suffered him. I would have held him within the bent of my rod, (unless he had been fellow to the great Trout that is near an ell long, which was of such a length and depth, that he had his picture drawn, and now is to be seen at mine host Rickabie's, at the George in Ware,) and it may be, by giving that very great Trout the rod, that is, by casting it to him into the water, I might have caught him at the long run; for so I use always to do when I meet with an overgrown fish; and you will learn to do so too, hereafter; for I tell you, scholar, fishing is an art, or, at least, it is an art to catch fish.

Ven. But, master, I have heard that the great Trout you speak of is a Salmon.

Pisc. Trust me, scholar, I know not what to say to it. There are many country people that believe hares change sexes every year: and there be very many learned men think so too, for in their dissecting them they find

many reasons to incline them to that belief. And to make the wonder seem yet less, that hares change sexes, note that Dr. Mer. Casaubon affirms, in his book *Of credible and incredible things*, that Gasper Peucerus, a learned physician,[1] tells us of a people that once a year turn wolves, partly in shape, and partly in conditions. And so, whether this were a Salmon when he came into fresh water, and his not returning into the sea hath altered him to another colour or kind, I am not able to say; but I am certain he hath all the signs of being a Trout, both for his shape, colour, and spots: and yet many think he is not.

Ven. But, master, will this Trout which I had hold of die? for it is like he hath the hook in his belly.

Pisc. I will tell you, scholar, that unless the hook be fast in his very gorge, 'tis more than probable he will live, and a little time, with the help of the water, will rust the hook, and it will in time wear away, as the gravel doth in the horse-hoof, which only leaves a false quarter.

And now, scholar, let's go to *my* rod. Look you scholar, I have a fish too, but it proves a logger-headed Chub; and this is not much amiss, for this will pleasure some poor body, as we go to our lodging to meet our brother Peter and honest Coridon. Come, now bait your hook again, and lay it into the water, for it rains again; and we will even retire to the sycamore-tree, and there I will give you more directions concerning fishing, for I would fain make you an artist.

Ven. Yes, good master, I pray let it be so.

Pisc. Well, scholar, now we are sate down and are at ease, I shall tell you a little more of Trout-fishing, before I speak of the Salmon (which I purpose shall be next), and then of the Pike or Luce.

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(1) And mathematician, born at Lusatia, in 1525; he married the daughter of Melancthon, wrote many books on various subjects, and died 1602, aged 78.

You are to know, there is night as well as day-fishing for a Trout; and that, in the night, the best Trouts come out of their holes. And the manner of taking them, is on the top of the water with a great lob or garden-worm, or rather two, which you are to fish with in a place where the waters run somewhat quietly, for in a stream the bait will not be so well discerned. I say, in a quiet or dead place, near to some swift, there draw your bait over the top of the water, to and fro, and if there be a good Trout in the hole, he will take it, especially if the night be dark, for then he is bold, and lies near the top of the water, watching the motion of any frog, or water-rat, or mouse, that swims betwixt him and the sky; these he hunts after, if he sees the water but wrinkle or move in one of these dead holes, where these great old Trouts usually lie, near to their holds: for you are to note, that the great old Trout is both subtle and fearful, and lies close all day, and does not usually stir out of his hold, but lies in it as close in the day as the timorous hare does in her form; for the chief feeding of either is seldom in the day, but usually in the night, and then the great Trout feeds very boldly.

And you must fish for him with a strong line, and not a little hook; and let him have time to gorge your hook, for he does not usually forsake it, as he oft will in the day-fishing. And if the night be not dark, then fish so with an artificial fly of a light colour, and at the snap: nay, he will sometimes rise at a dead mouse, or a piece of cloth, or any thing that seems to swim across the water, or to be in motion. This is a choice way, but I have not oft used it, because it is void of the pleasures that such days as these, that we two now enjoy, afford an angler.

And you are to know, that in Hampshire, which I think exceeds all England for swift, shallow, clear, pleasant brooks, and store of Trouts, they use to catch Trouts in

the night, by the light of a torch or straw, which, when they have discovered, they strike with a Trout-spear, or other ways. This kind of way they catch very many: but I would not believe it till I was an eye-witness of it, nor do I like it now I have seen it.

Ven. But, master, do not Trouts see us in the night?

Pisc. Yes, and hear, and smell too, both then and in the day-time: for *Gesner* observes, the Otter smells a fish forty furlongs off him in the water: and that it may be true, seems to be affirmed by Sir Francis Bacon, in the eighth century of his *Natural History*, who there proves that waters may be the medium of sounds, by demonstrating it thus; "That if you knock two stones together very deep under the water, those that stand on a bank near to that place may hear the noise without any diminution of it by the water." He also offers the like experiment concerning the letting an anchor fall, by a very long cable or rope, on a rock, or the sand, within the sea. And this being so well observed and demonstrated as it is by that learned man, has made me to believe that Eels unbed themselves and stir at the noise of thunder, and not only, as some think, by the motion or stirring of the earth which is occasioned by that thunder.

And this reason of Sir Francis Bacon, (*Exper.* 792,) has made me crave pardon of one that I laughed at for affirming that he knew Carps come to a certain place, in a pond, to be fed at the ringing of a bell or the beating of a drum. And, however, it shall be a rule for me to make as little noise as I can when I am fishing until Sir Francis Bacon be confuted, which I shall give any man leave to do.[1]

(1) That fish hear, is confirmed by the authority of late writers: Swammerdam asserts it, and adds, that "they have a wonderful labyrinth of the ear for that purpose." See Swammerdam, *Of Insects*, edit. London, 1758, p. 50. A clergyman, a friend of mine, assures me, that at the abbey of St. Bernard, near Antwerp, he saw Carp come at the whistling of the feeder.

And lest you may think him singular in this opinion, I will tell you, this seems to be believed by our learned Doctor Hakewill, who in his *Apology of God's power and providence*,[1] f. 360, quotes *Pliny* to report that one of the emperors had particular fish-ponds, and, in them, several fish that appeared and came when they were called by their particular names.[2] And St. *James* tells us, chap. 3. 7. that all things in the sea have been tamed by mankind. And *Pliny* tells us, *lib.* ix. 35. that Antonia, the wife of Drusus, had a Lamprey at whose gills she hung jewels or ear-rings; and that others have been so tender-hearted as to shed tears at the death of fishes which they have kept and loved. And these observations, which will to most hearers seem wonderful, seem to have a further confirmation from *Martial*,[3] *lib.* iv. *Epigr.* 30. who writes thus:

Piscator, fuge; ne nocens, &c.

Angler! would'st thou be guiltless? then forbear;
For these are sacred fishes that swim here,
Who know their sovereign, and will lick his hand;
Than which none's greater in the world's command:
Nay more, they've names, and, when they called are,
Do to their several owner's call repair.

All the furthur use that I shall make of this shall be, to

(1) This book, which was published in folio, 1635, and is full of excellent learning and good sense, contains an examination and censure of that common error which philosophers have fallen into, "that there is in nature a perpetual and universal decay;" the contrary whereof, after an extensive view of the history of the physical and moral world, and a judicious and impartial comparison of former ages with that wherein the author lived, is with great force of argument demonstrated. The reader may, in this book, meet with a relation of that instance of Lord Cromwell's gratitude to Sig. Frescobaldi, a Florentine merchant, which is given, in a dramatic form, in the *History of Thomas Lord Cromwell*, published as Shakspeare's by some of the earlier editors of his works.

(2) Mons. Berneier, in his *History of Indostan*, reports the like of the Great Mogul.

(3) The verses cited are as follow:

"Piscator, fuge; ne nocens recedas,
Sacris piscibus hæ natantur undæ;
Qui nôrunt dominum, manumque lambunt
Illam, quâ nihil est, in orbe, majus:
Quid, quod nomen habent; et ad magistri
Vocem quisque sui venit citatus."

advise anglers to be patient, and forbear swearing, lest they be heard, and catch no fish.

And so I shall proceed next to tell you, it is certain that certain fields near Leominster, a town in Herefordshire, are observed to make the sheep that graze upon them more fat than the next, and also to bear finer wool; that is to say, that that year in which they feed in such a particular pasture, they shall yield finer wool than they did that year before they came to feed in it; and coarser, again, if they shall return to their former pasture; and, again, return to a finer wool, being fed in the fine wool ground: which I tell you, that you may the better believe that I am certain, if I catch a Trout in one meadow, he shall be white and faint, and very like to be lousy; and as certainly, if I catch a Trout in the next meadow, he shall be strong, and red, and lusty, and much better meat. Trust me, scholar, I have caught many a Trout in a particular meadow, that the very shape and the enamelled colour of him hath been such as hath joyed me to look on him: and I have then, with much pleasure, concluded with Solomon, "Every thing is beautiful in his season."

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(1) The Trout delights in small purling rivers, and brooks, with gravelly bottoms and a swift stream. His haunts are an eddy, behind a stone, a log, or a bank that projects forward into the river, and against which the stream drives; a shallow between two streams; or, towards the latter end of the summer, a mill-tail. His hold is usually in the deep, under the hollow of a bank, or the root of a tree.

The Trout spawns about the beginning of November, and does not recover till the beginning of March.

Walton has been so particular on the subject of Trout-fishing, that he has left very little room to say any thing, by way of annotation, with respect to Baits, or the method of taking this fish: yet there are some directions and observations pertinent to this chapter, which it would not be consistent with the ntended copiousness and accuracy of this work to omit.

When you fish for large Trout or Salmon, a *winch* will be very useful: upon the rod with which you use the winch, whip a number of small rings of about an eighth of an inch diameter, and, at first about two feet distant from each other, but, afterwards, diminishing gradually in their distances till you come o the end: the winch must be screwed on to the butt of your rod: and round he barrel let there be wound eight or ten yards of wove hair or silk line.

I should, by promise, speak next of the Salmon; but I will, by your favour, say a little of the Umber, or Grayling; which is so like a Trout for his shape and feeding, that I desire I may exercise your patience with a short discourse of him; and then, the next shall be of the Salmon.

CHAP. VI.

Observations on the UMBER *or* GRAYLING, *and Directions how to fish for him.*

Piscator. THE Umber and Grayling are thought by some to differ as the Herring and Pilchard do. But though they may do so in other nations, I think those in England differ nothing but in their names. Aldrovandus says, they be of a Trout kind; and Gesner says, that in his country, which is Switzerland, he is accounted the choisest of all fish. And in Italy, he is, in the month of May, so highly valued, that he is sold at a much higher rate than any other fish. The French, which call the Chub *Un Villain*, call the Umber, of the lake Leman, *Un Umble Cheralier;* and they value the Umber or Grayling so highly, that they say he feeds on gold; and say,

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When you have struck a fish that may endanger your tackle, let the line run, and wind him up as he tires.

You will find great convenience in a *spike*, made of a piece of the greater end of a sword-blade, screwed into the hither end of the butt of your rod: when you have struck a fish, retire backwards from the river, and by means of the spike, stick the rod perpendicular in the ground; you may then lay hold on the line, and draw the fish to you, as you see proper.

When you angle for a Trout, whether with a fly or at the ground, you need make but three or four trials in a place; which if unsuccessful, you may conclude there are none there.

Walton, in speaking of the several rivers where Trout are found, has made no mention of the *Kennet;* which, undoubtedly, produces as good and as many Trouts as any river in England. In the reign of King Charles the Second, a Trout was taken in that river, near Newbury, with a casting-net, which measured forty-five inches in length.

that many have been caught out of their famous river of Loire, out of whose bellies grains of gold have been often taken. And some think that he feeds on water-thyme, and smells of it at his first taking out of the water; and they may think so with as good reason as we do that our Smelts smell like violets at their first being caught, which I think is a truth. Aldrovandus says, the Salmon, the Grayling, and Trout, and all fish that live in clear and sharp streams, are made by their mother nature of such exact shape and pleasant colours purposely to invite us to a joy and contentedness in feasting with her. Whether this is a truth or not, it is not my purpose to dispute: but 'tis certain, all that write of the Umber declare him to be very medicinable. And Gesner says, that the fat of an Umber or Grayling, being set, with a little honey, a day or two in the sun, in a little glass, is very excellent against redness, or swarthiness, or any thing that breeds in the eyes. Salvian[1] takes him to be called Umber from his swift swimming, or gliding out of sight more like a shadow or a ghost than a fish. Much more might be said both of his smell and taste: but I shall only tell you, that St. Ambrose, the glorious bishop of Milan, who lived when the church kept fasting-days, calls him the flower-fish, or flower of fishes; and that he was so far in love with him, that he would not let him pass without the honour of a long discourse; but I must; and pass on to tell you how to take this dainty fish.

First note, that he grows not to the bigness of a Trout; for the biggest of them do not usually exceed eighteen inches. He lives in such rivers as the Trout does; and is usually taken with the same baits as the

(1) *Hippolito Salviani*, an Italian physician of the sixteenth century: he wrote a treatise *De Piscibus, cum eorum figuris*, and died at Rome, 1572, aged 59.

Trout is, and after the same manner; for he will bite both at the minnow, or worm, or fly (though he bites not often at the minnow,) and is very gamesome at the fly; and much simpler, and therefore bolder than a Trout; for he will rise twenty times at a fly, if you miss him, and yet rise again. He has been taken with a fly, made of the red feathers of a *parakita*, a strange outlandish bird; and he will rise at a fly not unlike a gnat, or a small moth, or, indeed, at most flies that are not too big. He is a fish that lurks close all Winter, but is very pleasant and jolly *after mid-April*, and *in May*, and *in the hot months*. He is of a very fine shape, his flesh is white, his teeth, those little ones that he has, are in his throat, yet he has so tender a mouth, that he is oftener lost after an angler has hooked him than any other fish. Though there be many of these fishes in the delicate river Dove, and in Trent, and some other smaller rivers, as that which runs by Salisbury, yet he is not so general a fish as the Trout, nor to me so good to eat or to angle for.[1] And so I

(1) The haunts of the Grayling are so nearly the same with those of the Trout, that, in fishing for either, you may, in many rivers, catch both.

They *spawn about the beginning of April*, when they lie, mostly, in sharp streams.

Baits for the Grayling are chiefly the same as those for the Trout, except the minnow, which he will not take so freely. He will also take gentles very eagerly. When you fish for him with a fly, you can hardly use one too small.

The Grayling is much more apt to rise than descend; therefore, when you angle for him alone, and not for the Trout, rather use a float, with the bait from six to nine inches from the bottom, than the running-line.

The Grayling is found in great plenty in many rivers in the north, particularly the *Humber*. And in the *Wye*, which runs through Herefordshire and Monmouthshire into the *Severn*, I have taken, with an artificial fly, very large ones; as also great numbers of a small, but excellent fish, of the Trout kind, called a Last-spring; of which somewhat will be said in a subsequent note. They are not easily to be got at without a boat, or wading; for which reason, those of that country use a thing they call a thorrocle, or truckle: in some places it is called a coble, from the Latin *corbula*, a little basket: it is a basket shaped like the half of a walnut-shell, but shallower in proportion, and covered on the outside with a horse's-hide; it has a bench in the middle, and will just hold one person, and is so light, that the countrymen will hang it on their heads like a hood, and so travel with a small paddle which serves for a stick, till they come to a river; and then they launch it, and step in. There is great difficulty in getting into one of these truckles, for the instant you

shall take my leave of him: and now come to some observations of the Salmon, and how to catch him.

CHAP. VII.

Observations on the SALMON; *with Directions how to fish for him.*

Piscator. The Salmon is accounted the king of fresh-water fish; and is ever bred in rivers relating to the sea, yet so high, or far from it, as admits of no tincture of salt, or brackishness. He is said to *breed* or *cast his spawn*, in most rivers, in the month of August:[1] some say, that then they dig a hole or grave in a safe place in the gravel, and there place their eggs or spawn, after the melter has done his natural office, and then hide it most cunningly, and cover it over with gravel and stones; and then leave it to their Creator's protection, who, by a gentle heat which infuses into that cold element, makes it brood and beget life in the spawn, and to become Samlets early in the spring next following.

The Salmons having spent their appointed time, and done this natural duty in the fresh waters, they then haste to the sea before winter, both the melter and spawner: but if they be stopt by flood-gates or weirs, or lost in the fresh waters, then those so left behind by degrees grow sick and lean, and unseasonable, and *kip-*

touch it with your foot it flies from you: and when you are in, the least inclination of the body oversets it. It is very diverting to see how upright a man is forced to sit in these vessels and to mark with what state and solemnity he draws up the stone which serves for an anchor, when he would remove, and lets it down again; however, it is a sort of navigation that I would wish our piscatory disciple never to attempt.

(1) Their usual time of spawning is about the latter end of August or the beginning of September, but it is said that those in the Severn spawn in May.

per, that is to say, have boney gristles grow out of their lower chaps, not unlike a hawk's beak, which hinders their feeding; and, in time, such fish so left behind pine away and die. 'Tis observed, that he may live thus one year from the sea; but he then grows insipid and tasteless, and loses both his blood and strength, and pines and dies the second year. And 'tis noted, that those little Salmons called Skeggers, which abound in many rivers relating to the sea, are bred by such sick Salmons that might not go to the sea, and that though they abound, yet they never thrive to any considerable bigness.

But if the old Salmon gets to the sea, then that gristle which shews him to be *kipper*, wears away, or is cast off, as the eagle is said to cast his bill, and he recovers his strength, and comes next summer to the same river, if it be possible, to enjoy the former pleasures that there possest him;[1] for, as one has wittily observed, he has, like some persons of honour and riches which have both their winter and summer-houses, the fresh rivers for summer, and the salt water for winter, to spend his life in; which is not, as Sir Francis Bacon hath observed in his *History of Life and Death*, above ten years. And it is to be observed, that though the Salmon does grow big in the sea, yet he grows not fat but in fresh rivers; and it is observed, that the farther they get from the sea, they be both the fatter and better.

Next, I shall tell you, that though they make very hard shift to get out of the fresh rivers into the sea, yet they

(1) The migration of the Salmon and divers other sorts of fishes is analogous to that of Birds: and Mr. Ray confirms Walton's assertion, by saying, that "Salmon will yearly ascend up a river four or five hundred miles, only to cast their spawn, and secure it in banks of sand till the young be hatched and excluded; and then return to sea again." *Wisdom of God manifested in the Works of the Creation*, p. 130.

It may not be improper here to take notice, that in this, and several other parts of the book, the facts related by the author do most remarkably coincide with later discoveries of the most diligent and sagacious naturalists.

will make harder shift to get out of the salt into the fresh rivers, to spawn, or possess the pleasures that they have formerly found in them: to which end, they will force themselves through flood-gates, or over weirs, or hedges, or stops in the water, even to a height beyond common belief. Gesner speaks of such places as are known to be above eight feet high above water. And our Camden mentions, in his *Britannia*, the like wonder to be in Pembrokeshire, where the river Tivy falls into the sea; and that the fall is so downright, and so high, that the people stand and wonder at the strength and sleight by which they see the Salmon use to get out of the sea into the said river; and the manner and height of the place is so notable, that it is known, far, by the name of the *Salmon-leap*. Concerning which, take this also out of Michael Drayton,[1] my honest old friend; as he tells it you, in his *Polyolbion*:[2]

As when the Salmon seeks a fresher stream to find;
(Which hither from the sea comes, yearly, by his kind,)
As he towards season grows; and stems the wat'ry tract
Where *Tivy*, falling down, makes an high cataract,
Forc'd by the rising rocks that there her course oppose,
As tho' within her bounds they meant her to inclose;
Here, when the labouring fish does at the foot arrive,
And finds that by his strength he does but vainly strive;
His tail takes in his mouth, and bending like a bow
That's to full compass drawn, aloft himself doth throw,
Then springing at his height, as doth a little wand
That bended end to end, and started from man's hand,
Far off itself doth cast; so does the Salmon vault:
And if, at first, he fail, his second summersault

(1) An excellent poet, born in Warwickshire, 1563. Among his works, which are very numerous, is the *Polyolbion*, a chorographical description of the rivers, mountains, forests, castles, &c. in this island. Though this poem has great merit, it is rendered much more valuable by the learned notes of Mr. *Selden*. The author died in 1631, and lies buried among the poets in Westminster abbey.

(2) Dr. Warburton, in the *Preface* to his *Shakspeare*, speaking of this poem, says it was written by *one Drayton:* a mode of expression very common with great men, when they mean to consign the memory of others over to oblivion and contempt. Bishop Burnet, speaking of the negociations previous to the peace of Utrecht, says, in like manner, that "*one Prior* was employed to finish the treaty." But both those gentlemen, in their witty perversion of an innocent monosyllable, were but imitators of the Swedish ambassador, who complained to Whitlocke, that a treaty had been sent to be translated by *one Mr. Milton, a blind man*. Whitlocke's *Mem.* 633.

He instantly essays, and from his nimble ring
Still yerking, never leaves until himself he fling
Above the opposing stream.———

This Michael Drayton tells you, of this leap or summersault of the Salmon.

And, next, I shall tell you, that it is observed by Gesner and others, that there is no better Salmon than in England; and that though some of our northern counties have as fat, and as large as the river Thames, yet none are of so excellent a taste.[1]

And as I have told you, that Sir Francis Bacon observes, the age of a Salmon exceeds not ten years; so let me next tell you, that his growth is very sudden, it is said, that after he is got into the sea, he becomes, from a Samlet not so big as a Gudgeon, to be a Salmon, in as short a time as a gosling becomes to be a goose. Much of this has been observed, by tying a ribband, or some known tape or thread, in the tail of some young Salmons which have been taken in weirs as they have swimmed towards the salt water; and then by taking a part of them again, with the known mark, at the same place, at their return from the sea, which is usually about six months after; and the like experiment hath been tried upon young swallows, who have, after six months absence, been observed to return to the same chimney, there to make their nests and habitations for the summer following: which has inclined many to think, that every Salmon usually returns to the same river in which it was bred, as young pigeons taken out of the same dove-cote have also been observed to do.

(1) The following interesting article of intelligence appeared in one of the London Journals, 18 April 1789: "The largest salmon ever caught was yesterday brought to London. This extraordinary fish measured upwards of four feet, from the point of the nose to the extremity of the tail; and three feet round the thickest part of the body: its weight was seventy pounds within a few ounces. A fishmonger in the Minories cut it up at one shilling per pound, and the whole was sold almost immediately."

And you are yet to observe further, that the He-salmon is usually bigger than the Spawner; and that he is more kipper, and less able to endure a winter in the fresh water than the She is: yet she is, at that time of looking less kipper and better, as watry, and as bad meat.

And yet you are to observe, that as there is no general rule without an exception, so there are some few rivers in this nation that have Trouts and Salmons in season in winter, as 'tis certain there be in the river *Wye* in Monmouthshire, where they be in season, as Camden observes, from September till April. But, my scholar, the observation of this and many other things I must in manners omit, because they will prove too large for our narrow compass of time, and, therefore, I shall next fall upon my directions **how to fish for this Salmon.**

And, for that: First you shall observe, that usually he stays not long in a place, as Trouts will, but, as I said, covets still to go nearer the spring-head;[1] and that he does not, as the Trout and many other fish, lie near the water-side or bank, or roots of trees, but swims in the deep and broad parts of the water, and usually in the middle, and near the ground, and that there you are to fish for him, and that it is to be caught, as the Trout is, with a worm, a minnow, (which some call a penk,) or with a fly.

And you are to observe, that he is very seldom observed to bite at a minnow, yet sometimes he will, and not usually at a fly, but more usually at a worm, and then most usually at a lob or garden-worm, which should be well scoured, that is to say, kept seven or eight days in moss before you fish with them: and if you double your time of eight into sixteen, twenty, or more days, it is still the better; for the worms will still be clearer, tougher,

(1) The Salmon delights in large rapid rivers, especially such as have pebbly, gravelly, and sometimes weedy bottoms.

and more lively, and continue so longer upon your hook. And they may be kept longer by keeping them cool, and in fresh moss; and some advise to put camphor into it.[1]

Note also, that many use to fish for a salmon with a ring of wire on the top of their rod, through which the line may run to as great a length as is needful, when he is hooked. And to that end, some use a wheel about the middle of their rod, or near their hand, which is to be observed better by seeing one of them than by a large demonstration of words.

And now I shall tell you that which may be called a secret. I *have been* a-fishing with old Oliver Henley, now with God, a noted fisher both for Trout and Salmon; and have observed, that he would usually take three or four worms out of his bag, and put them into a little box in his pocket, where he would usually let them continue half an hour or more, before he would bait his hook with them. I have asked him his reason, and he has replied, "He did but pick the best out to be in readiness against he baited his hook the next time:" but he has been observed, both by others and myself, to catch more fish than I, or any other body that has ever gone a-fishing with him could do, and especially Salmons. And I have been told lately, by one of his most intimate and secret friends, that the box in which he put those worms was anointed with a drop, or two or three, of the oil of ivy-berries, made by expression or infusion; and told, that by the worms remaining in that box an hour, or a like time, they had

(1) Baits for Salmon are: lob-worms, for the ground; smaller worms and bobs, cad bait, and, indeed, most of the baits taken by the trout, at the top of the water. And as to flies, remember to make them of the most gaudy colours, and very large. There is a fly called the horse-leech fly, which he is very fond of: they are of various colours, have great heads, large bodies, very long tails, and two (and some have three) pairs of wings, placed behind each other: in imitating this fly, behind each pair of wings, whip the body about with gold or silver twist, or both; and do the same by the head. Fish with it *at length*, as for Trout and Grayling. If you *dib*, do it with two or three butterflies of different colours, or with some of the most glaring small flies you can find.

incorporated a kind of smell that was irresistibly attractive, enough to force any fish within the smell of them to bite. This I heard not long since from a friend, but have not tried it; yet I grant it probable, and refer my reader to Sir Francis Bacon's *Natural History*, where he proves fishes may hear, and, doubtless, can more probably smell: and I am certain Gesner says, the Otter can smell in the water; and I know not but that fish may do so too. 'Tis left for a lover of angling, or any that desires to improve that art, to try this conclusion.

I shall also impart two other experiments, (but not tried by myself,) which I will deliver in the same words that they were given me, by an excellent angler and a very friend, in writing: he told me the latter was too good to be told, but in a learned language, lest it should be made common.

"Take the stinking oil drawn out of polypody of the oak by a retort, mixed with turpentine and hive-honey, and anoint your bait therewith, and it will doubtless draw the fish to it."

The other is this "*Vulnera hederæ grandissimæ inflicta sudant balsamum oleo gelato, albicantique persimile, odoris verò longè suavissimi.*"

"'Tis supremely sweet to any fish, and yet *assa fœtida* may do the like."[1]

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(1) There is extant, though I have never been able to get a sight of it, a book entitled, the *Secrets of Angling*, by J. D.; at the end of which is the following mystical recipe of "R. R." who possibly may be the "R. Roe" mentioned in the *Preface*. [to *Walton*.]

To bliss thy bait, and make the fish to bite,
Lo! here's a means, if thou canst hit it right:
Take gum of life, well beat and laid to soak
Ivy In oil well drawn from that * which kills the oak.
Fish where thou wilt, thou shalt have sport thy fill;
When others fail, thou shalt be sure to kill.

The ingenious author of the *Angler's Sure Guide*, published in 8vo. 1706; in the *Preface*, and elsewhere, ascribes this book to "that great practitioner, master and patron of angling, Dr. Donne." But I doubt as much, whether he was

But in these I have no great faith; yet grant it probable; and have had from some chemical men, (namely, from Sir George Hastings and others,) an affirmation of them to be very advantageous. But no more of these: especially not in this place.[1]

I might here, before I take my leave of the Salmon, tell you, that there is more than one sort of them, as namely, a Tecon, and another called in some places a Samlet, or by some a Skegger; (but these, and others which I forbear to name, may be fish of another kind, and differ as we know a Herring and a Pilchard do,[2]) which, I think are as different as the rivers in which they breed, and must, by me, be left to the disquisitions of men of more leisure, and of greater abilities than I profess myself to have.

And lastly, I am to borrow so much of your promised patience as to tell you, that the Trout, or Salmon, being in season, have, at their first taking out of the water, (which continues during life) their bodies adorned, the one with such red spots, and the other with such black or blackish spots, as give them such an addition of natural beauty, as I think was never given to any woman by the

an angler, as I do his being the author of the above book; neither of which circumstances would, I think, have been omitted by Walton, had the several facts been true.

(1) The following intelligence appeared in one of the London papers, 21st June, 1788, and should operate as a general caution against using, in the composition of baits, any ingredient prejudicial to the human constitution. "Newcastle, June 16. Last week, in Lancashire, two young men having caught a large quantity of Trout by mixing the water in a small brook with lime, ate heartily of the Trout at dinner the next day; they were seized, at midnight, with violent pains in the intestines; and though medical assistance was immediately procured, they expired before noon, in the greatest agonies."

(2) There is a fish, in many rivers, of the Salmon kind, which, though very small, is thought by some curious persons to be of the same species; and this, I take it, is the fish known by the different names of Salmon-Pink, Shedders, Skeggers, Last-springs, and Gravel Last-Springs. But there is another small fish very much resembling these in shape and colour, called the Gravel Last-Spring, found only in the river Wye and Severn; which is, undoubtedly, a distinct species: These spawn about the beginning of September: and in the Wye I have taken them with an ant-fly as fast as I could throw. Perhaps this is what Walton calls the Tecon.

artificial paint or patches in which they so much pride themselves in this age. And so I shall leave them both; and proceed to some observations on the Pike.

CHAP. VIII.

Observations on the LUCE *or* PIKE, *with Directions how to fish for him.*

Piscator. The mighty Luce or Pike is taken to be the tyrant, as the Salmon is the king of the fresh waters. 'Tis not to be doubted, but that they are bred, some by generation, and some not; as namely, of a weed called pickerel-weed, unless learned Gesner be much mistaken, for he says, this weed and other glutinous matter, with the help of the sun's heat, in some particular months, and some ponds apted for it by nature, do become Pikes. But, doubtless, divers Pikes are bred after this manner, or are brought into some ponds some such other ways as is past man's finding out, of which we have daily testimonies.

Sir Francis Bacon, in his *History of Life and Death*, observes the Pike to be the longest lived of any fresh-water fish; and yet he computes it to be not usually above forty years; and others think it to be not above ten years: and yet Gesner mentions a Pike taken in Swedeland, in the year 1449, with a ring about his neck, declaring he was put into that pond by Frederick the Second, more than two hundred years before he was last taken, as by the inscription in that ring, being Greek, was interpreted by the then Bishop of Worms.[1] But of this no more; but that

(1) The story is told by Hakewill, who in his "Apologie of the power and providence of God," fol. *Oxf.* 1635. P. I. p. 145, says, "I will close up this Chapter with a relation of Gesner's, in his Epistle to the Emperor Ferdinand, prefixed before his booke *De Piscibus*, touching the long life of a Pike which was cast into a pond or poole near Hailebrune in Swevia, with this inscription ingraven upon a collar of brass fastened about his necke. *Ego sum ille piscis huic stagno omnium primus impositus per mundi rectoris Frederici Secundi manus*, 5 Octobris, anno 1230. I am that fish which was first of all cast into this poole

it is observed, that the old or very great Pikes have in them more of state than goodness; the smaller or middle-sized Pikes being, by the most and choicest palates, observed to be the best meat: and, contrary, the Eel is observed to be the better for age and bigness.

All Pikes that live long prove chargeable to their keepers, because their life is maintained by the death of so many other fish, even those of their own kind; which has made him by some writers to be called the tyrant of the rivers, or the fresh-water wolf, by reason of his bold, greedy, devouring disposition; which is so keen, that, as Gesner relates, A man going to a pond, where it seems a Pike had devoured all the fish, to water his mule, had a Pike bit his mule by the lips; to which the Pike hung so fast, that the mule drew him out of the water; and by that accident, the owner of the mule angled out the Pike. And the same Gesner observes, that a maid in Poland had a Pike bit her by the foot, as she was washing clothes in a pond. And I have heard the like of a woman in Killingworth pond, not far from Coventry. But I have been assured by my friend Mr. Seagrave, of whom I spake to you formerly, that keeps tame Otters, that he hath known a Pike, in extreme hunger, fight with one of his Otters for a Carp that the Otter had caught, and was then bringing out of the water. I have told you who relate these things; and tell you they are persons of credit; and shall conclude this observation, by telling you, what a wise man has observed, "It is a hard thing to persuade the belly, because it has no ears."[1]

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by the hand of Fredericke the Second, governour of the world, the fift of October, in the year 1230. He was again taken up in the yeare 1497, and by the inscription it appeared he had then lived there 267 yeares."

(1) Bowlker, in his *Art of Angling* before cited, page 9, gives the following instance of the exceeding voracity of this fish: "My father catched a Pike in Baru-Meer, (a large standing-water in Cheshire) was an ell long, and weighed thirty-five pounds, which he brought to the lord Cholmondeley: his lordship ordered it to be turned into a canal in the garden, wherein were abundance of

But if these relations be disbelieved, it is too evident to be doubted, that a Pike will devour a fish of his own kind

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several sorts of fish. About twelve months after, his lordship draw'd the canal, and found that this overgrown Pike had devoured all the fish, except one large Carp, that weighed between nine and ten pounds, and that was bitten in several places. The Pike was then put into the canal again, together with abundance of fish with him to feed upon, all which he devoured in less than a year's time; and was observed by the gardener and workmen there, to take the ducks, and other water-fowl, under water. Whereupon they shot magpies and crows, and threw them into the canal, which the Pike took before their eyes: of this they acquainted their lord; who, thereupon, ordered the slaughterman to fling in calves-bellies, chickens-guts, and such like garbage to him, to prey upon: but being soon after neglected, he died, as supposed, for want of food.

The following relation was inserted as an article of news in one of the London Papers, 2d Jan. 1765.

Extract of a Letter from Littleport, Dec. 17.

"About ten days ago, a large Pike was caught in the river Ouse, which weighed upwards of 28 pounds, and was sold to a gentleman in the neighbourhood for a guinea. As the cook-maid was gutting the fish, she found, to her great astonishment, a watch with a black ribbon and two steel seals annexed, in the body of the Pike; the gentleman's butler, upon opening the watch, found the maker's name, Thomas Cranefield, Burnham, Norfolk. Upon a strict enquiry, it appears, that the said watch was sold to a gentleman's servant, who was unfortunately drowned about six weeks ago, in his way to Cambridge, between this place and South-Ferry. The watch is still in the possession of Mr. John Roberts, at the Cross-Keys in Littleport, for the inspection of the public."

And this in the same paper, the 25th of the same month and year. "On Tuesday last, at Lillishall lime-works, near *Newport*, a pool about nine yards deep, which has not been fished for ages, was let off by means of a level brought up to drain the works, when an enormous Pike was found: he was drawn out by a rope fastened round his head and gills, amidst hundreds of spectators, in which service a great many men were employed: he weighed upwards of 170 pounds, and is thought to be the largest ever seen. Some time ago, the clerk of the parish was trolling in the above pool, when his bait was seized by this furious creature, which by a sudden jerk pulled him in, and doubtless would have devoured him also, had he not, by wonderful agility and dexterous swimming, escaped the dreadful jaws of this voracious animal."

In Dr. Plot's *History of Staffordshire*, 246, are sundry relations of Pike of great magnitude; one in particular, caught in the Thame, an ell and two inches long.

The following story, containing further evidence of the voracity of this fish, with the addition of a pleasant circumstance, I met with in Fuller's *Worthies, Lincolnshire*, page 144.

"A cub Fox drinking out of the river Arnus in Italy, had his head seized on by a mighty Pike, so that neither could free themselves, but were ingrappled together. In this contest, a young man runs into the water, takes them out both alive, and carrieth them to the Duke of Florence, whose palace was hard by. The porter would not admit him, without a promise of sharing his full half in what the duke should give him; to which he (hopeless otherwise of entrance) condescended. The duke, highly affected with the rarity, was about giving him a good reward, which the other refused, desiring his highness would appoint one of his guard to give him an hundred lashes, that so his porter might have fifty according to his composition. And here my intelligence leaveth me, how much farther the jest was followed."

that shall be bigger than his belly or throat will receive, and swallow a part of him, and let the other part remain in his mouth till the swallowed part be digested, and then swallow that other part, that was in his mouth, and so put it over by degrees; which is not unlike the Ox, and some other beasts taking their meat, not out of their mouth immediately into their belly, but first into some place betwixt, and then chew it, or digest it by degrees after, which is called chewing the cud. And, doubtless, Pikes will bite when they are not hungry; but, as some think, even for very anger, when a tempting bait comes near to them.

And it is observed that the Pike will eat venomous things, as some kind of frogs are, and yet live without being harmed by them; for as some say, he has in him a natural balsam, or antidote against all poison. And he has a strange heat, that though it appears to us to be cold, can yet digest or put over any fish-flesh, by degrees, without being sick. And others observe that he never eats the venomous frog till he have first killed her, and then as ducks are observed to do to frogs in spawning-time, at which time some frogs are observed to be venomous, so thoroughly washed her, by tumbling her up and down in the water, that he may devour her without danger. And Gesner affirms, that a Polonian gentleman did faithfully assure him he had seen two young geese at one time in the belly of a Pike. And doubtless a Pike in his height of hunger will bite at and devour a dog that swims in a pond; and there have been examples of it, or the like; for as I told you, "the belly has no ears when hunger comes upon it."

The same Author relates, from a book entitled *Vox Piscis*, printed in 1626, that one Mr. Anderson, a townsman and merchant of Newcastle, talking with a friend on Newcastle bridge, and fingering his ring, let it fall into the river; but it having been swallowed by a fish, and the fish afterwards taken, the ring was found and restored to him. *Worthies, Northumberland*, 310. A like story is, by Herodotus, related of Polycrates king of Samos.

The Pike is also observed to be a solitary, melancholy, and a bold fish: melancholy, because he always swims or rests himself alone, and never swims in shoals or with company, as Roach and Dace, and most other fish do: and bold, because he fears not a shadow, or to see or be seen of any body, as the Trout and Chub, and all other fish do.

And it is observed by Gesner, that the jaw-bones, and hearts, and galls of Pikes are very medicinable for several diseases, or to stop blood, to abate fevers, to cure agues, to oppose or expel the infection of the plague, and to be many ways medicinable and useful for the good of mankind: but he observes, that the biting of a Pike is venomous, and hard to be cured.

And it is observed, that the Pike is a fish that breeds but once a year; and that other fish, as namely Loaches, do breed oftener: as we are certain tame Pigeons do almost every month; and yet the Hawk, a bird of prey, as the Pike is a fish, breeds but once in twelve months. And you are to note, that his time of breeding, or spawning, is usually about the end of *February*, or somewhat later, *in March*, as the weather proves colder or warmer: and to note, that his manner of breeding is thus: a he and a she-Pike will usually go together out of a river into some ditch or creek; and that there the spawner casts her eggs, and the melter hovers over her all that time that she is casting her spawn, but touches her not.[1]

I might say more of this, but it might be thought curiosity or worse, and shall therefore forbear it; and take up so much of your attention as to tell you, that the best of Pikes are noted to be in rivers; next, those in great ponds or meres; and the worst, in small ponds.

(1) Very late discoveries of naturalists contradict this hypothesis concerning the generation of fishes, and prove that they are produced by the conjunction of the male and female, as other animals are. See the *Philosophical Transactions*, Vol. XLVIII. Part II. for the year 1754, page 870.

But before I proceed further, I am to tell you, that there is a great antipathy betwixt the Pike and some frogs: and this may appear to the reader of Dubravius, a bishop in Bohemia,[1] who, in his book *Of Fish and Fish-ponds*, relates what he says he saw with his own eyes, and could not forbear to tell the reader. Which was:

"As he and the Bishop Thurzo were walking by a large pond in Bohemia, they saw a frog, when the Pike lay very sleepily and quiet by the shore side, leap upon his head; and the frog having expressed malice or anger by his swoln cheeks and staring eyes, did stretch out his legs and embraced the Pike's head, and presently reached them to his eyes, tearing, with them and his teeth, those tender parts: the Pike moved with anguish, moves up and down the water, and rubs himself against weeds and whatever he thought might quit him of his enemy; but all in vain, for the frog did continue to ride triumphantly, and to bite and torment the Pike till his strength failed; and then the frog sunk with the Pike to the bottom of the water: then presently the frog appeared again at the top, and croaked, and seemed to rejoice like a conqueror, after which he presently retired to his secret hole. The bishop, that had beheld the battle, called his

(1) *Janus Dubravius Scala*, bishop of Olmutz, in Moravia, in the sixteenth century, was born at Pilsen, in Bohemia. The functions of the Bishopric did not hinder him from being an Ambassador into Sicily, then into Bohemia, and President of the chamber established to proceed against the rebels who had borne a part in the troubles of Smalcald. Besides the above book, (the Latin title whereof is, *De Piscinis & Piscium qui in eis aluntur naturis.*) he appears, by the Bodleian Catalogue, to have written, in Latin, a *History of Bohemia*; and an oration to Sigismund, king of Poland, exhorting him to make war on the Turks. He seems to have practised the ordering of fish ponds and the breeding of fish, both for delight and profit. Hoffman, who in his *Lexicon* has given his name a place, says, he died with the reputation of a pious and learned prelate, in 1553, which last particular may admit of question; for, if it be true, it makes all his writings posthumous Publications, the earliest whereof bears date, anno 1559.

His book *On Fish and Fish-ponds*, in which are many pleasant relations, was, in 1599, translated into English, and published in 4to. by George Churchey, Fellow of Lion's Inn, with the title of *A new Book of good Husbandry, very pleasant and of great profit, both for gentlemen and yeomen, containing the order and manner of making of fish-ponds, &c.*

fisherman to fetch his nets, and by all means to get the Pike, that they might declare what had happened: and the Pike was drawn forth; and both his eyes eaten out; at which when they began to wonder, the fisherman wished them to forbear, and assured them he was certain that Pikes were often so served."

I told this, which is to be read in the sixth chapter of the [d] book of Dubravius, unto a friend, who replied, "It was as improbable as to have the mouse scratch out the cat's eyes." But he did not consider, that there be Fishing-frogs, which the Dalmatians call the Water-devil, of which I might tell you as wonderful a story: but I shall tell you that 'tis not to be doubted but that there be some frogs so fearful of the water-snake, that when they swim in a place in which they fear to meet with him, they then get a reed across into their mouths; which, if they two meet by accident, secures the frog from the strength and malice of the snake; and note, that the frog usually swims the fastest of the two.

And let me tell you, that as there be water and land-frogs, so there be land and water-snakes. Concerning which take this observation, that the land-snake breeds and hatches her eggs, which become young snakes, in some old dunghill, or a like hot place: but the water-snake, which is not venomous, and as I have been assured by a great observer of such secrets, does not hatch, but breed her young alive, which she does not then forsake, but bides with them, and in case of danger will take them all into her mouth and swim away from any apprehended danger, and then let them out again when she thinks all danger to be past: these be accidents that we Anglers sometimes see, and often talk of.

But whither am I going? I had almost lost myself,

(d) Walton should have said of the *first* book; for there it is to be found.

by remembering the discourse of Dubravius. I will therefore stop here; and tell you, according to my promise, how to catch the Pike.

His feeding is usually of fish or frogs; and sometimes a weed of his own, called pickerel-weed, of which I told you some think Pikes are bred; for they have observed, that where none have been put into ponds, yet they have there found many; and that there has been plenty of that weed in those ponds, and [they think] that that weed both breeds and feeds them: but whether those Pikes so bred will ever breed by generation as the others do, I shall leave to the disquisitions of men of more curiosity and leisure than I profess myself to have: and shall proceed to tell you, that you may fish for a Pike, either with a ledger or a walking-bait; and you are to note, that I call that a *Ledger-bait*, which is fixed or made to rest in one certain place when you shall be absent from it; and I call that a *Walking-bait*, which you take with you, and have ever in motion. Concerning which two, I shall give you this direction; that your ledger-bait is best to be a living bait, (though a dead one may catch,) whether it be a fish or a frog: and that you may make them live the longer, you may, or indeed you must take this course:

First, for your LIVE-BAIT. Of *fish*, a roach or dace is, I think, best and most tempting; and a pearch is the longest lived on a hook, and having cut off his fin on his back, which may be done without hurting him, you must take your knife, which cannot be too sharp, and betwixt the head and the fin on the back, cut or make an incision, or such a scar, as you may put the arming wire of your hook into it, with as little bruising or hurting the fish as art and diligence will enable you to do; and so carrying your arming wire along his back, unto or near the tail of your fish, betwixt the skin and the body of it, draw out that wire or arming of your hook

at another scar near to his tail: then tie him about it with thread, but no harder than of necessity, to prevent hurting the fish; and the better to avoid hurting the fish, some have a kind of probe to open the way for the more easy entrance and passage of your wire or arming: but as for these, time and a little experience will teach you better than I can by words. Therefore I will for the present say no more of this; but come next to give you some directions how to bait your hook with a *frog*.

Ven. But, good master, did you not say even now, that some frogs were venomous; and is it not dangerous to touch them?

Pisc. Yes, but I will give you some rules or cautions concerning them. And first you are to note, that there are two kinds of frogs, that is to say, if I may so express myself, a flesh and a fish-frog. By flesh-frogs, I mean frogs that breed and live on the land; and of these there be several sorts also and of several colours, some being speckled, some greenish, some blackish, or brown: the green frog, which is a small one, is, by Topsel, taken to be venomous; and so is the paddock, or frog-paddock, which usually keeps or breeds on the land, and is very large and boney, and big, especially the she-frog of that kind: yet these will sometimes come into the water, but it is not often: and the land-frogs are some of them observed by him, to breed by laying eggs; and others to breed of the slime and dust of the earth, and that in winter they turn to slime again, and that the next summer that very slime returns to be a living creature; this is the opinion of Pliny. And* Cardanus[1] undertakes to give a reason for

* *In his 19th Book De Subtil. ex.*

(1) *Hieronymus Cardanus*, an Italian physician, naturalist, and astrologer, well known by the many works he has published: he died at Rome, 1576. It is said that he had foretold the day of his death; and that, when it approached, he suffered himself to die of hunger, to preserve his reputation. He had been in England, and wrote a character of our Edward VI.

the raining of frogs:[1] but if it were in my power, it should rain none but water-frogs; for those I think are not venomous, especially the right water-frog, which, about February or March, breeds in ditches, by slime, and blackish eggs in that slime: about which time of breeding, the he and she-frogs are observed to use divers summersaults, and to croak and make a noise, which the land-frog, or paddock-frog, never does.

Now of these water-frogs, if you intend to fish with a frog for a Pike, you are to choose the yellowest that you can get, for that the Pike ever likes best. And thus use your frog, that he may continue long alive:

Put your hook into his mouth, which you may easily do from the middle of April till August; and then the frog's mouth grows up, and he continues so for at least six months without eating, but is sustained, none but He whose name is Wonderful knows how: I say, put your hook, I mean the arming-wire, through his mouth, and out at his gills; and then with a fine needle and silk sow the upper part of his leg, with only one stitch, to the arming-wire of your hook; or tie the frog's leg, above the upper joint, to the armed-wire; and, in so doing, use him as though you loved him, that is, harm him as little as you may possibly, that he may live the longer.

And now, having given you this direction for the baiting your ledger-hook with a live fish or frog, my next must be to tell you, how your hook thus baited must or may be used; and it is thus: having fastened your hook to a line, which if it be not fourteen yards long should not be less than twelve, you are to fasten that line to any bough near to a hole where a Pike is, or is likely to lie,

(1) There are many well-attested accounts of the raining of frogs: but Mr. Ray rejects them as utterly false and ridiculous; and demonstrates the impossibility of their production in any such manner. *Wisdom of God in the Creation*, 310. See also Derham's *Phys. Theol.* 244. and Pennant's *Zoology*, 4to. Lond. 1776. vol. iv. p 10.

or to have a haunt; and then wind your line on any forked stick, all your line, except half a yard of it or rather more; and split that forked stick, with such a nick or notch at one end of it as may keep the line from any more of it ravelling from about the stick than so much of it as you intend. And choose your forked stick to be of that bigness as may keep the fish or frog from pulling the forked stick under the water till the Pike bites; and then the Pike having pulled the line forth of the cleft or nick of that stick in which it was gently fastened, he will have line enough to go to his hold and pouch the bait. And if you would have this ledger-bait to keep at a fixt place undisturbed by wind or other accidents which may drive it to the shore-side, (for you are to note, that it is likeliest to catch a Pike in the midst of the water,) then hang a small plummet of lead, a stone, or piece of tile, or a turf, in a string, and cast it into the water with the forked stick to hang upon the ground, to be a kind of anchor to keep the forked stick from moving out of your intended place till the Pike come: this I take to be a very good way to use so many ledger-baits as you intend to make trial of.

Or if you bait your hooks thus with live fish or frogs, and in a windy day, fasten them thus to a bough or bundle of straw, and by the help of that wind can get them to move cross a pond or mere, you are like to stand still on the shore and see sport presently, if there be any store of Pikes. Or these live baits may make sport, being tied about the body or wings of a goose or duck, and she chaced over a pond.[1] And the like may be done

(1) A rod twelve feet long, and a ring of wire,
A winder and barrel, will help thy desire
In killing a Pike: but the forked stick,
With a slit and a bladder; and that other fine trick,
Which our artists call snap, with a goose or a duck;
Will kill two for one, if you have any luck:

with turning three or four live baits thus fastened to bladders, or boughs, or bottles of hay or flags, to swim down a river, whilst you walk quietly alone on the shore, and are still in expectation of sport. The rest must be taught you by practice; for time will not allow me to say more of this kind of fishing with live baits.

And for your DEAD BAIT for a Pike: for that you may be taught by one day's going a fishing with me, or any other body that fishes for him; for the baiting your hook with a dead gudgeon or a roach, and moving it up and down the water, is too easy a thing to take up any time to direct you to do it. And yet, because I cut you short in that, I will commute for it by telling you that that was told me for a secret: it is this:

Dissolve gum of ivy in oil of spike, and therewith anoint your dead bait for a Pike; and then cast it into a likely place; and when it has lain a short time at the bottom, draw it towards the top of the water, and so up the stream; and it is more than likely that you have a Pike follow with more than common eagerness.

And some affirm, that any bait anointed with the marrow of the thigh-bone of an hern is a great temptation to any fish.

These have not been tried by me, but told me by a friend of note, that pretended to do me a courtesy.[1] But

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The gentry of Shropshire do merrily smile,
To see a goose and a belt the fish to beguile.
When a Pike suns himself, and a frogging doth go,
The two-inched hook is better, I know,
Than the ord'nary snaring. But still I must cry,
"When the Pike is at home, mind the cookery."

Barker's *Art of Angling.*

(1) The Pike loves a still, shady, unfrequented water, and usually lies amongst or near weeds; such as flags, bulrushes, candocks, reeds, or in the green fog that sometimes covers standing waters, though he will sometimes shoot out into the clear stream. He is sometimes caught at the top, and in the middle; and often, especially in cold weather, at the bottom.

Their time of spawning is about the end of February or the beginning of March; and chief season, from the end of May to the beginning of February.

if this direction to catch a Pike thus do you no good, yet I am certain this direction how to roast him when he

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Pikes are called *Jacks*, till they become twenty-four inches long.

The baits for Pike, besides those mentioned by Walton, are a small trout; the loach and miller's-thumb; the head end of an eel, with the skin taken off below the fins; a small jack; a lob-worm; and in winter, the fat of bacon. And notwithstanding what Walton and others say against baiting with a pearch, it is confidently asserted, that Pikes have been taken with a small pearch, when neither a roach nor bleak would tempt them. See the *Angler's Sure Guide*, 158.

Observe that all your baits for Pike must be as fresh as possible. Living baits you may take with you in a tin-kettle, changing the water often: and dead ones should be carried in fresh bran, which will dry up that moisture that otherwise would infect and rot them. *Venables.*

It is strange that Walton has said so little of *Trolling*; a method of fishing for Pike which has been thought worthy of a distinct treatise; for which method, and for the snap, take these directions; and first for trolling:

And note, that in trolling, the head of the bait-fish must be at the bent of the hook; whereas in fishing at the snap, the hook must come out at or near his tail. But the essential difference between these two methods is, that in the former the Pike is always suffered to pouch or swallow the bait; but in the latter you are to strike as soon as he has taken it.

The rod for trolling should be about three yards and a half long, with a ring at the top for the line to run through; or you may fit a trolling-top to your fly-rod, which need only be stronger than the common fly-top.

Let your line be of green or sky-coloured silk, thirty yards in length, which will make it necessary to use the winch, as is before directed, with a swivel at the end.

The common trolling-hook for a living bait consists of two large hooks, with one common shank, made of one piece of wire, of about three quarters of an inch long, placed back to back, so that the points may not stand in the right line, but incline so much inwards as that they with a shank may form an angle little less than equilateral. At the top of the shank is a loop, left in the bending the wire to make the hook double, through which is put a strong twisted brass wire, of about six inches long; and to this is looped another such link, but both so loose that the hook and lower link may have room to play. To the end of the line fasten a steel swivel.

To *bait* the hook, observe the directions given by Walton.

But there is a sort of trolling-hook, different from that already described, and to which it is thought preferable, which will require another management: this is no more than two single hooks tied back to back with a strong piece of gimp between the shanks. In the whipping the hooks and the gimp together, make a small loop; and take into it two links of chain of about an eighth of an inch diameter, and into the lower link, by means of a small staple of wire, fasten by the greater end a bit of lead of a conical figure, and somewhat sharp at the point. These hooks are to be had at the fishing-tackle shops ready fitted up.

This latter kind of hook is to be thus ordered, *viz.* put the lead into the mouth of the bait-fish, and sew it up; the fish will live some time; and though the weight of the lead will keep his head down, he will swim with near the same ease as if at liberty.

But if you troll with a dead-bait, as some do, for a reason which the angler will be glad to know, *viz.* that a living bait makes too great a slaughter among the fish, do it with a hook, of which the following paragraph contains a description:

is caught is choicely good; for I have tried it, and it is somewhat the better for not being common. But with

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Let the shank be about six inches long, and leaded from the middle as low as the bent of the hook, to which a piece of very strong gimp must be fastened by a staple, and two links of chain; the shank must be barbed like a dart, and the lead a quarter of an inch square: the barb of the shank must stand like the fluke of an anchor, which is placed in a contrary direction to that of the stock. Let the gimp be about a foot long; and to the end thereof fix a swivel. To bait it, thrust the barb of the shank into the mouth of the bait-fish, and bring it out at his side near the tail: when the barb is thus brought through, it cannot return, and the fish will lie perfectly straight, a circumstance that renders the trouble of tying the tail unnecessary.

There is yet another sort of trolling-hook, which is, indeed, no other than what most writers on this subject have mentioned; whereas the others, here described, are late improvements: and this is a hook, either single or double, with a long shank, leaded about three inches up the wire with a piece of lead about a quarter of an inch square at the greater or lower end: fix to the shank an armed-wire about eight inches long. To bait this hook, thrust your wire into the mouth of the fish, quite through his belly, and out at his tail; placing the wire so that the point of the hook may be even with the belly of the bait fish; and then tie the tail of the fish with strong thread to the wire: some fasten it with a needle and thread, which is a neat way.

Both with the Troll and at the Snap, cut away one of the fins of the bait-fish close at the gills, and another behind the vent on the contrary side; which will make it play the better.

The bait being thus fixed, is to be thrown in, and kept in constant motion in the water, sometimes suffered to sink, then gradually raised; now drawn with the stream, and then against it; so as to counterfeit the motion of a small fish in swimming. If a Pike is near, he mistakes the bait for a living fish, seizes it with prodigious greedines, goes off with it to his hole, and in about ten minutes pouches it. When he has thus swallowed the bait, you will see the line move, which is the signal for striking him; do this with two lusty jerks, and then play him.

The other way of taking Pike, *viz.* with the *Snap*, is as follows:

Let the rod be twelve feet long, very strong and taper, with a strong loop at the top to fasten your line to. Your line must be about a foot shorter than the rod, and much stronger than the trolling-line.

And here it is necessary to be remembered, that there are two ways of snapping for Pike, *viz.* with the Live and with the Dead-snap.

For the Live-snap, there is no kind of hook so proper as the double spring hook. To bait it, nothing more is necessary than to hang the bait-fish fast by the back fin to the middle hook, where he will live a long time. *See the paragraph above.*

Of hooks for the Dead-snap, there are many kinds; but the one, which after repeated trials has been found to excel all others hitherto known, we subjoin the description and use of it as follows, *viz.* Whip two hooks, of about three-eighths of an inch in the bent, to a piece of gimp, in the manner directed for that trolling-hook. Then take a piece of lead, of the same size and figure as directed for the trolling-hook above-mentioned; and drill a hole through it from end to end. To bait it, take a long needle, or wire; enter it in at the side, about half an inch above the tail, and with it pass the gimp between the skin and the ribs of the fish, bringing it out at his mouth: then put the lead over the gimp, draw it down into the fish's throat, and press his mouth close, and then, having a swivel to your line, hang on the gimp.

my direction you must take this caution, that your Pike must not be a small one, that is, it must be more than half a yard, and should be bigger.

First, open your Pike at the gills, and if need be, cut also a little slit towards the belly. Out of these, take his guts; and keep his liver, which you are to shred very small, with thyme, sweet marjoram, and a little winter-savoury; to these put some pickled oysters, and some anchovies, two or three, both these last whole, for the anchovies will melt, and the oysters should not; to these you must add also a pound of sweet butter, which you are to mix with the herbs that are shred, and

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In throwing the bait, observe the rules given for trolling; but remember, that the more you keep it in motion the nearer it resembles a living fish.

When you have a bite, strike immediately, the contrary way to that which the head of the Pike lies, or to which he goes with the bait: if you cannot find which way his head lies, strike upright with two smart jerks, retiring backwards as fast as you can, till you have brought him to a landing-place, and then do as before is directed.

There are various other methods, both of trolling and fishing at the snap, which, if the reader is desirous to know, he may find described in the *Complete Troller*, by Ro. Nobbes, 12mo. 1682, and the *Angler's Sure Guide*, before-mentioned.

As the Pike spawns in *March*, and before that month rivers are seldom in order for fishing, it will hardly be worth while to begin trolling till *April*: after that the weeds will be apt to be troublesome. But the prime month in the year for trolling is *October*; when the Pike are fattened by their summer's feed, the weeds are rotted, and by the falling of the waters the harbours of the fish are easily found.

Choose to troll in clear, and not muddy water, and in windy weather, if the wind be not easterly.

Some use in trolling and snapping two or more swivels to their line, by means whereof the twisting of the line is prevented, the bait plays more freely, and, though dead, is made to appear as if alive; which in rivers is doubtless an excellent way: but those who can like to fish in ponds or still waters, will find very little occasion for more than one.

The *Pike is also to be caught with a minnow*: for which method take the following directions:

Get a single hook, slender, and long in the shank; let it resemble the shape of a shepherd's crook; put lead upon it, as thick near the bent as will go into a minnow's mouth; place the point of the hook directly up the face of the fish. Let the rod be as long as you can handsomely manage, with a line of the same length. Cast up and down, and manage it as when you troll with any other bait. If, when the Pike hath taken your bait, he run to the end of the line before he hath gorged it, do not strike, but hold still only, and he will return back and swallow it. But if you use that bait with a troll, I rather prefer it before any bait that I know. *Venables.*

In *landing* a Pike, great caution is necessary; for his bite is esteemed venomous. The best and safest hold you can take of him, is by the head; in doing which, place your thumb and finger in his eyes.

let them all be well salted. If the Pike be more than a yard long, then you may put into these herbs more than a pound, or if he be less, then less butter will suffice: These, being thus mixt, with a blade or two of mace, must be put into the Pike's belly; and then his belly so sewed up as to keep all the butter in his belly if it be possible; if not then as much as you possibly can. But take not off the scales. Then you are to thrust the spit through his mouth, out at his tail. And then take four or five or six split sticks, or very thin laths, and a convenient quantity of tape or filleting; these laths are to be tied round about the Pike's body from his head to his tail, and the tape tied somewhat thick, to prevent his breaking or falling off from the spit. Let him be roasted very leisurely; and often basted with claret wine, and anchovies, and butter mixt together; and also with what moisture falls from him into the pan. When you have roasted him sufficiently you are to hold under him, when you unwind or cut the tape that ties him, such a dish as you purpose to eat him out of; and let him fall into it with the sauce that is roasted in his belly; and by this means the Pike will be kept unbroken and complete. Then, to the sauce which was within, and also that sauce in the pan, you are to add a fit quantity of the best butter, and to squeeze the juice of three or four oranges. Lastly, you may either put it into the Pike, with the oysters, two cloves of garlick, and take it whole out, when the Pike is cut off the spit; or, to give the sauce a hogoo, let the dish into which you let the Pike fall, be rubbed with it: the using or not using of this garlick is left to your discretion. M. B.

This dish of meat is too good for any but anglers, or very honest men; and I trust you will prove both, and therefore I have trusted you with this secret.

Let me next tell you, that Gesner tells us, there are no

Pikes in Spain, and that the largest are in the lake Thrasymene in Italy; and the next, if not equal to them, are the Pikes of England; and that in England, Lincolnshire boasteth to have the biggest. Just so doth Sussex boast of four sorts of fish, namely, an Arundel Mullet, a Chichester Lobster, a Shelsey Cockle, and an Amerly Trout.

This he has said before, in Chap. IV.

But I will take up no more of your time with this relation, but proceed to give you some Observations of the Carp, and how to angle for him; and to dress him, but not till he is caught.

CHAP. IX.

Observations on the CARP; *with Directions how to fish for him.*

Piscator. The Carp is the queen of rivers; a stately, a good, and a very subtil fish; that was not at first bred, nor hath been long in England, but is now naturalized. It is said, they were brought hither by one Mr. Mascal, a gentleman that then lived at Plumsted in Sussex, a county[1] that abounds more with this fish than any in this nation.

You may remember that I told you Gesner says there are no Pikes in Spain; and doubtless there was a time, about a hundred or a few more years ago, when there were no Carps in England, as may seem to be affirmed by Sir Richard Baker, in whose *Chronicle* you may find these verses:

(1) For proof of this fact, we have the testimony of the Author of the *Book of Fishing with Hooke, and Line*, 4to. Lond. 1590, already mentioned in the *Life* of Walton; who, though the initials only of his name are given in the title, appears to have been Leonard Mascal, the translator of a book of Planting and Graffing, 4to. 1589, 1599, and the Author of a book *On Cattel*, 4to. 1596. Fuller in his *Worthies, Sussex*, 113, seems to have confounded these two persons: the latter of whom, in the tract first above-mentioned, speaks of the former by report only: besides which, they lived at the distance of seventy years from each other, and the Author of the book *Of Fishing* is conjectured to be a Hampshire man.

Hops and turkies, carps and beer,
Came into England all in a year. [1]

And doubtless, as of sea-fish the Herring dies soonest out of the water, and of fresh-water fish the Trout, so, except the Eel, the Carp endures most hardness, and lives longest out of his own proper element. And, therefore, the report of the Carp's being brought out of a foreign country into this nation, is the more probable.

Carps and Loaches are observed to breed several months in one year, which Pikes and most other fish do not. And this is partly proved by tame and wild rabbits; as also by some ducks, which will lay eggs nine of the twelve months; and yet there be other ducks that lay not longer than about one month. And it is the rather to be believed, because you shall scarce or never take a male Carp without a melt, or a female without a roe or spawn, and for the most part very much, and especially all the summer season. And it is observed, that they breed more naturally in ponds than in running waters, if they breed there at all; and that those that live in rivers are taken by men of the best palates to be much the better meat.

And it is observed that in some ponds Carps will not breed, especially in cold ponds; but where they will breed, they breed innumerably; Aristotle and Pliny say, six times a year, if there be no Pikes nor Perch to devour their spawn, when it is cast upon grass or flags, or weeds, where it lies ten or twelve days before it be enlivened.

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(1) See, in the *Life* of Walton hereto prefixed, a passage extracted from the book of Dame Juliana Barnes; whereby it appears that in her time there were Carps, though but few, in England. It seems, therefore, that Mr. Mascal of Plumsted did not first bring hither Carps: but, as the curious in gardening do by exotic plants, he naturalized this species of fish, and that about the æra mentioned in the above distich, "Hops and turkies," *&c.* which elsewhere is read thus:

Hops, reformation, turkies, carps, and beer,
Came into England all in one year.

The Carp, if he have water-room and good feed, will grow to a very great bigness and length; I have heard, to much above a yard long.[1] It is said by Jovius,[2] who hath writ of fishes, that in the lake Lurian, in Italy Carps have thriven to be more than fifty pounds weight: which is the more probable, for as the bear is conceived and born suddenly, and being born is but short-lived; so, on the contrary, the elephant is said to be two years in his dam's belly, some think he is ten years in it, and being born, grows in bigness twenty years; and it is observed too, that he lives to the age of a hundred years. And 'tis also observed, that the crocodile is very long-liv'd; and more than that, that all that long life he thrives in bigness; and so I think some Carps do, especially in some places, though I never saw one above twenty-three inches, which was a great and goodly fish; but have been assured there are of a far greater size, and in England too.[3]

Now, as the increase of Carps is wonderful for their number, so there is not a reason found out, I think, by any, why they should breed in some ponds, and not in others, of the same nature for soil and all other circumstances. And as their breeding, so are their decays also very mysterious: I have both read it, and been told by a gentleman of tried honesty, that he has known sixty or more large Carps put into several ponds near to a house, where, by reason of the stakes in the ponds, and the owner's constant being near to them, it was impossible they should be stole away from him; and that when

(1) A lady now living, the widow of the late Mr. David Garrick, of Drury-lane theatre, once told me, that in her native country, Germany, she had seen the head of a Carp served up at table, big enough to fill a large dish.

(2) *Paulus Jovius*, an Italian historian of very doubtful authority: he lived in the 16th century; and wrote a small tract *De Romanis Piscibus*. He died at Florence, 1552.

(3) The author of the *Angler's Sure Guide* says, that he has taken Carp above twenty six inches long, in rivers; and adds, that they are often seen in England above thirty inches long. The usual length is from about twelve to fifteen or sixteen inches.

he has, after three or four years, emptied the pond, and expected an increase from them by breeding young ones, (for that they might do so he had, as the rule is, put in three melters for one spawner,) he has, I say, after three or four years, found neither a young nor old Carp remaining. And the like I have known of one that had almost watched the pond, and, at a like distance of time, at the fishing of a pond, found, of seventy or eighty large Carps, not above five or six: and that he had forborn longer to fish the said pond, but that he saw, in a hot day in summer, a large Carp swim near the top of the water with a frog upon his head; and that he, upon that occasion, caused his pond to be let dry: and I say, of seventy or eighty Carps, only found five or six in the said pond, and those very sick and lean, and with every one a frog sticking so fast on the head of the said Carps, that the frog would not be got off without extreme force or killing. And the gentleman that did affirm this to me, told me he saw it; and did declare his belief to be, and I also believe the same, that he thought the other Carps, that were so strangely lost, were so killed by the frogs, and then devoured.

And a person of honour, now living in Worcestershire,* assured me he had seen a necklace, or collar of tadpoles, hang like a chain or necklace of beads about a Pike's neck, and to kill him: Whether it were for meat or malice, must be, to me, a question.

* *Mr.* Fr. Ru.

But I am fallen into this discourse by accident; of which I might say more, but it has proved longer than I intended, and possibly may not to you be considerable: I shall therefore give you three or four more short observations of the Carp, and then fall upon some directions how you shall fish for him.

The age of Carps is by Sir Francis Bacon, in his *His-*

tory of Life and Death, observed to be but ten years; yet others think they live longer. Gesner says, a Carp has been known to live in the Palatine above a hundred years.[1] But most conclude, that, contrary to the Pike or Luce, all Carps are the better for age and bigness. The tongues of Carps are noted to be choice and costly meat, especially to them that buy them: but Gesner says, Carps have no tongue like other fish, but a piece of flesh-like fish in their mouth like to a tongue, and should be called a palate: but it is certain it is choicely good, and that the Carp is to be reckoned amongst those leather-mouthed fish which, I told you, have their teeth in their throat; and for that reason he is very seldom lost by breaking his hold, if your hook be once stuck into his chaps.

I told you that Sir Francis Bacon thinks that the Carp lives but ten years: but Janus Dubravius has writ a book *Of fish and fish-ponds*,[2] in which he says, that Carps begin to spawn at the age of three years, and continue to do so till thirty: he says also, that in the time of their breeding, which is in summer, when the sun hath warmed both the earth and water, and so apted them also for generation, that then three or four male Carps will follow a female; and that then, she putting on a seeming coyness, they force her through weeds and flags, where she lets fall her eggs or spawn, which sticks fast to the weeds; and then they let fall their melt upon it, and so it becomes in a short time to be a living fish: and, as I told you, it is thought that the Carp does this several months in the year. And most believe, that most fish breed after this manner, except the Eel. And it has been observed, that when the spawner has weakened her-

(1) Lately, *viz.* in one of the daily papers for the month of August 1782, an article appeared, purporting, that in the bason at Emanuel College, Cambridge, a Carp was then living that had been in the water thirty six years; which, though it had lost one eye, knew, and would constantly approach, its feeder.

(2) *Vide, ante*, p. 131, &c.

self by doing that natural office, that two or three melters have helped her from off the weeds, by bearing her up on both sides, and guarding her into the deep. And you may note, that though this may seem a curiosity not worth observing, yet *others* have judged it worth their time and cost to make glass hives, and order them in such a manner as to see how bees have bred and made their honeycombs, and how they have obeyed their king, and governed their commonwealth. But it is thought that all Carps are not bred by generation; but that some breed other ways, as some Pikes do.

The physicians make the galls and stones in the heads of Carps to be very medicinable. But it is not to be doubted but that in Italy they make great profit of the spawn of Carps, by selling it to the Jews who make it into red caviare; the Jews not being by their law admitted to eat of caviare made of the Sturgeon, that being a fish that wants scales, and, (as may appear in *Levit.* xi.) by them reputed to be unclean.

Much more might be said out of him, and out of *Aristotle*, which Dubravius often quotes in his *Discourse of fishes:* but it might rather perplex than satisfy you; and therefore I shall rather choose to direct you how to catch, than spend more time in discoursing either of the nature or the breeding of this fish, or of any more circumstances concerning him. But yet I shall remember you of what I told you before, that he is a very subtil fish, and hard to be caught.

And my first direction is, that if you will fish for a Carp, you must put on a very large measure of patience, especially to fish for a river Carp: I have known a very good fisher angle diligently four or six hours in a day, for three or four days together, for a river Carp, and not have a bite. And you are to note, that, in some ponds, it is as hard to catch a Carp as in a river; that is to

say, where they have store of feed, and the water is of a clayish colour. But you are to remember that I have told you there is no rule without an exception; and therefore being possest with that hope and patience which I wish to all fishers, especially to the Carp-angler, I shall tell you with what bait to fish for him. But first you are to know, that it must be either early, or late; and let me tell you, that in hot weather, (for he will seldom bite in cold,) you cannot be too early, or too late at it. And some have been so curious as to say, the tenth of April is a fatal day for Carps.

The Carp bites either at worms, or at paste: and of worms I think the bluish marsh or meadow-worm is best; but possibly another worm, not too big, may do as well, and so may a green gentle; and as for pastes, there are almost as many sorts as there are medicines for the tooth-ache; but doubtless sweet pastes are best; I mean, pastes made with honey or with sugar: which, that you may the better beguile this crafty fish, should be thrown into the pond or place in which you fish for him, some hours, or longer, before you undertake your trial of skill with the angle-rod; and doubtless, if it be thrown into the water a day or two before, at several times, and in small pellets, you are the likelier, when you fish for the Carp, to obtain your desired sport. Or, in a large pond, to draw them to any certain place, that they may the better and with more hope be fished for, you are to throw into it, in some certain place, either grains, or blood mixt with cow-dung or with bran; or any garbage, as chicken's guts or the like; and then, some of your small sweet pellets with which you purpose to angle: and these small pellets being a few of them also thrown in as you are angling, will be the better.

And your paste must be thus made: take the flesh of a rabbit, or cat cut small; and bean-flour; and if that

may not be easily got, get other flour; and then, mix these together, and put to them either sugar, or honey, which I think better: and then beat these together in a mortar, or sometimes work them in your hands, your hands being very clean; and then make it into a ball, or two, or three, as you like best, for your use: but you must work or pound it so long in the mortar, as to make it so tough as to hang upon your hook without washing from it, yet not too hard: or, that you may the better keep it on your hook, you may knead with your paste a little, and not much, white or yellowish wool.

And if you would have this paste keep all the year, for any other fish, then mix with it virgin-wax and clarified honey, and work them together with your hands before the fire; then make these into balls, and they will keep all the year.

And if you fish for a Carp with gentles, then put upon your hook a small piece of scarlet, the sixth of an inch square, it being soaked in or anointed with oil of petre, called by some, oil of the rock: and if your gentles be put, two or three days before, into a box or horn anointed with honey, and so put upon your hook as to preserve them to be living, you are as like to kill this crafty fish this way as any other: but still, as you are fishing, chew a little white or brown bread in your mouth, and cast it into the pond about the place where your float swims. Other baits there be; but these, with diligence and patient watchfulness, will do better than any that I have ever practised or heard of. And yet I shall tell you, that the crumbs of white bread and honey made into a paste is a good bait for a Carp; and you know, it is more easily made. And having said thus much of the Carp,[1] my

(1) The haunts of the river Carp are, in the winter months, the broadest and most quiet parts of the river; but in summer, they lie in deep holes, nooks, and

next discourse shall be of the Bream, which shall not prove so tedious; and therefore I desire the continuance of your attention.

But, first, I will tell you how to make this Carp, that is so curious to be caught, so curious a dish of meat as shall make him worth all your labour and patience. And though it is not without some trouble and charges, yet it will recompense both.

Take a Carp (alive if possible); scour him, and rub him clean with water and salt, but scale him not: then open him; and put him, with his blood and his liver, which you must save when you open him, into a small pot or kettle: then take sweet marjoram, thyme, and parsley, of each half a handful; a sprig of rosemary, and another of savoury; bind them into two or three small bundles, and put them to your Carp, with four or five whole onions, twenty pickled oysters, and three anchovies. Then pour upon your Carp as much claret wine as will only cover him: and season your claret well with salt, cloves, and mace, and the rinds of oranges and lemons. That done, cover your pot and set it on a quick fire till it be suffici-

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reaches, near some scour, and under roots of trees, hollow banks, and, till they are near rotting, amongst or near great beds of weeds, flags, &c.

Pond Carp cannot, with propriety, be said to have any haunts: only it is to be noted, that they love a fat rich soil, and never thrive in a cold hungry water.

They breed three or four times a year: but their first spawning-time is the beginning of May.

Baits for the Carp are, all sorts of earth and dunghill-worms; flag-worms; grasshoppers, though not at top; ox-brains; the pith of an ox's back-bone; green peas; and red or black cherries, with the stones taken out.

Fish with strong tackle, very near the bottom, and with a fine grass or gut next the hook; and use a goose-quill float. Never attempt to angle for the Carp in a boat; for they will not come near it.

It is said there are many Carp in the Thames, westward of London; and that, about February they retire to the creeks in that river; in some of which, many above two feet long have been taken with an angle. *Angler's Sure Guide*, p. 179.

Carp live the longest out of the water of any fish. It is a common practice in Holland to keep them alive for three weeks or a month, by hanging them in a cool place, with wet moss in a net, and feeding them with bread steeped in milk; taking care to refresh the animal now and then by throwing fresh water over the net in which it is suspended.

ently boiled. Then take out the Carp; and lay it, with the broth, into the dish; and pour upon it a quarter of a pound of the best fresh butter, melted, and beaten with half a dozen spoonfuls of the broth, the yolks of two or three eggs, and some of the herbs shred: garnish your dish with lemons and so serve it up. And much good do you! Dr. *T.*

CHAP. X.

Observations on the BREAM, *and Directions to catch him.*

Piscator. The Bream, being at a full growth, is a large and stately fish. He will breed both in rivers and ponds: but loves best to live in ponds, and where, if he likes the water and air, he will grow not only to be very large, but as fat as a hog. He is by Gesner taken to be more pleasant, or sweet, than wholesome. This fish is long in growing; but breeds exceedingly in a water that pleases him; yea, in many ponds so fast, as to overstore them, and starve the other fish.

He is very broad, with a forked tail, and his scales set in excellent order; he hath large eyes, and a narrow sucking mouth; he hath two sets of teeth, and a lozenge-like bone, a bone to help his grinding. The melter is observed to have two large melts; and the female, two large bags of eggs or spawn.

Gesner reports, that in Poland a certain and a great number of large Breams were put into a pond, which in the next following winter were frozen up into one entire ice, and not one drop of water remaining, nor one of these fish to be found, though they were diligently searched for; and yet the next spring, when the ice was thawed, and the weather warm, and fresh water got into the pond, he

affirms they all appeared again. This Gesner affirms; and I quote my author because it seems almost as incredible as the resurrection to an atheist: but it may win something, in point of believing it, to him that considers the breeding or renovation of the silk-worm, and of many insects. And that is considerable, which Sir Francis Bacon observes in his *History of Life and Death*, fol. 20. that there be some herbs that die and spring every year, and some endure longer.

But though some do not, yet the French esteem this fish highly; and to that end have this proverb, "He that hath Breams in his pond, is able to bid his friend welcome." And it is noted, that the best part of a Bream is his belly and head.[1]

Some say, that Breams and Roaches will mix their eggs and melt together; and so there is in many places a bastard breed of Breams, that never come to be either large or good, but very numerous.

The baits good to catch this are many. First, paste made of brown bread and honey; gentles, or the brood of wasps that be young, and then not unlike gentles, and should be hardened in an oven, or dried on a tile before the fire to make them tough. Or, there is, at the root of docks or flags or rushes in watery places, a worm not unlike a maggot, at which Tench [Bream] will bite freely. Or he will bite at a grasshopper with his legs nipt off, in June and July; or at several flies, under water, which may be found on flags that grow near to the water-side. I doubt not but that there be many other baits that are good; but I will turn them all into this

(1) The Bream, according to Sir William Dugdale, appears to have been considered a great luxury in England, for in the 7th of Hen. V. it was valued at 20d. and he also states that in 1454, "A Pye of four of them, in the expences of two men employed for three days in taking them, in baking them, in flour, in spices, and conveying it from Sutton in Warwickshire, to the Earl of Warwick, at Mydlam in the North Country, cost xvjs. ijd." *Hist. Warw.* p. 668.

most excellent one, EITHER FOR A CARP OR BREAM, in any river or mere: it was given to me by a most honest and excellent angler; and hoping you will prove both, I will impart it to you.

1. Let your bait be as big a red worm as you can find, without a knot: get a pint or quart of them in an evening in garden-walks, or chalky commons, after a shower of rain; and put them with clean moss well washed and picked, and the water squeezed out of the moss as dry as you can, into an earthen pot or pipkin set dry; and change the moss fresh every three or four days, for three weeks or a month together; then your bait will be at the best, for it will be clear and lively.

2. Having thus prepared your baits, get your tackling ready and fitted for this sport. Take three long angling-rods; and as many and more silk, or silk and hair lines; and as many large swan or goose-quill floats. Then take a piece of lead made after the manner of a carpenter's plummet, or the weight of a steel-yard, and fasten them to the low ends of your lines: then fasten your link-hook also to the lead; and let there be about a foot or ten inches between the lead and the hook: but be sure the lead be heavy enough to sink the float or quill a little under the water; and not the quill to bear up the lead, for the lead must lie on the ground. Note, that your link next the hook may be smaller than the rest of your line, if you dare adventure, for fear of taking the Pike or Pearch, who will assuredly visit your hooks, till they be taken out, as I will shew you afterwards, before either Carp or Bream will come near to bite. Note also, that when the worm is well baited, it will crawl up and down as far as the lead will give leave, which much enticeth the fish to bite without suspicion.

3. Having thus prepared your baits, and fitted your tackling, repair to the river, where you have seen them

swim in skulls or shoals, in the summer time, in a hot afternoon, about three or four of the clock; and watch their going forth of their deep holes, and returning, which you may well discern, for they return about four of the clock, most of them seeking food at the bottom, yet one or two will lie on the top of the water rolling and tumbling themselves, whilst the rest are under him at the bottom; and so you shall perceive him to keep centinel; then mark where he plays most and stays longest, which commonly is in the broadest and deepest place of the river; and there, or near thereabouts, at a clear bottom and a convenient landing-place, take one of your angles ready fitted as aforesaid, and sound the bottom, which should be about eight or ten feet deep; two yards from the bank is best. Then consider with yourself, whether that water will rise or fall by the next morning, by reason of any watermills near; and, according to your discretion, take the depth of the place, where you mean after to cast your ground-bait, and to fish to half an inch; that the lead lying on or near the ground-bait, the top of the float may only appear upright half an inch above the water.

Thus you having found and fitted for the place and depth thereof, then go home and prepare your ground-bait, which is, next to the fruit of your labours, to be regarded.

THE GROUND-BAIT.

You shall take a peck, or a peck and a half, (according to the greatness of the stream and deepness of the water,) where you mean to angle, of sweet gross-ground barley-malt; and boil it in a kettle (one or two warms is enough:) then strain it through a bag into a tub (the liquor whereof hath often done my horse much good); and when the bag and malt is near cold, take it down to the water-side, about eight or nine of the clock in the evening, and not before, cast in two parts of your ground-bait, squeezed hard be-

tween both your hands; it will sink presently to the bottom; and be sure it may rest in the very place where you mean to angle: if the stream run hard, or move a little, cast your malt in handfuls a little higher, upwards the stream. You may, between your hands, close the malt so fast in handfuls, that the water will hardly part it with the fall.

Your ground thus baited, and tackling fitted, leave your bag, with the rest of your tackling and ground-bait, near the sporting-place all night; and in the morning, about three or four of the clock, visit the water-side, (but not too near,) for they have a cunning watchman, and are watchful themselves too.

Then, gently take one of your three rods, and bait your hook; casting it over your ground-bait, and gently and secretly draw it to you till the lead rests about the middle of the ground-bait.

Then take a second rod, and cast in about a yard above, and your third a yard below the first rod; and stay the rods in the ground: but go yourself so far from the water-side, that you perceive nothing but the top of the floats, which you must watch most diligently. Then when you have a bite, you shall perceive the top of your float to sink suddenly into the water: yet, nevertheless, be not too hasty to run to your rods, until you see that the line goes clear away; then creep to the water-side, and give as much line as possibly you can: if it be a good Carp or Bream, they will go to the farther side of the river: then strike gently, and hold your rod at a bent, a little while; but if you both pull together, you are sure to lose your game, for either your line, or hook, or hold, will break: and after you have overcome them, they will make noble sport, and are very shy to be landed. The Carp is far stronger and more mettlesome than the Bream.

Much more is to be observed in this kind of fish and

fishing, but it is far fitter for experience and discourse than paper. Only, thus much is necessary for you to know, and to be mindful and careful of, that if the Pike or Pearch do breed in that river, they will be sure to bite first, and must first be taken. And for the most part they are very large; and will repair to your ground-bait, not that they will eat of it, but will feed and sport themselves among the young fry that gather about and hover over the bait.

The way to discern the Pike and to take him, if you mistrust your Bream hook; for I have taken a Pike a yard long several times at my Bream hooks, and sometimes he hath had the luck to share my line; may be thus:

Take a small Bleak, or Roach, or Gudgeon, and bait [with] it; and set it, alive, among your rods, two feet deep from the cork, with a little red worm on the point of the hook: then take a few crumbs of white bread, or some of the ground-bait, and sprinkle it gentle amongst your rods. If Mr. Pike be there, then the little fish will skip out of the water at his appearance, but the live-set bait is sure to be taken.

Thus continue your sport from four in the morning till eight, and if it be a gloomy windy day, they will bite all day long: but this is too long to stand to your rods, at one place; and it will spoil your evening sport that day, which is this.

About four of the clock in the afternoon repair to your baited place; and as soon as you come to the water-side, cast in one-half of the rest of your ground-bait, and stand off; then whilst the fish are gathering together, (for there they will most certainly come for their supper,) you may take a pipe of tobacco: and then, in with your three rods, as in the morning. You will find excellent sport that evening, till eight of the clock: then cast in the residue of your ground-bait, and next morning, by four

of the clock, visit them again for four hours, which is the best sport of all; and after that, let them rest till you and your friends have a mind to more sport.

From St. James's-tide until Bartholomew-tide is the best; when they have had all the summer's food, they are the fattest.

Observe, lastly, that after three or four days fishing together, your game will be very shy and wary, and you shall hardly get above a bite or two at a baiting: then your only way is to desist from your sport, about two or three days: and in the mean time, (on the place you late baited, and again intend to bait,) you shall take a turf of green but short grass, as big or bigger than a round trencher; to the top of this turf, on the green side, you shall, with a needle and green thread, fasten, one by one, as many little red worms as will near cover all the turf: then take a round board or trencher, make a hole in the middle thereof, and through the turf placed on the board or trencher, with a string or cord as long as is fitting, tied to a pole, let it down to the bottom of the water, for the fish to feed upon without disturbance about two or three days; and after that you have drawn it away, you may fall to, and enjoy your former recreation.[1] B. A.

(1) The haunts of the Bream, a fish which the angler seldom meets with, are the deepest and broadest parts of gentle soft streams, with sandy clayey bottoms; and the broadest and most quiet places of ponds, and where there are weeds.

They spawn about the beginning of July; a little before which time they are best in season, though some think them best in September.

The baits for the Bream are, red-worms, small lob or marsh-worms, gentles, and grasshoppers.

In general, they are to be fished for as Carp.

CHAP. XI.

Observations on the TENCH, *and Advice how to angle for him.*

Piscator. The Tench, the physician of fishes, is observed to love ponds better than rivers, and to love pits better than either: yet Camden observes, there is a river in Dorsetshire that abounds with Tenches, but doubtless they retire to the most deep and quiet places in it.

This fish hath very large fins, very small and smooth scales, a red circle about his eyes, which are big and of a gold colour, and from either angle of his mouth there hangs down a little barb. In every Tench's head there are two little stones which foreign physicians make great use of, but he is not commended for wholesome meat, though there be very much use made of them for outward applications. Rondeletius says, that at his being at Rome, he saw a great cure done by applying a Tench to the feet of a very sick man. This, he says, was done after an unusual manner, by certain Jews. And it is observed that many of those people have many secrets yet unknown to Christians; secrets that have never yet been written, but have been (since the days of their Solomon, who knew the nature of all things, even from the cedar to the shrub) delivered by tradition, from the father to the son, and so from generation to generation, without writing; or, (unless it were casually,) without the least communicating them to any other nation or tribe; for to do that they account a profanation. And, yet, it is thought that they, or some spirit worse than they, first told us that lice swallowed alive, were a certain cure for the yellow-jaundice. This, and many other medicines, were discovered by them, or by revelation; for, doubtless, we attained them not by study.

Well, this fish, besides his eating, is very useful, both dead and alive, for the good of mankind. But I will meddle no more with that, my honest humble art teaches no such boldness: there are too many foolish meddlers in physic and divinity that think themselves fit to meddle with hidden secrets, and so bring destruction to their followers. But I'll not meddle with *them*, any farther than to wish them wiser; and shall tell you next, (for I hope I may be so bold,) that the Tench is the *physician of fishes*, for the Pike especially, and that the Pike, being either sick or hurt, is cured by the touch of the Tench. And it is observed that the Tyrant Pike will not be a wolf to his physician, but forbears to devour him though he be never so hungry.

This fish, that carries a natural balsam in him to cure both himself and others, loves yet to feed in very foul water, and amongst weeds. And yet, I am sure, he eats pleasantly, and, doubtless, you will think so too, if you taste him. And I shall therefore proceed to give you some few, and but a few, directions how to catch this fish, of which I have given you these observations.

He will bite at a paste, made of brown bread and honey, or at a marsh-worm, or a lob-worm; he inclines very much to any paste with which tar is mixt, and he will bite also at a smaller worm, with his head nipped off, and a cod-worm put on the hook before that worm. And I doubt not but that he will also, in the three hot months, (for in the nine colder he stirs not much) bite at a flag-worm, or at a green gentle; but can positively say no more of the Tench,[1] he being a fish I have not often angled for; but I wish my honest scholar may, and be ever fortunate when he fishes.

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(1) The haunts of the Tench are nearly the same with those of the Carp. They delight more in ponds than in rivers; and lie under weeds, near sluices, and at pond heads.

They spawn about the beginning of July; and are best in season from the

CHAP. XII.

Observations on the PEARCH, *and Directions how to fish for him.*

Piscator. THE Pearch is a very good and a very bold-biting fish. He is *one* of the fishes of prey that, like the Pike and Trout, carries his teeth in his mouth, which is very large: and he dare venture to kill and devour several other kinds of fish. He has a hooked or hog back, which is armed with sharp and stiff bristles, and all his skin armed, or covered over with thick dry hard scales, and hath, which few other fish have, two fins on his back. He is so bold that he will invade one of his own kind, which the Pike will not do willingly; and you may therefore easily believe him to be a bold biter.

The Pearch is of great esteem in Italy, saith Aldrovandus: and especially the least are there esteemed a dainty dish. And Gesner prefers the Pearch and Pike above the Trout, or any fresh-water fish: he says the Germans have this proverb, "More wholesome than a Pearch of Rhine:" and he says the River-Pearch is so wholesome, that physicians allow him to be eaten by wounded men, or by men in fevers, or by women in child-bed.

He spawns but once a year; and is, by physicians, held very nutritive; yet, by many, to be hard of digestion. They abound more in the river Po, and in England,

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beginning of September to the end of May. They will bite all the hot months; but are taken best in April and May.

There are no better baits for this fish than a middle-sized lob-worm, or red-worm, well scoured; a gentle; a young wasp grub, boiled; or a green worm shook from the boughs of trees.

Use a strong grass, or gut; and a goose-quill float without a cork, except in rivers where the cork is always to be preferred.

Fish very near the ground. And if you bait with gentles, throw in a few at the taking every fish, which will draw them to your hook, and keep them together.

FISHING.

(says Rondeletius,) than other parts: and have in their brain a stone, which is, in foreign parts, sold by apothecaries, being there noted to be very medicinable against the stone in the reins. These be a part of the commendations which some philosophical brains have bestowed upon the freshwater-Pearch: yet they commend the Sea-Pearch, which is known, by having but one fin on his back, (of which they say we English see but a few) to be a much better fish.

The Pearch grows slowly, yet will grow, as I have been credibly informed, to be almost two feet long; for an honest informer told me, such a one was not long since taken by Sir Abraham Williams, (a gentleman of worth, and a brother of the angle, that yet lives, and I wish he may:) this was a deep-bodied fish, and doubtless durst have devoured a Pike of half his own length. For I have told you, he is a bold fish; such a one as but for extreme hunger the Pike will not devour. For to affright the Pike, and save himself, the Pearch will set up his fins, much like as a turkey-cock will sometimes set up his tail.

But, my scholar, the Pearch is not only valiant to defend himself, but he is, as I said, a bold-biting fish: yet he will not bite at all seasons of the year; he is very abstemious in winter, yet will bite then in the midst of the day, if it be warm: and note, that all fish bite best about the midst of a warm day in winter. And he hath been observed, by some, not usually to bite till the mulberry-tree buds; that is to say, till extreme frosts be past the spring; for, when the mulberry-tree blossoms, many gardeners observe their forward fruit to be past the danger of frosts; and some have made the like observation of the Pearch's biting.

But bite the Pearch will, and that very boldly. And, as one has wittily observed, if there be twenty or forty in a hole, they may be, at one standing, all catched one

after another; they being, as he says, like the wicked of the world, not afraid, though their fellows and companions perish in their sight. And you may observe, that they are not like the solitary Pike, but love to accompany one another, and march together in troops.

And the baits for this bold fish are not many: I mean, he will bite as well at some, or at any of these three, as at any or all others whatsoever; a worm, a minnow, or a little frog, (of which you may find many in hay-time.) And of worms; the dunghill worm called a brandling I take to be best, being well scoured in moss or fennel; or he will bite at a worm that lies under cow-dung, with a bluish head. And if you rove for a Pearch with a minnow, then it is best to be alive; you sticking your hook through his back fin; or a minnow with the hook in his upper lip, and letting him swim up and down, about mid-water, or a little lower, and you still keeping him to about that depth by a cork, which ought not to be a very little one: and the like way you are to fish for the Pearch with a small frog, your hook being fastened through the skin of his leg, towards the upper part of it: and, lastly, I will give you but this advice, that you give the Pearch time enough when he bites; for there was scarce ever any angler that has given him too much.[1] And now I think

(1) Although Pearch, like Trout, delight in clear swift rivers, with pebbly, gravelly bottoms, they are often found in sandy, clayey soils: they love a moderately deep water, and frequent holes by the sides of or near little streams, and the hollows under banks.

The Pearch spawns about the beginning of March: the best time of the year to angle for him is from the beginning of May till the end of June, yet you may continue to fish for him till the end of September: he is best taken in cloudy windy weather, and, as some say, from seven to ten in the forenoon, and from two to seven in the afternoon.

Other baits for the Pearch are, loaches, miller's-thumbs, stickle-backs; small lob, and marsh, and red-worms, well scoured; horse-beans, boiled; cad-bait, oak-worms, bobs, and gentles.

Many of these fish are taken in the rivers about Oxford; and the author of the Angler's Sure Guide says, he once saw the figure of a Pearch, drawn with a pencil on the door of a house near that city, which was twenty-nine inches long; and was informed it was the true dimensions of a living Pearch. *Angl. Sure Guide*, p. 155.

best to rest myself; for I have almost spent my spirits with talking so long.

Ven. Nay, good master, one fish more, for you see it rains still: and you know our angles are like money put to usury; they may thrive, though we sit still, and do nothing but talk and enjoy one another. Come, come, the other fish, good master.

Pisc. But, scholar, have you nothing to mix with this discourse, which now grows both tedious and tiresome? Shall I have nothing from you, that seem to have both a good memory and a cheerful spirit?

Ven. Yes, master, I will speak you a copy of verses that were made by Doctor Donne, and made to shew the world that he could make soft and smooth verses, when he thought smoothness worth his labour: and I love them the better, because they allude to rivers, and fish and fishing. They be these:

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove,
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,
With silken lines, and silver hooks.

There will the river whisp'ring run,
Warm'd by thy eyes more than the sun;
And there the enamel'd fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channel hath,
Most amorously to thee will swim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou, to be so seen, beest loath
By sun or moon, thou dark'nest both;
And if mine eyes have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

The largest Pearch are taken with a minnow, hooked with a good hold through the back-fin, or rather through the upper-lip; for the Pearch, by reason of the figure of his mouth, cannot take the bait crosswise, as the Pike will. When you fish thus, use a large cork-float, and lead your line about nine inches from the bottom, otherwise the minnow will come to the top of the water; but in the ordinary way of fishing, let your bait hang within about six inches from the ground.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legs with shells and weeds,
Or treacherously poor fish beset
With strangling snares or windowy net;

Let coarse bold hands, from slimy nest,
The bedded fish in banks outwrest;
Let curious traitors sleave silk flies,
To 'witch poor wand'ring fishes eyes.

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own bait:
That fish that is not catcht thereby,
Is wiser far, alas, than I.

Pisc. Well remembered, honest scholar. I thank you for these choice verses; which I have heard formerly, but had quite forgot, till they were recovered by your happy memory. Well, being I have now rested myself a little, I will make you some requital, by telling you some observations of the Eel; for it rains still: and because, as you say, our angles are as money put to use, that thrives when we play, therefore we'll sit still, and enjoy ourselves a little longer under this honeysuckle-hedge.

CHAP. XIII.

Observations on the EEL, *and other Fish that want Scales; and how to fish for them.*

Piscator. It is agreed by most men, that the Eel is a most dainty fish: the Romans have esteemed her the *Helena* of their feasts; and some, the queen of palate-pleasure. But most men differ about their breeding: some say they breed by generation, as other fish do; and others, that they breed, as some worms do, of mud; as rats and mice, and many other living creatures, are bred in Egypt, by the sun's heat when it shines upon the overflowing of the river Nilus; or out of the putrefaction of the earth, and divers other ways. Those that deny them

to breed by generation, as other fish do, ask, If any man ever saw an Eel to have a spawn or melt? And they are answered, that they may be as certain of their breeding as if they had seen spawn; for they say, that they are certain that Eels have all parts fit for generation, like other fish,[1] but so small as not to be easily discerned, by reason of their fatness; but that discerned they may be; and that the He and the She-Eel may be distinguished by their fins. And Rondeletius says, he has seen Eels cling together like dew-worms.

And others say, that Eels, growing old, breed other Eels out of the corruption of their own age; which, Sir Francis Bacon says, exceeds not ten years. And others say, that as pearls are made of glutinous dew-drops, which are condensed by the sun's heat in those countries, so Eels are bred of a particular dew, falling in the months of May or June on the banks of some particular ponds or rivers, apted by nature for that end; which in a few days are, by the sun's heat, turned into Eels: and some of the Ancients have called the Eels that are thus bred, the offspring of Jove. I have seen, in the beginning of July, in a river not far from Canterbury, some parts of it covered over with young Eels, about the thickness of a straw; and these Eels did lie on the top of that water, as thick as motes are said to be in the sun: and I have heard the like of other rivers, as namely, in Severn, where they are called Yelvers; and in a pond, or mere, near unto Staffordshire, where, about a set time in summer, such small Eels abound so much, that many of the poorer sort of people that inhabit near to it, take such Eels out of this mere with sieves or sheets; and make a kind of Eel-cake of them, and eat it like as bread. And Gesner

(1) That fishes are furnished with parts fit for generation cannot be doubted, since it is a common practice to castrate them. See the method of doing it in *Philos. Trans.* Vol. XLVIII. Part II. for the year 1754, page 870.

quotes venerable Bede,[1] to say, that in England there is an island called *Ely*, by reason of the innumerable number of Eels that breed in it. But that Eels may be bred as some worms, and some kind of bees and wasps are, either of dew, or out of the corruption of the earth, seems to be made probable by the barnacles and young goslings bred by the sun's heat and the rotten planks of an old ship, and hatched of trees; both which are related for truths by Du Bartas and Lobel,[2] and also by our learned Camden, and laborious Gerhard[3] in his *Herbal*.

It is said by Rondeletius, that those Eels that are bred in rivers that relate to or be nearer to the sea, never return to the fresh waters, (as the Salmon does always desire to do,) when they have once tasted the salt water; and I do the more easily believe this, because I am certain that powdered beef is a most excellent bait to catch an Eel. And though Sir Francis Bacon will allow the Eel's life to be but ten years; yet he, in his History of Life and Death, mentions a Lamprey, belonging to the Roman emperor, to be made tame, and so kept for almost

(1) The most universal scholar of his time: he was born at Durham about 671, and bred under St. John of Beverley. It is said, that Pope Sergius the First invited him to Rome; though others say, he never stirred out of his cell. He was a man of great virtue, and remarkable for a most sweet and engaging disposition: he died in 734, and lies buried at Durham. His works make eight volumes in folio. See his Life in the *Biogr. Britann.*

(2) *Matthias* de *Lobel*, or *L'Obel*, an eminent physician and botanist of the sixteenth century, was a native of Lisle, in Flanders. He was a disciple of Rondeletius; and being invited to London, by king James the First, published there his *Historia Plantarum*, and died in the year 1616. Vide Hoffmanni "*Lexicon Universale*," art. "Matthias Lobelius." This work is entitled *Plantarum seu Stirpium Historia*, and was first published at Antwerp in 1576, and republished at London in 1605. He was author likewise of two other works; the former of which has for its title *Balsami, Opobalsami, Carpobalsami, & Xylobalsami, cum suo cortice, Explanatio.* Lond. 1598; and the latter, *Stirpium Illustrationes.* Lond. 1655.

(3) The person here mentioned is *John Gerard*, one of the first of our English Botanists: he was by profession a Surgeon; and published, in 1597, an *Herbal*, in a large folio, dedicated to the lord treasurer Burleigh; and, two years after, a *Catalogue of Plants, Herbs, &c.* to the number of eleven hundred, raised and naturalized by himself in a large garden near his house in Holborn. The latter is dedicated to Sir Walter Raleigh.

threescore years; and that such useful and pleasant observations were made of this Lamprey, that Crassus the orator, who kept her, lamented her death. And we read in Doctor Hakewill, that Hortensius was seen to weep at the death of a Lamprey that he had kept long, and loved exceedingly.[1]

It is granted by all, or most men, that Eels, for about six months, that is to say, the six cold months of the year, stir not up and down, neither in the rivers, nor in the pools in which they usually are, but get into the soft earth or mud; and there many of them together bed themselves, and live without feeding upon any thing, as I have told you some swallows have been observed to do in hollow trees, for those six cold months. And this the Eel and Swallow do, as not being able to endure winter weather: for Gesner quotes Albertus to say, that in the year 1125, (that year's winter being more cold than usually,) Eels did, by nature's instinct, get out of the water into a stack of hay in a meadow upon dry ground;[2] and there bedded themselves: but yet, at last, a frost killed them. And our Camden relates, that, in Lancashire, fishes were digged out of the earth with spades, where no water was near to the place.[3] I shall say little

(1) The Author, page 113, has cited from Pliny an instance of the fondness of Antonia, a woman, for a tame Lamprey, which the tenderness of her sex might perhaps excuse; but the sagacity and docility of these creatures seem less wonderful than the weakness of such men as Crassus and Hortensius, in becoming mourners for the death of an Eel.

The former of these two persons was, for this his pusillanimity, reproached in the Senate of Rome by Domitius, in these words: "Foolish Crassus! you wept for your *Murena*" [or Lamprey.] "That is more," retorted Crassus, "than you did for your two wives." Lord Bacon's *Apophthegms*.

(2) Dr. Plot, in his *History of Staffordshire*, page 242, mentions certain waters, and a pool, that were stocked by Eels that had from waters they liked not travelled *in arido*, or over dry land, to these other.

(3) Camden's relation is to this effect; *viz.* "That, at a place called Sefton, in the above county, upon turning up the turf, men find a black deadish water with small fishes therein." *Britannia Lancashire.* Fuller, who also reports this strange fact, humorously says, "That the men of this place go a-fishing with spades and mattocks; adding, that fishes are thus found in the country about Heraclea and Tius, in Pontus." *Worthies*, in *Lancashire*, 107.

more of the Eel, but that, as it is observed he is impatient of cold, so it hath been observed, that, in warm weather, an Eel has been known to live five days out of the water.

And lastly, let me tell you, that some curious searchers into the natures of fish observe, that there be several sorts or kinds of Eels; as the silver Eel, and green or greenish Eel, with which the river of Thames abounds, and those are called Grigs; and a blackish Eel, whose head is more flat and bigger than ordinary Eels; and also an Eel whose fins are reddish, and but seldom taken in this nation, and yet taken sometimes. These several kind of Eels are, say some, diversely bred; as, namely, out of the corruption of the earth; and some by dew, and other ways, as I have said to you: and yet it is affirmed by some for a certain, that the silver Eel is bred by generation, but not by spawning as other fish do; but that her brood come alive from her, being then little live Eels no bigger nor longer than a pin; and I have had too many testimonies of this, to doubt the truth of it myself; and if I thought it needful I might prove it, but I think it is needless.

And this Eel, of which I have said so much to you, may be caught with divers kinds of baits: as namely, with powdered beef; with a lob or garden worm; with a minnow; or gut of a hen, chicken, or the guts of any fish; or with almost any thing, for he is a greedy fish.[1] But the Eel may be caught, especially, with a little, a

(1) To this truth, I myself can bear witness. When I dwelt at Twickenham, a large canal adjoined to my house, which I stocked with fish. I had from time to time broods of ducks, which, with their young ones, took to the water. One dry summer, when the canal was very low, we missed many young ducks, but could not find out how they went. Resolving to make advantage of the lowness of the water to clean the canal, a work which had not been done for thirty years before, I drained and emptied it, and found in the mud a great number of large Eels. Some of them I reserved for the use of my family; which being opened by the cook, surprised us all; for in the stomachs of several of them were found, undigested, the necks and heads of young ducks, which doubtless were those of the ducks we had missed. *Hawkins.*

very little Lamprey, which some call a Pride, and may, in the hot months, be found many of them in the river Thames, and in many mud-heaps in other rivers; yea, almost as usually as one finds worms in a dunghill.

Next note, that the Eel seldom stirs in the day, but then hides himself; and therefore he is usually caught by night, with one of these baits of which I have spoken; and may be then caught by laying hooks, which you are to fasten to the bank, or twigs of a tree; or by throwing a string cross the stream, with many hooks at it, and those baited with the aforesaid baits; and a clod, or plummet, or stone, thrown into the river with this line, that so you may in the morning find it near to some fixed place; and then take it up with a drag-hook, or otherwise. But these things are, indeed, too common to be spoken of; and an hour's fishing with any angler will teach you better, both for these and many other common things in the practical part of angling, than a week's discourse. I shall therefore conclude this direction for taking the Eel, by telling you, that, in a warm day in summer, I have taken many a good Eel by Snigling, and have been much pleased with that sport.

And because you, that are but a young angler, know not what Snigling is, I will now teach it to you. You remember, I told you, that Eels do not usually stir in the day time; for then they hide themselves under some covert; or under boards or planks about flood-gates, or weirs, or mills; or in holes on the river banks: so that you, observing your time in a warm day, when the water is lowest, may take a strong small hook, tied to a strong line, or to a string about a yard long; and then into one of these holes, or between any boards about a mill, or under any great stone or plank, or any place where you think an Eel may hide or shelter herself, you may, with the help of a short stick, put in your bait, but leisurely, and as far

as you may conveniently; and it is scarce to be doubted, but if there be an Eel, within the sight of it, the Eel will bite instantly, and as certainly gorge it; and you need not doubt to have him if you pull him not out of the hole too quickly, but pull him out by degrees; for he, lying folded double in his hole, will, with the help of his tail, break all, unless you give him time to be wearied with pulling, and so get him out by degrees, not pulling too hard.

And to commute for your patient hearing this long direction, I shall next tell you how to make this Eel a most excellent dish of meat.

First, wash him in water and salt; then pull off his skin below his vent or navel, and not much further: having done that, take out his guts as clean as you can, but wash him not: then give him three or four scotches with a knife; and then put into his belly and those scotches, sweet herbs, an anchovy, and a little nutmeg grated or cut very small; and your herbs and anchovies must also be cut very small, and mixt with good butter and salt: having done this, then pull his skin over him, all but his head, which you are to cut off, to the end you may tie his skin about that part where his head grew, and it must be so tied as to keep all his moisture within his skin: and having done this, tie him with tape or packthread to a spit, and roast him leisurely; and baste him with water and salt till his skin breaks, and then with butter; and having roasted him enough, let what was put into his belly, and what he drips, be his sauce. S. F.

When I go to dress an Eel thus, I wish he were as long and as big as that which was caught in Peterborough river, in the year 1667; which was a yard and three-quarters long. If you will not believe me, then go and see at one of the coffee-houses in King-street, in Westminster.

But now let me tell you, that though the Eel, thus

drest, be not only excellent good, but more harmless than any other way, yet it is certain that physicians account the Eel dangerous meat; I will advise you therefore, as Solomon says of honey, *Prov.* xxv. "Hast thou found it, eat no more than is sufficient, lest thou surfeit, for it is not good to eat much honey." And let me add this, that the uncharitable Italian bids us "give Eels and no wine to our enemies."

And I will beg a little more of your attention, to tell you, that Aldrovandus, and divers physicians, commend the Eel very much for medicine, though not for meat. But let me tell you one observation, that the Eel is never out of season; as Trouts, and most other fish, are at set times; at least, most Eels are not.[1]

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(1) The haunts of the Eel are, weeds, under roots, stumps of trees, holes, and clefts of the earth, both in the banks and at the bottom, and in the plain mud, where they lie with only their heads out, watching for prey. They are also found under great stones, old timber, about flood-gates, weirs, bridges, and old mills. They delight in still waters, and in those that are foul and muddy; though the smaller Eels are to be met with in all sorts of rivers and soils.

Although the manner in which Eels, and indeed all fish, are generated, is sufficiently settled, as appears by the foregoing notes; there yet remains a question undecided by naturalists; and that is, Whether the Eel be an *oviparous* or a *viviparous* fish? Walton inclines to the latter opinion. The following relation from Bowlker may go near to determine the question:

"Being acquainted with an elderly woman, who had been wife to a miller near fifty years, and much employed in dressing of Eels, I asked her whether she had ever found any spawn or eggs in those Eels she opened? She said she had never observed any; but that she had sometimes found living Eels in them, about the bigness of a small needle; and particularly, that she once took out ten or twelve, and put them upon the table, and found them to be alive; which was confirmed to me by the rest of the family. The time of the year when this happened was, as they informed me, about a fortnight or three weeks after Michaelmas; which makes me of opinion that they go down to the sea, or salt-water, to prepare themselves for the work of propagating and producing their young. To this I must add another observation of the same nature, that was made by a gentleman of fortune not far from Ludlow, and in the commission of the peace for the county of Salop; who going to visit a gentleman, his friend, was shewn a very fine large Eel that was going to be dressed, about whose sides and belly he observed a parcel of little creeping things, which at first made him suspect it had been kept too long; but, upon nearer inspection, they were found to be perfect little Eels, or Elvers: upon this it was immediately opened in the sight of several other gentlemen, and in the belly of it they found a lump about as big as a nutmeg, consisting of an infinite number of those little creatures, closely wrapt up together, which, being put into a bason of water, soon separated, and swam about the bason. This he has often told to several gentlemen of

I might here speak of many other fish, whose shape and nature are much like the Eel, and frequent both the sea and fresh rivers; as namely, the Lamprel, the Lamprey, and the Lamperne: as also of the mighty Conger, taken often in Severn, about Gloucester: and might also tell in what high esteem many of them are for the curiosity of their taste. But these are not so proper to be talked of by me, because they make us anglers no sport; therefore I will let them alone, as the Jews do, to whom they are forbidden by their law.

And, scholar, there is also a FLOUNDER, a sea-fish which will wander very far into fresh rivers, and there lose himself and dwell: and thrive to a hand's breadth, and almost twice so long: a fish without scales, and most excellent meat: and a fish that affords much sport to the angler, with any small worm, but especially a little

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credit in his neighbourhood, from some of whom I first received this account: but I have lately had the satisfaction of having it from his own mouth; and therefore I think this may serve to put the matter out of all doubt, and may be sufficient to prove that Eels are of the viviparous kind."

Taking it for granted then that Eels do not spawn, all we have to say in this place is, that though, as our author tells us, they are never out of season, yet, as some say, they are best in Winter, and worst in May. And it is to be noted of Eels, that the longer they live, the better they are. *Angler's Sure Guide*, p. 164.

Of baits for the Eel, the best are, lob-worms, loach, minnows, small pope or pearch, with the fins cut off; pieces of any fish, especially bleak, as being very lucid; with which I have taken very large ones.

As the angling for Eels is no very pleasant amusement, and is always attended with great trouble and the risk of tackle; many, while they angle for other fish, lay lines for the Eel, which they tie to weeds, flags, &c. with marks to find them by. Or, you may take a long packthread line, with a leaden weight at the end, and hooks looped on at a yard distance from each other: fasten one end to the flags, or on the shore, and throw the lead out, and let the line lie some time. And in this way you may probably take a Pike.

The river Kennet in Berkshire, the Stour in Dorsetshire, Irk in Lancashire, and Ankham in Lincolnshire, are famed for producing excellent Eels: the latter to so great a degree, as to give rise to the following proverbial rhyme:

Ankham Eel, and Witham Pike,
In all England is none sike.

But it is said, there are no Eels superior in goodness to those taken in the head of the New River near Islington; and I myself have seen Eels, caught there with a rod and line, of a very large size.

Eels, contrary to all other fish, never swim up, but always down the stream.

bluish worm, gotten out of marsh-ground or meadows, which should be well scoured.[1] But this, though it be most excellent meat, yet it wants scales, and is, as I told you, therefore an abomination to the Jews.

But, scholar, there is a fish that they in Lancashire boast very much of, called a CHAR; taken there, (and I think there only,) in a mere called Winander Mere; a mere, says Camden, that is the largest in this nation, being ten miles in length, and (some say) as smooth in the bottom as if it were paved with polished marble. This fish never exceeds fifteen or sixteen inches in length; and is spotted like a Trout: and has scarce a bone, but on the back. But this, though I do not know whether it make the angler sport, yet I would have you take notice of it, because it is a rarity, and of so high esteem with persons of great note.

Nor would I have you ignorant of a rare fish called a GUINIAD; of which I shall tell you what Camden and others speak. The river Dee, (which runs by Chester,) springs in Merionethshire; and, as it runs toward Chester, it runs through Pemble-Mere, which is a large water: and it is observed, that though the river Dee abounds with Salmon, and Pemble-Mere with the Guiniad, yet there is never any Salmon caught in the mere, nor a Guiniad in the river. And now my next observation shall be of the Barbel.

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(1) The taking Flounders with a rod and line is a thing so accidental, that it is hardly worth the mention. The same may be said of Smelts, which, in the Thames, and other great rivers, are caught with a bit of any small fish, but chiefly of their own species. In the month of August, about the year 1720, such vast quantities of smelts came up the Thames, that women, and even children, became anglers for them; and, as I have been told by persons who well remember it, in one day, between London-bridge and Greenwich, not fewer than two thousand persons were thus employed.

CHAP. XIV.

Observations on the BARBEL, *and Directions how to fish for him.*

Piscator. THE Barbel is so called, says Gesner, by reason of his barb or wattles at his mouth, which are under his nose or chaps. He is one of those leather-mouthed fishes that I told you of, that does very seldom break his hold if he be once hook'd: but he is so strong, that he will often break both rod and line, if he proves to be a big one.

But the Barbel, though he be of a fine shape, and looks big, yet he is not accounted the best fish to eat, neither for his wholesomeness nor his taste; but the male is reputed much better than the female, whose spawn is very hurtful, as I will presently declare to you.

They flock together like sheep, and are at the worst in April, about which time they spawn; but quickly grow to be in season. He is able to live in the strongest swifts of the water: and, in summer, they love the shallowest and sharpest streams; and love to lurk under weeds, and to feed on gravel, against a rising ground; and will root and dig in the sands with his nose like a hog, and there nests himself: yet sometimes he retires to deep and swift bridges, or flood-gates, or weirs; where he will nest himself amongst piles, or in hollow places; and take such hold of moss or weeds, that be the water never so swift, it is not able to force him from the place that he contends for. This is his constant custom in summer, when he and most living creatures sport themselves in the sun: but at the approach of winter, then he forsakes the swift streams and shallow waters, and, by degrees, retires to those parts of the river that are quiet and deeper; in which places, and I think about that time he

BARBEL FISHING.

spawns; and, as I have formerly told you, with the help of the melter, hides his spawn or eggs in holes, which they both dig in the gravel: and then they mutually labour to cover it with the same sand, to prevent it from being devoured by other fish.

There be such store of this fish in the river Danube, that Rondeletius says they may, in some places of it, and in some months of the year, be taken, by those who dwell near to the river, with their hands, eight or ten load at a time. He says, they begin to be good in May, and that they cease to be so in August: but it is found to be otherwise in this nation. But thus far we agree with him, that the spawn of a Barbel, if it be not poison, as he says, yet that it is dangerous meat, and especially in the month of May; which is so certain, that Gesner and Gasius declare it had an ill effect upon them, even to the endangering of their lives.[1]

This fish is of a fine cast and handsome shape, with small scales, which are placed after a most exact and curious manner: and, as I told you, may be rather said not to be ill, than to be good meat. The Chub and he have, I think, both lost part of their credit by ill-cookery; they being reputed the worst, or coarsest, of fresh-water fish. But the Barbel affords an angler choice sport, being a lusty and a cunning fish; so lusty and cunning as to endanger the breaking of the angler's line, by running his head forcibly towards any covert, or hole, or bank, and then striking at the line, to break it off, with his tail; as is observed by Plutarch in his book *De Industriâ Ani-*

(1) Though the spawn of the Barbel is known to be of a poisonous nature, yet it is often taken by country people medicinally; who find it, at once, a most powerful emetic and cathartic. And, notwithstanding what is said of the wholesomeness of the *flesh*, with some constitutions it produces the same effects as the *spawn*. About the month of September, in the year 1754, a servant of mine, who had eaten part of a Barbel, though, as I had cautioned him, he abstained from the spawn, was seized with such a violent purging and vomiting, as had like to have cost him his life. *Hawkins.*

malium; and also so cunning, to nibble and suck off your worm close to the hook, and yet avoid the letting the hook come into his mouth.

The Barbel is also curious for his baits; that is to say, that they be clean and sweet; that is to say, to have your worms well scoured, and not kept in sour and musty moss, for he is a curious feeder: but at a well-scoured lob-worm he will bite as boldly as at any bait, and specially if, the night or two before you fish for him, you shall bait the places where you intend to fish for him, with big worms cut into pieces.[1] And note, that none did ever over-bait the place, nor fish too early or too late for a Barbel. And the Barbel will bite also at gentles, which, not being too much scoured, but green, are a choice bait for him: and so is cheese, which is not to be too hard, but kept a day or two in a wet linen cloth, to make it tough; with this you may also bait the water a day or two before you fish for the Barbel, and be much the likelier to catch store; and if the cheese were laid in clarified honey a short time before, as namely, an hour or two, you were still the likelier to catch fish. Some have directed to cut the cheese into thin pieces, and toast it; and then tie it on the hook with fine silk. And some advise to fish for the Barbel with sheep's tallow and soft cheese, beaten or worked into a paste; and that it is choicely good in August: and I believe it. But, doubtless, the lob-worm well scoured, and the gentle not too much scoured, and cheese ordered as I have directed, are baits enough, and I think will serve in any month: though I shall commend any angler that tries conclusions, and is industrious to improve the art. And now, my honest scholar, the long shower and my tedious discourse are

(1) Graves, (which are the sediment of tallow melted for the making of candles,) cut into pieces, are an excellent ground-bait for Barbel, Gudgeons, Roach, and many other fish, if thrown in the night before you angle.

both ended together: and I shall give you but this observation, that when you fish for a Barbel, your rod and line be both long and of good strength; for, as I told you, you will find him a heavy and a dogged fish to be dealt withal; yet he seldom or never breaks his hold, if he be once strucken. And if you would know more of fishing for the Umber or Barbel,[1] get into favour with Dr. Shel-

(1) Of the haunts of the Barbel, the author has spoken sufficiently. Barbel spawn about the middle of April, and grow in season about a month after.

Baits for Barbel, other than what Walton has mentioned, are the young brood of wasps, hornets, and humble bees.

In fishing for him, use a very strong rod, and a silk line with a shot and a bullet, as directed for the Trout. Some use a cork float, which, if you do, be sure to fish as close to the bottom as possible, so as the bait does not touch the ground.

In angling for lesser fish, the angler will sometimes find it a misfortune to hook a Barbel; a fish so sullen, that, with fine tackle, it is scarcely possible to land one of twelve inches long.

A lover of angling told me the following story: He was fishing in the river Lea, at the ferry called Jeremy's, and had hooked a large fish at the time when some Londoners, with their horses, were passing: they congratulated him on his success, and got out of the ferry-boat, but, finding the fish not likely to yield, mounted their horses and rode off. The fact was, that, angling for small fish, his bait had been taken by a Barbel too big for the fisher to manage. Not caring to risk his tackle, by attempting to raise him, he hoped to tire him, and, to that end suffered himself to be led (to use his own expression) as a blind man is by his dog, several yards up, and as many down the bank of the river, in short, for so many hours, that the horsemen above-mentioned (who had been at Walthamstow, and dined) were returned; who, seeing him thus occupied, cried out, "What, master, another large fish?—"No," says *Piscator*, "it is the very same."—"Nay," says one of them, "that can never be; for it is five hours since we crossed the river." And not believing him, they rode on their way. At length our angler determined to do that which a less patient one would have done long before: he made one vigorous effort to land his fish, broke his tackle and lost him.

Fishing for Barbel is, at best, but a dull recreation. They are a sullen fish, and bite but slowly. The angler drops in his bait; the bullet, at the bottom of the line, fixes it to one spot of the river. Tired with waiting for a bite, he generally lays down his rod, and, exercising the patience of a setting-dog, waits till he sees the top of his rod move; then begins a struggle between him and the fish, which he calls his sport; and that being over, he lands his prize, fresh baits his hook, and lays in for another.

Living, some years ago, in a village on the banks of the Thames, I was used, in the summer months, to be much in a boat on the river. It chanced that, at Shepperton, where I had been for a few days, I frequently passed an elderly gentleman in his boat, who appeared to be fishing, at different stations for Barbel. After a few salutations had passed between us, and we were become a little acquainted, I took occasion to enquire of him what diversion he had met with. "Sir," says he, "I have had but bad luck to-day, for I fish for Barbel, and you know they are not to be caught like Gudgeons."—"It is very true," answered I; "but what you want in tale, I suppose you make up in weight."

don,[1] whose skill is above others; and of that, the poor that dwell about him have a comfortable experience.

And now let's go and see what interest the Trouts will pay us, for letting our angle-rods lie so long and so quietly in the water for their use. Come, scholar, which will you take up?

Ven. Which you think fit, master.

Pisc. Why, you shall take up that; for I am certain, by viewing the line, it has a fish at it. Look you, scholar! well done! Come, now take up the other too: well! now you may tell my brother Peter, at night, that you have caught a leash of Trouts this day. And now let's move towards our lodging, and drink a draught of red-cow's milk as we go; and give pretty Maudlin and her honest mother a brace of Trouts for their supper.

Ven. Master, I like your motion very well; and I think it is now about milking-time; and yonder they be at it.

Pisc. God speed you, good woman! I thank you both for our songs last night: I and my companion have had such fortune a-fishing this day, that we resolve to give you and Maudlin a brace of Trouts for supper; and we will now taste a draught of your red cow's milk.

Milk-w. Marry, and that you shall with all my heart; and I will be still your debtor when you come this way. If you will but speak the word, I will make you a good syllabub of new verjuice; and then you may sit down in a hay-

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"Why, Sir," says he, "that is just as it happens: it is true I like the sport, and love to catch fish, but my great delight is in *going after them*. I'll tell you what, Sir," continued he; "I am a man in years, and have used the sea all my life, [he had been an India captain,] but I mean to go no more; and have bought that little house which you see there," [pointing to it,] "for the sake of fishing. I get into this boat" [which he was then mopping] "on a Monday morning, and fish on till Saturday night, for Barbel, as I told you, for that is my delight; and this I have done for a month together, and in all that while have not had one bite." *Hawkins.*

(1) Dr. *Gilbert Sheldon*, warden of All Souls College; chaplain to king Charles the First; and, after the Restoration, archbishop of Canterbury. He founded the theatre at Oxford; died in 1677, and lies buried under a stately monument at Croydon, in Surrey.

cock, and eat it; and Maudlin shall sit by and sing you the good old song of the *Hunting in Chevy Chace*, or some other good ballad, for she hath store of them; Maudlin, my honest Maudlin, hath a notable memory, and she thinks nothing too good for you, because you be such honest men.

Ven. We thank you; and intend, once in a month, to call upon you again, and give you a little warning; and so, good night; good night, Maudlin. And now, good master, let's lose no time: but tell me somewhat more of fishing; and, if you please, first, something of fishing for a Gudgeon.

Pisc. I will, honest scholar.

CHAP. XV.

Observations on the GUDGEON, *the* RUFFE, *and the* BLEAK; *and how to fish for them.*

Piscator. The Gudgeon is reputed a fish of excellent taste, and to be very wholesome. He is of a fine shape, of a silver colour, and beautified with black spots both on his body and tail. He breeds two or three times in the year; and always in summer. He is commended for a fish of excellent nourishment. The Germans call him *Groundling*, by reason of his feeding on the ground; and he there feasts himself, in sharp streams and on the gravel. He and the Barbel both feed so: and do not hunt for flies at any time, as most other fishes do. He is an excellent fish to enter a young angler, being easy to be taken with a small red worm, on or very near to the ground. He is one of those leather-mouthed fish that has his teeth in his throat, and will hardly be lost off from the hook if he be once strucken.

They be usually scattered up and down every river in

the shallows, in the heat of summer: but in autumn, when the weeds begin to grow sour and rot, and the weather colder, then they gather together, and get into the deeper parts of the water; and are to be fished for there, with your hook always touching the ground, if you fish for him with a float, or with a cork. But many will fish for the Gudgeon by hand, with a running line upon the ground, without a cork, as a Trout is fished for[1]; and it is an excellent way, if you have a gentle rod, and as gentle a hand.

There is also another fish called a Pope, and by some a Ruffe; a fish that is not known to be in some rivers: he is much like the Pearch for his shape, and taken to be better than the Pearch; but will not grow to be bigger than a Gudgeon. He is an excellent fish; no fish that swims is of a pleasanter taste. And he is also excellent to enter a young angler, for he is a greedy biter; and they will usually lie, abundance of them together, in one reserved place, where the water is deep and runs quietly; and an easy angler, if he has found where they lie, may catch forty or fifty, or sometimes twice so many, at a standing.

You must fish for him with a small red worm; and if you bait the ground with earth, it is excellent.

There is also a Bleak, or fresh-water Sprat; a fish that is ever in motion, and therefore called by some the river-swallow; for just as you shall observe the Swallow to be, most evenings in summer, ever in motion, making short and quick turns when he flies to catch flies, in the air, by which he lives; so does the Bleak at the top of the water. Ausonius would have him called Bleak, from his whitish colour: his back is of a pleasant sad or sea-water-green; his belly, white and shining as the mountain snow. And doubtless, though he have the fortune, which virtue has

(1) In fishing for Gudgeons, have a rake; and every quarter of an hour rake the bottom of the river, and the fish will flock thither in shoals.

in poor people, to be neglected, yet the Bleak ought to be much valued, though we want Allamot salt, and the skill that the Italians have, to turn them into anchovies. This fish may be caught with a Pater-noster line;[1] that is, six or eight very small hooks tied along the line, one half a foot above the other: I have seen five caught thus at one time, and the bait has been gentles, than which none is better.

Or this fish may be caught with a fine small artificial fly, which is to be of a very sad brown colour, and very small, and the hook answerable. There is no better sport than whipping for Bleaks in a boat, or on a bank, in the swift water, in a summer's evening, with a hazel-top about five or six foot long, and a line twice the length of the rod. I have heard Sir Henry Wotton say, that there be many that in Italy will catch Swallows so, or especially Martins;[2] this bird-angler standing on the top of a steeple to do it, and with a line twice so long as I have spoken of. And let me tell you, scholar, that both Martins and Bleaks be most excellent meat.

And let me tell you, that I have known a Hern, that did constantly frequent one place, caught with a hook baited with a big minnow or a small gudgeon. The line and hook must be strong: and tied to some loose staff, so big as she cannot fly away with it: a line not exceeding two yards.

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(1) A rosary, or string of beads, is used by the Roman-Catholic devotees to assist them in numbering their *Pater-nosters*, or prayers; a line with many hooks at small distances from each other, though it little resembles a string of beads, is thence called a *Puter-noster* line.

(2) This is a common practice in England also.

CHAP. XVI.

Is of nothing; or, that which is nothing worth.

Piscator. My purpose was to give you some directions concerning Roach and Dace, and some other inferior fish which make the angler excellent sport; for you know there is more pleasure in hunting the hare than in eating her: but I will forbear, at this time, to say any more, because you see yonder come our brother Peter and honest Coridon. But I will promise you, that as you and I fish and walk to-morrow towards London, if I have now forgotten any thing that I can then remember, I will not keep it from you.

Well met, gentlemen; this is lucky that we meet so just together at this very door. Come, hostess, where are you? is supper ready? Come, first give us drink; and be as quick as you can, for I believe we are all very hungry. Well, brother Peter and Coridon, to you both! Come, drink; and then tell me what luck of fish: we two have caught but ten trouts, of which my scholar caught three: look! here's eight; and a brace we gave away. We have had a most pleasant day for fishing and talking, and are returned home both weary and hungry; and now meat and rest will be pleasant.

Pet. And Coridon and I have not had an unpleasant day: and yet I have caught but five Trouts; for, indeed, we went to a good honest ale-house, and there we played at shovel-board half the day; all the time that it rained we were there, and as merry as they that fished. And I am glad we are now with a dry house over our heads; for, hark! how it rains and blows. Come, hostess, give us more ale, and our supper with what haste you may: and when we have supped, let us have your song, Piscator; and

the catch that your scholar promised us; or else, Coridon will be dogged.

Pisc. Nay, I will not be worse than my word; you shall not want my song, and I hope I shall be perfect in it.

Ven. And I hope the like for my catch, which I have ready too: and therefore let's go merrily to supper, and then have a gentle touch at singing and drinking; but the last with moderation.

Cor. Come, now for your song; for we have fed heartily. Come hostess, lay a few more sticks on the fire. And now, sing when you will.

Pisc. Well then, here's to you, Coridon; and now for my song.

O the gallant fisher's life,
It is the best of any;
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis belov'd by many:
Other joys
Are but toys;
Only this
Lawful is;
For our skill
Breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure.

In a morning up we rise,
Ere Aurora's peeping;
Drink a cup to wash our eyes;
Leave the sluggard sleeping:
Then we go
To and fro,
With our knacks
At our backs,
To such streams
As the Thames,
If we have the leisure.

When we please to walk abroad
For our recreation,
In the fields is our abode,
Full of delectation:
Where in a brook
With a hook,
Or a lake,
Fish we take:
There we sit,
For a bit,
Till we fish entangle.

We have gentles in a horn,
We have paste and worms too:
We can watch both night and morn,
Suffer rain and storms too:
None do here
Use to swear:
Oaths do fray
Fish away:
We sit still,
And watch our quill;
Fishers must not wrangle.

If the sun's excessive heat
Make our bodies swelter,
To an osier hedge we get
For a friendly shelter;
Where, in a dike,
Pearch or Pike,
Roach or Dace,
We do chase;
Bleak or Gudgeon,
Without grudging;
We are still contented.

Or we sometimes pass an hour
Under a green willow,
That defends us from a shower,
Making earth our pillow:
Where we may
Think and pray
Before death
Stops our breath;
Other joys
Are but toys,
And to be lamented.*

JO. CHALKHILL.

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* This, in its kind, is a good song. The following, taken from Cotton's *Poems*, 8vo. is to the same purpose; and well deserves a place here.

I.

Away to the brook,
All your tackle out-look,
Here's a day that is worth a year's wishing.
See that all things be right,
For 'twould be a spight
To want tools when a man goes a fishing.

II.

Your rod with tops two,
For the same will not do
If your manner of angling you vary;
And full well may you think,
If you troll with a pink,
One too weak will be apt to miscarry.

Ven. Well sung, master; this day's fortune and pleasure, and this night's company and song, do all make me more and more in love with angling. Gentlemen, my master left me alone for an hour this day; and I verily

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III.

Then basket, neat made
By a master in 's trade,
In a belt at your shoulders must dangle;
For none e'er was so vain
To wear this to disdain
Who a true brother was of the angle.

IV.

Next pouch must not fail,
Stuff'd as full as a mail,
With wax, crewels, silks, hair, furs, and feathers,
To make several flies
For the several skies,
That shall kill in despight of all weathers.

V.

The boxes and books
For your lines and your hooks,
And, though not for strict need notwithstanding,
Your scissars and houe
To adjust your points on;
With a net to be sure of your landing.

VI.

All these being on,
'Tis high time we were gone,
Down and upward, that all may have pleasure,
Till, here meeting at night,
We shall have the delight
To discourse of our fortunes at leisure.

VII.

The day's not too bright,
And the wind hits us right,
And all nature does seem to invite us;
We have all things at will
For to second our skill,
As they all did conspire to delight us.

VIII.

On stream now, or still,
A large pannier we'll fill,
Trout and Grayling to rise are so willing;
I dare venture to say,
'Twill be a bloody day,
And we all shall be weary of killing.

believe he retired himself from talking with me that he might be so perfect in this song; was it not, master?

Pisc. Yes, indeed, for it is many years since I learned it; and having forgotten a part of it, I was forced to

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IX.

Away, then, away,
We lose sport by delay;
But first, leave all our sorrows behind us:
If Miss Fortune should come,
We are all gone from home,
And a-fishing she never can find us.

X.

The angler is free
From the cares that Degree
Finds itself with, so often, tormented:
And although we should slay
Each a hundred a day,
'Tis a slaughter needs ne'er be repented.

XI.

And though we display
All our arts to betray
What were made for man's pleasure and diet,
Yet both princes and states
May for all our quaint baits,
Rule themselves and their people in quiet.

XII.

We scratch not our pates,
Nor repine at the rates
Our superiors impose on our living;
But do frankly submit,
Knowing they have more wit
In demanding than we have in giving.

XIII.

While quiet we sit,
We conclude all things fit;
Acquiescing with hearty submission:
For though simple, we know
That soft murmurs will grow,
At the last, unto downright sedition.

XIV.

We care not who says,
And intends it dispraise,
That an angler to a fool is next neighbour:
Let him prate; what care we?
We're as honest as he;
And so let him take that for his labour.

patch it up by the help of mine own invention; who am not excellent at poetry, as my part of the song may testify: but of that I will say no more, lest you should think I mean, by discommending it, to beg your commendations of it. And therefore, without replications, let's hear your catch, scholar; which I hope will be a good one, for you are both musical and have a good fancy to boot.

Ven. Marry, and that you shall; and as freely as I would have my honest master tell me some more secrets of fish and fishing, as we walk and fish towards London to-morrow. But, master, first let me tell you, that very hour which you were absent from me, I sat down under a willow tree by the water-side, and considered what you had told me of the owner of that pleasant meadow in which you then left me; that he had a plentiful estate, and not a heart to think so; that he had at this time many law-suits depending; and that they both damped his mirth, and took up so much of his time and thoughts, that he himself had not leisure to take the sweet content that I, who pretended no title to them, took in his fields:[1]

XV.

We covet no wealth,
But the blessing of health,
And that greater, good conscience within us.
Such devotion we bring
To our God, and our King,
That from either no offers can win us.

XVI.

While we sit and fish,
We pray, as we wish,
For long life to our king, James the Second.
Honest anglers then may,
Or they've very foul play,
With the best of good subjects be reckon'd.

(1) There is so much fine and useful morality included in this sentiment, that to let it pass would be inexcusable in one who pretends to illustrate the author's meaning, or display his excellencies. The precept which he evidently meant to inculcate, is a very comfortable one, *viz.* that some of the greatest pleasures human nature is capable of, lie open and in common to the poor as well as the rich. It is not necessary that a man should have the fee-simple of all the land in prospect from Windsor Terrace, or Richmond Hill, to enjoy the beauty of those two delightful situations; nor can we imagine that no one

for I could there sit quietly; and looking on the water, see some fishes sport themselves in the silver streams, others leaping at flies of several shapes and colours; looking on the hills, I could behold them spotted with woods and groves; looking down the meadows, could see, here a boy gathering lilies and lady-smocks, and there a girl cropping culverkeys and cowslips, all to make garlands suitable to this present month of May: these, and many other field flowers, so perfumed the air, that I thought that very meadow like that field in Sicily of which Diodorus speaks, where the perfumes arising from the place make all dogs that hunt in it to fall off, and to lose their hottest scent. I say, as I thus sat, joying in my own happy condition, and pitying this poor rich man that owned this and many other pleasant groves and meadows about me, I did thankfully remember what my Saviour said, that the meek possess the earth; or rather, they enjoy what the others possess, and enjoy not; for anglers and meek quiet-spirited men are free from those high, those restless thoughts, which corrode the sweets of life; and they, and they only, can say, as the poet has happily exprest it,

> Hail! blest estate of lowliness;
> Happy enjoyments of such minds
> As, rich in self-contentedness,
> Can, like the reeds, in roughest winds,
> By yielding make that blow but small
> At which proud oaks and cedars fall.

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but Lord Burlington was ever delighted in the view of his most elegant villa at Chiswick.

But that excellent moralist, Dr. Francis Hutcheson, late of Glasgow, has a passage to this purpose, which is a much better comment on this reflection than any we can give: "As often," says he, "as the more important offices of virtue allow any intervals, our time is agreeably and honorably employed in history, natural or civil; in geometry, astronomy, poetry, painting, and music; or such entertainments as ingenious arts afford. And some of the *sweetest* enjoyments of this sort require no property; nor need we ever want the objects. If familiarity abates the pleasure of the more obvious beauties of nature, their more exquisite inward structures may give new delights, and the stores of nature are inexhaustible." See his *System of Moral Philosophy*, book 1. chap. 7.

There came also into my mind at that time, certain verses in praise of a mean estate and humble mind: they were written by Phineas Fletcher;[1] an excellent divine,

(1) It would be great injustice to the memory of this person, whose name is now hardly known, to pass by him without notice. The son of Giles Fletcher, Doctor of Laws, and ambassador from Queen Elizabeth to the Duke of Muscovy. *Phineas Fletcher* was fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and the author of a fine allegorical poem, entitled, the *Purple Island*, printed at Cambridge, with other of his poems, in 4to. 1633; from whence the passage in the text, with a little variation, is taken. The reader will not be displeased with a more entire quotation from that work; which, from its elegant pastoral simplicity, I could wish to see equalled.

Let others trust the seas, dare death and hell,
Search either Inde, vaunt of their scars and wounds;
Let others their dear breath (nay, silence) sell
To fools; and (swoln, not rich) stretch out their bounds,
By spoiling those that live, and wronging dead;
That they may drink in pearl, and couch their head
In soft, but sleepless down; in rich, but restlesse bed.

Oh! let them in their gold quaff dropsies down;
Oh! let them surfeits feast in silver bright;
While sugar hires the taste the brain to drown,
And bribes of sauce corrupt false appetite,
His master's rest, health, heart, life, soul to sell.
Thus plenty, fulness, sickness, ring their knell;
Death weds and beds them; first in grave, and then in hell.

But, ah! let me, under some Kentish hill,
Near rolling Medway, 'mong my shepherd peers,
With fearless merry-make and piping, still
Securely pass my few and slow-pac'd years:
While yet the great *Augustus** of our nation [* *K. James* I.]
Shuts up old Janus in this long cessation,
Strength'ning our pleasing ease, and gives us sure vacation.

There may I, master of a little flock,
Feed my poor lambs, and often change their fare.
My lovely mate shall tend my sparing stock,
And nurse my little ones with pleasing care,
Whose love and look shall speak their father plain.
Health be my feast; heaven hope; content my gain;
So in my little house my lesser heart shall reign.

The beech shall yield a cool safe canopy,
While down I sit, and chaunt to th' echoing wood.
Ah! singing might I live, and singing die;
So by fair Thames or silver Medway's flood,
The dying swan, when years her temples pierce,
In music-strains breathes out her life and verse;
And, chaunting her own dirge, tides on her watry hearse.

Purple Island, Canto I.

The innocence of angling, the delightful scenes with which it is conversant, and its associated pleasures of ease, retirement, and meditation, have been a motive to the introduction of a new species of eclogue, where fishers are actors,

and an excellent angler; and the author of excellent *Piscatory Eclogues*, in which you shall see the picture of this good man's mind: and I wish mine to be like it.

No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright;
No begging wants his middle fortune bite:
But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.

His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content;
The smooth-leav'd beeches in the field receive him,
With coolest shade, till noon-tide's heat be spent.
His life is neither tost in boist'rous seas,
Or the vexatious world; or lost in slothful ease.
Pleas'd and full blest he lives, when he his God can please.

His bed, more safe than soft, yields quiet sleeps,
While by his side his faithful spouse hath place;
His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face.
His humble house or poor state ne'er torment him;
Less he could like, if less his God had lent him.
And when he dies, green turfs do for a tomb content him.

Gentlemen, these were a part of the thoughts that then possess'd me. And I there made a conversion of a piece

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as shepherds are in the pastoral. Mr. Addison, it is true, has censured Sannazarius for such an attempt: but it is to be remembered, that his are sea-eclogues, the very idea of which is surely inconsistent with the calmness and tranquillity of the pastoral life; not to say, that oysters and cray-fish are no very elegant or persuasive bribes to the favour of a mistress. But the ancient writers of *Pastoral*, Bion, Theocritus, Moschus, and others, included, under that species, the manners of herdsmen, vine-dressers, and others; and why those of fishers are to be excluded, the legislators of *Pastoral* would do well to inform us.

Of those who have attempted this kind of poetry, the above mentioned Mr. Fletcher is one; and in the same volume with the *Purple Island* are several poems, which he calls *Piscatory Eclogues*, from whence the following passage is extracted.

Ah! would thou knew'st how much it better were
To bide among the simple fisher-swains.
No shrieking owl, no night-crow lodgeth here;
Nor is our simple pleasure mix'd with pains.
Our sports begin with the beginning year,
In calms to pull the leaping fish to land;
In roughs to sing, and dance along the golden sand.

I have a pipe which once thou lovedst well;
(Was never pipe that gave a better sound;)
Which oft to hear, fair Thetis from her cell,
Thetis the queen of seas, attended round
With hundred nymphs, and many powers that dwell
In th' ocean's rocky walls, came up to hear;
And gave me gifts, which still for thee lie hoarded here.

of an old catch,[1] and added more to it, fitting them to be sung by us anglers. Come, Master, you can sing well: you must sing a part of it, as it is in this paper.

Here, with sweet bays, the lovely myrtles grow,
Where th' ocean's fair-cheek'd maidens oft repair;
Here to my pipe they danced on a row,
No other swain may come to note they're fair:
Yet my Amyntas there with me shall go.
Proteus himself pipes to his flocks hereby,
Whom thou shalt hear, ne'er seen by any jealous eye. *Eclogue* I.

And besides Mr. Phineas Fletcher, a gentleman now living [1784,] the Rev. Mr. *Moses Browne* has obliged the world with *Piscatory Eclogues*, which I would recommend to all lovers of poetry and angling; and am much mistaken if the fifth of them, entitled *Rennock's Despair*, is not by far the best imitation of Milton's *Lycidas* that has ever yet appeared.

(1) The song here sung can in no sense of the word be termed a *Catch*. It was probably set to music at the request of Walton, and is to be found in a book, entitled, *Select Ayres and Dialogues for one, two, and three Voyces; to the Theorbo-lute and Basse Viol.* By John Wilson and Charles Coleman, doctors of music, Henry Lawes and others. fol. London, 1659. It occurs in the first edition of Walton's book, published in 1653.

The reader is not to wonder at this motion of *Venator's*, nor that *Piscator* so readily accepts it. At the time when Walton wrote, and long before, music was so generally well understood, that a man who had any voice or ear was always supposed to be able to sing his part in a madrigal or song, at sight. Peacham requires of his gentleman, only to be able "to sing his part sure, and at the first sight; and withal, to play the same on the viol or lute." *Compl. Gent.* 100. And Philomathes, in Morley's excellent *Introduction to Practical Music*, in fol. *Lond.* 1597, thus complains; [at the banquet of master Sophobulus] "Supper being ended, and music-books, according to custom, being brought to table, the mistress of the house presented me with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing. But when, after many excuses, I protested unfeignedly that I could not, every one began to wonder; yea, some whispered to others, demanding how I was brought up. So that, upon shame of mine ignorance, I go nowe to seek out mine olde friend master Gnorimus, to make myself his scholar."

Another circumstance, which shews how generally music was formerly known and practised in England, occurred to me upon the sight of an old Book of Enigmas; to every one of which the author has prefixed a wooden cut of the subject of the enigma. The solution to one of these is, A barber: and the cut represents a barber's shop, in which there is one person sitting in a chair, under the barber's hands; while another, who is waiting for his turn, is playing on the lute; and on the side of the shop hangs another instrument of the lute or cittern kind. The inference I draw from hence is, that, formerly, a lute was considered as a necessary part of the furniture of a barber's shop, and answered the end of a newspaper, the now common amusement of waiting customers; which it would never have done, if music had not, as is above observed, been generally known and practised.

In an old comedy of Dekker's, entitled, "The Second Part of the Honest Whore," printed in Dodsley's *Collection*, vol. iii. edit. 1780, Matheo, speaking of his wife, terms her, "*a barber's citterne* for every serving-man to play upon."

This instrument grew into disuse about the beginning of this century. Dr. King, taking occasion to mention the barbers of his time, says, "that turning

Pet. I marry, Sir, this is music indeed; this has cheer'd my heart, and made me remember six verses in praise of music, which I will speak to you instantly.

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themselves to perriwig-making, they had forgot their *cittern* and their music." *Works* of Dr. William King, vol. ii. p. 79.

And the knowledge of this fact will enable us to explain and justify a passage in Ben Jonson's comedy of *The Silent Woman*, which none of his annotators seem to have understood. Morose, in act III. scene 5. of that play, after he has discovered that his supposed wife can talk, and that to the purpose too, cries out of *Cutberd*, "That cursed barber!——I have married his *cittern*, that's common to all men." Mr. Upton, in his *Notes* on that play, supposes we should read *cistern*, *i. e.* the common sink, the common sewer, cistern, or receptacle: or, he says, we may read *cittern* in a sense that has no relation to a barber's shop. But whether the circumstance above mentioned does not render any such conjecture needless, the ingenious reader will determine.

Mr. *Henry Lawes*, who composed the music to this song, was the Purcell of the age he lived in: Mr. Waller has honoured him with a *Copy of Verses*, inscribed "To Mr. Henry Lawes, who had then new set a song of mine, in the year 1635." And Milton has celebrated his merit in an elegant sonnet "to Mr. H. Lawes, on his Airs." Milton was an excellent judge and performer of music; a particular which, as it has been very superficially mentioned by the many writers of his life, it may not be amiss to enlarge on here. And first, we are to know, that his affection to this art was, in some sort, hereditary; for his father was not only a lover, but a composer of music: the common melody, known by the name of *York Psalm-tune*, which most country chimes play, and half the nurses in this kingdom sing by way of lullaby, was of his composition, as appears by Ravenscroft's *Collection of Psalm-tunes*, and other evidences. He also composed many madrigals, in four and five parts: some of which are to be seen in the *Triumphs of Oriana*, a collection of madrigals to five and six voices, composed by divers authors, 4to. Lond. 1601; and in other collections. And lastly, it appears from the *Life of Milton*, by his nephew Phillips, prefixed to a Translation of some of his *Letters of State*, printed in 12mo. 1694, that Milton, the father, composed an *In Nomine* of forty parts, for which he was rewarded, by a Polish prince to whom he presented it, with a gold medal and chain. And we are also told, by the above-mentioned nephew of Milton, that, when he was upon his travels, he collected a chest or two of choice music books of the best masters flourishing at that time in Italy, namely, Luca Marenzio, Monteverde, Horatio Vecchi, Cifra, the Prince of Venosa, and others.

It should seem that Lawes and Milton were well acquainted; for the former composed the original music to the Masque of *Comus*, and at the exhibition of that performance at Ludlow-castle, acted the part of the attendant Spirit. The best account extant of him, except that in the *Athen. Oxon.* is contained in Mr. Fenton's note on the poem of Mr. Waller, above mentioned.

And, now I am upon this subject, I will tell the reader a secret; which is, That music was in its greatest perfection in Europe from about the middle of the sixteenth to the beginning of the seventeenth century; when, with a variety of treble-instruments, a vicious taste was introduced, and vocal harmony received its mortal wound. In this period flourished Palestrina, the Prince of Venosa, and the several other authors above mentioned to have been collected by Milton, and, to the immortal honour of this nation, our own Tallis and Byrd; and some years after, in the more elegant kinds of composition, such as madrigals, canzonets, &c. Wilbye, Weelkes, Bennet, Morley, Bateson, and others, whose works shew deep skill and fine invention.

Music! miraculous rhet'ric, that speak'st sense
Without a tongue, excelling eloquence;
With what ease might thy errors be excus'd,
Wert thou as truly lov'd as th' art abus'd!
But though dull souls neglect, and some reprove thee,
I cannot hate thee, 'cause the Angels love thee.[1]

Ven. And the repetition of these last verses of music has called to my memory what Mr. Ed. Waller, a lover of the angle,[2] says of love and music.

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(1) See these *Verses*, with some small variation, at the end of the book, entitled, *Select Ayres and Dialogues*, referred to from p. 105, n.; with "*W. D.* knight," under the bottom line, which I take to signify, that they were written by Sir William Davenant.

And let me be excused, if, from the same book, I here insert the following verses, on the subject of music, written by Mr. Thomas Randolph, and printed among his Poems.

Music! thou queen of souls, get up and string
Thy pow'rful lute; and some sad Requiem sing,
Till rocks requite thy echo with a groan,
And the dull cliffs repeat the duller tone:
Then on a sudden, with a nimble hand,
Run gently o'er the chords, and so command
The pine to dance, the oak his roots forego,
The holm and aged elm to foot it too;
Myrtles shall caper, lofty cedars run,
And call the courtly palm to make up one:
—Then in the midst of all their jolly train,
Strike a sad note, and fix them trees again."

(2) As the author's concern for the honour of angling induced him to enumerate such persons of note as were lovers of that recreation, the Reader will allow me to add Mr. John Gay to the number. Any one who reads the first canto of his Georgic, entitled *Rural Sports*, and observes how beautifully and accurately he treats the subject of fly-fishing, would conclude the author a proficient: but that it was his chief amusement, I have been assured by an intimate friend of mine, who has frequently fished with him in the river Kennet, at Amesbury, in Wilts, the seat of his grace the Duke of Queensbury.

The Reader will excuse the following addition to this note, for the sake of a beautiful description of the materials used in fly-making, which is quoted from the above-mentioned poem.

"To frame the little animal, provide
All the gay hues that wait on female pride:
Let nature guide thee; sometimes golden wire
The shining bellies of the fly require;
The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail;
Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
And lends the growing insect proper wings;
Silks of all colours must their aid impart,
And ev'ry fur promote the fisher's art:
So the gay lady, with expensive care,
Borrows the pride of land, of sea, of air;
Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glittering thing displays,
Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays."

While I listen to thy voice,
Chloris, I feel my life decay;
That powerful noise
Calls my fleeting soul away:
Oh! suppress that magic sound,
Which destroys without a wound.

Peace, Chloris, peace, or singing die,
That together you and I
To heaven may go;
For all we know
Of what the blessed do above,
Is, that they sing, and that they love.

Pisc. Well remembered, brother Peter; these verses came seasonably, and we thank you heartily. Come, we will all join together, my host and all, and sing my scholar's catch over again; and then each man drink the other cup, and to bed; and thank God we have a dry house over our heads.

Pisc. Well, now good night to every body.

Pet. And so say I.

Ven. And so say I.

Cor. Good night to you all; and I thank you.

* * * *

Pisc. Good-morrow, brother Peter; and the like to you, honest Coridon.

Come, my hostess says there is seven shillings to pay: let's each man drink a pot for his morning's draught, and lay down his two shillings, that so my hostess may not have occasion to repent herself of being so diligent, and using us so kindly.

Pet. The motion is liked by every body, and so, hostess, here's your money; we anglers are all beholden to you; it will not be long ere I'll see you again. And now, brother Piscator, I wish you, and my brother your scholar, a fair day and good fortune. Come Coridon, this is our way.

CHAP. XVII.

Of ROACH *and* DACE, *and how to fish for them: and of* Cadis.

Venator. Good master, as we go now towards London, be still so courteous as to give me more instructions; for I have several boxes in my memory, in which I will keep them all very safe, there shall not one of them be lost.

Pisc. Well, scholar, that I will: and I will hide nothing from you that I can remember, and can think may help you forward towards a perfection in this art. And because we have so much time, and I have said so little of Roach and Dace, I will give you some directions concerning them.

Some say the Roach is so called from *rutilus*, which they say signifies red fins. He is a fish of no great reputation for his dainty taste; and his spawn is accounted much better than any part of him. And you may take notice, that as the Carp is accounted the water-fox, for his cunning; so the Roach is accounted the water-sheep, for his simplicity or foolishness. It is noted, that the Roach and Dace recover strength, and grow in season in a fortnight after spawning; the Barbel and Chub in a month; the Trout in four months; and the Salmon in the like time, if he gets into the sea, and after into fresh water.

Roaches be accounted much better in the river than in a pond, though ponds usually breed the biggest. But there is a kind of bastard small Roach, that breeds in ponds, with a very forked tail, and of a very small size; which some say is bred by the Bream and right Roach; and some ponds are stored with these beyond belief; and knowing-men, that know their difference, call them Ruds: they differ from the true Roach, as much as a Herring

from a Pilchard. And these bastard breed of Roach are now scattered in many rivers: but I think not in the Thames, which I believe affords the largest and fattest in this nation, especially below London-bridge.[1] The Roach

(1) I know not what Roaches are caught below bridge: but above, I am sure they are very large; for on the 15th of September, 1754, at Hampton, I caught one that was fourteen inches and an eighth from eye to fork, and in weight wanted but an ounce of two pounds.

The season for fishing for Roach in the Thames *begins* about the latter end of August, and *continues* much longer than it is either pleasant or safe to fish. It requires some skill to hit the time of taking them exactly; for all the summer long they live on the weed, which they do not forsake, for the deeps, till it becomes putrid, and that is sooner or later, according as the season is wet or dry; for you are to know, that much rain hastens the rotting of the weed. I say it requires some skill to hit the time; for the fishermen who live in all the towns along the river, from Chiswick to Staines, are, about this time, nightly upon the watch, as soon as the fish come out, to sweep them away with a drag-net; and our poor patient angler is left, baiting the ground and adjusting his tackle, to catch those very fish which, perhaps, the night before had been carried to Billingsgate.

The Thames, as well above as below London-bridge, was formerly much resorted to by London anglers; and, which is strange to think on, considering the unpleasantness of the station, they were used to fish near the starlings of the bridge. This will account for the many fishing-tackle shops that were formerly in Crooked-lane, which leads to the bridge. In the memory of a person not long since living, a waterman that plied at Essex-stairs, his name John Reeves, got a comfortable living by attending anglers with his boat: his method was, to watch when the shoals of Roach came down from the country, and, when he had found them, to go round to his customers and give them notice. Sometimes they settled opposite the Temple; at others, at Black-friars or Queen-hithe; but most frequently about the Chalk-hills, near London-bridge. His hire was two shillings a tide. A certain number of persons, who were accustomed thus to employ him, raised a sum sufficient to buy him a waterman's coat, and silver badge, the impress whereof was, "Himself, with an Angler, in his boat;" and he had, annually, a new coat to the time of his death, which might be about the year 1730.

Shepperton and Hampton are the places chiefly resorted to by the Londoners, who angle there in boats: at each there is a large deep, to which Roach are attracted by constant baiting. That at Hampton is opposite the church-yard; and in that cemetery lies an angler, upon whose grave-stone is an inscription, now nearly effaced, consisting of these homely lines.

In memory of Mr. Thomas Tombs, goldsmith, of London, who departed this life *Aug.* 12th, 1758, aged 53 years.

Each brother Bob, that sportive passes here,
Pause at this stone, and drop the silent tear,
For him who lov'd your harmless sport;
Who to this pitch * did oft resort;
Who in free converse oft would please,
With native humour, mirth and ease;
His actions form'd upon so just a plan,
He liv'd a worthy, died an honest man.

* A particular spot, called a Pitch, from the act of pitching or fastening the boat there.

is a leather-mouthed fish, and has a kind of saw-like teeth in his throat. And lastly, let me tell you, the Roach makes an angler excellent sport, especially the great Roaches about London, where I think there be the best Roach-anglers. And I think the best Trout-anglers be in Derbyshire; for the waters there are clear to an extremity.

Next, let me tell you, you shall fish for this Roach in winter, with paste or gentles; in April, with worms or cadis; in the very hot months, with little white snails; or with flies under water, for he seldom takes them at the top, though the Dace will. In many of the hot months, Roaches may also be caught thus: take a May-fly, or ant-fly, sink him with a little lead to the bottom, near to the piles or posts of a bridge, or near to any posts of a weir, I mean any deep place where Roaches lie quietly, and then pull your fly up very leisurely, and usually a Roach will follow your bait up to the very top of the water, and gaze on it there, and run at it and take it, lest the fly should fly away from him.

I have seen this done at Windsor and Henley-bridge, and great store of Roach taken; and sometimes, a Dace or Chub. And in August you may fish for them with a paste made only of the crumbs of bread, which should be of pure fine manchet; and that paste must be so tempered betwixt your hands till it be both soft and tough too: a very little water, and time, and labour, and clean hands,

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Before I dismiss the subject of Thames-fishing, I will let the Reader know, that formerly the fishermen inhabiting the villages on the banks of the Thames were used to inclose certain parts of the river with what they called *stops*, but which were in effect *weirs* or *kidels*, by stakes driven into the bed thereof; and to these they tied wheels, creating thereby a current, which drove the fish into those traps. This practice, though it may sound oddly to say so, is against *Magna Charta*, and is expressly prohibited by the 23d chapter of that statute. In the year 1757, the Lord Mayor, Dickenson, sent the Water-Bailiff up the Thames, in a barge well manned, and furnished with proper implements; who destroyed all those inclosures on this side Staines, by pulling up the stakes and setting them adrift.

will make it a most excellent paste. But when you fish with it, you must have a small hook, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, or the bait is lost, and the fish too; if one may lose that which he never had. With this paste you may, as I said, take both the Roach and the Dace or Dare; for they be much of a kind, in matter of feeding, cunning, goodness, and usually in size. And therefore take this general direction, for some other baits which may concern you to take notice of: they will bite almost at any fly, but especially at ant-flies; concerning which take this direction, for it is very good.

Take the blackish ant-fly out of the mole-hill or ant-hill, in which place you shall find them in the month of June; or if that be too early in the year, then, doubtless, you may find them in July, August, and most of September. Gather them alive, with both their wings: and then put them into a glass that will hold a quart or a pottle; but first put into the glass a handful, or more, of the moist earth out of which you gather them, and as much of the roots of the grass of the said hillock; and then put in the flies gently, that they lose not their wings: lay a clod of earth over it; and then so many as are put into the glass without bruising will live there a month or more, and be always in readiness for you to fish with: but if you would have them keep longer, then get any great earthen pot, or barrel of three or four gallons, (which is better,) then wash your barrel with water and honey; and having put into it a quantity of earth and grass roots, then put in your flies, and cover it, and they will live a quarter of a year. These, in any stream and clear water, are a deadly bait for Roach or Dace, or for a Chub: and your rule is not to fish less than a handful from the bottom.

I shall next tell you a winter-bait for a Roach, a Dace, or Chub; and it is choicely good. About All-hallantide, (and so till frost comes,) when you see men ploughing up

heath ground, or sandy ground, or greenswards, then follow the plough, and you shall find a white worm as big as two maggots, and it hath a red head: you may observe in what ground most are, for there the crows will be very watchful and follow the plough very close: it is all soft, and full of whitish guts; a worm that is, in Norfolk and some other counties, called a grub; and is bred of the spawn or eggs of a beetle, which she leaves in holes that she digs in the ground under cow or horse-dung, and there rests all winter, and in March or April comes to be first a red, and then a black beetle. Gather a thousand or two of these, and put them, with a peck or two of their own earth, into some tub or firkin, and cover and keep them so warm that the frost or cold air, or winds, kill them not: these you may keep all winter, and kill fish with them at any time; and if you put some of them into a little earth and honey, a day before you use them, you will find them an excellent bait for Bream, Carp, or indeed for almost any fish.

And after this manner you may also keep gentles all winter; which are a good bait then, and much the better for being lively and tough. Or you may breed and keep gentles thus: take a piece of beast's liver, and with a cross stick, hang it in some corner, over a pot or barrel half full of dry clay; and as the gentles grow big they will fall into the barrel and scour themselves, and be always ready for use whensoever you incline to fish; and these gentles may be thus created till after Michaelmas. But if you desire to keep gentles to fish with all the year, then get a dead cat, or a kite, and let it be fly-blown; and when the gentles begin to be alive and to stir, then bury it and them in soft moist earth, but as free from frost as you can; and these you may dig up at any time when you intend to use them: these will last till March, and about that time turn to be flies.

But if you will be nice to foul your fingers, which good anglers seldom are, then take this bait: get a handful of well-made malt, and put it into a dish of water; and then wash and rub it betwixt your hands till you make it clean, and as free from husks as you can; then put that water from it, and put a small quantity of fresh water to it, and set it in something that is fit for that purpose, over the fire, where it is not to boil apace, but leisurely and very softly, until it become somewhat soft, which you may try by feeling it betwixt your finger and thumb; and when it is soft, then put your water from it: and then take a sharp knife, and turning the sprout end of the corn upward with the point of your knife, take the back part of the husk from it, and yet leaving a kind of inward husk on the corn, or else it is marr'd; and then cut off that sprouted end, I mean a little of it, that the white may appear; and so pull off the husk on the cloven side, as I directed you; and then cut off a very little of the other end, that so your hook may enter; and if your hook be small and good, you will find this to be a very choice bait, either for winter or summer, you sometimes casting a little of it into the place where your float swims.

And to take the Roach and Dace, a good bait is the young brood of wasps or bees, if you dip their heads in blood; especially good for Bream, if they be baked, or hardened in their husks in an oven, after the bread is taken out of it; or hardened on a fire-shovel: and so also is the thick blood of sheep being half dried on a trencher, that so you may cut it into such pieces as may best fit the size of your hook; and a little salt keeps it from growing black, and makes it not the worse, but better: this is taken to be a choice bait, if rightly ordered.

There be several oils of a strong smell that I have been told of, and to be excellent to tempt fish to bite, of which I could say much: but I remember I once carried a small

bottle from Sir George Hastings to Sir Henry Wotton, (they were both chemical men,) as a great present: it was sent, and received, and used, with great confidence; and yet, upon inquiry, I found it did not answer the expectation of Sir Henry; which, with the help of this and other circumstances, makes me have little belief in such things as many men talk of. Not but that I think that fishes both smell and hear, (as I have exprest in my former discourse:) but there is a mysterious knack, which though it be much easier than the philosopher's stone, yet it is not attainable by common capacities, or else lies locked up in the brain or breast of some chemical man, that, like the Rosicrucians,[1] will not yet reveal it. But let me nevertheless tell you, that camphire, put with moss into your worm-bag with your worms, makes them, (if many anglers be not very much mistaken,) a tempting bait, and the angler more fortunate. But I stepped by chance into this discourse of oils, and fishes' smelling; and though there might be more said, both of it and of baits for Roach and Dace and other float-fish, yet I will forbear it at this time,[2]

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(1) *Vide infra*, Part II. Chap. i. note. The *Rosicrusians* were a sect of frantic enthusiasts, who sprung up in Germany about the beginning of the 14th century: they professed to teach the art of making gold; and boasted of a secret, in their power, to protract the period of human life, and even to restore youth. Their founder having been to the Holy Land, pretended to have learned all this from the Arabs. They propagated their senseless philosophy by tradition; and revealed their mysteries only to a chosen few; and to this practice the author alludes. Lemery, in his book *Of Chemistry*, has thus defined their art: "*Ars sine arte; cujus principium mentiri, medium laborare, et finis mendicare.*' An art without art; whose beginning is lying, whose middle is labour, and whose end is beggary.

(2) *Roach* delight in gravelly or sandy bottoms: their haunts, especially as winter approaches, are clear deep and still waters; and at other times, they lie in and near the weeds, and under the shade of boughs.

They spawn about the latter end of May, when they are scabby and unwholesome: but they are again in order in about three weeks. The largest are taken after Michaelmas; and their prime season is in February or March.

The *Baits for Roach*, not already mentioned, are, cad-bait, and oak-worms, for the spring: in May, ant's-eggs; and paste made of the crumb of a new roll, both white, and tinged with red, which is done by putting vermilion into the water, wherewith you moisten it; this paste will do for the winter also.

The largest Roach in this kingdom are taken in the Thames, where many have

and tell you, in the next place, how you are to prepare your tackling: concerning which, I will, for sport sake,

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been caught of two pounds and a half weight: but Roach of any *size* are hardly to be come at without a boat.

The haunts of *Dace* are, gravelly, sandy, and clayey bottoms; deep holes that are shaded; water lily leaves; and under the foam caused by an eddy: in hot weather, they are to be found on the shallows, and are then best taken with an artificial fly, grasshoppers, or gentles, as hereafter directed.

Dace spawn about the latter end of March: and are in season about three weeks after: they are not very good till about Michaelmas, and are best in February.

Baits for *Dace*, other than those mentioned by Walton, are the oak-worm, red-worm, brandling, gilt tail; and indeed any worm, bred on trees or bushes, that is not too big for his mouth; almost all kinds of flies and caterpillars.

Though Dace are often caught with a float, as Roach, yet they are not so properly float-fish: for they are to be taken with an artificial gnat, or ant-fly, or indeed almost any other small fly in its season; but in the Thames, above Richmond, the largest are caught with a natural green or dun grasshopper, and sometimes with gentles; with both which you are to fish as with an artificial fly. They are not to be come at till about September, when the weeds begin to rot; but when you have found where they lie, which, in a warm day, is generally on the shallows, 'tis incredible what havock you may make: pinch off the first joint of the grasshopper's legs, put the point of the hook in at the head, and bring it out at the tail; and in this way of fishing you will catch Chub, especially if you throw under the boughs.

But this can be done only in a boat; for the management whereof, be provided with a staff, and a heavy stone fastened to a strong rope of four or five yards in length: fasten the rope to the head of the boat, which, whether it be a punt or a wherry, is equally fit for this purpose, and so drive down with the stream: when you come to a shallow or other place where the fish are likely to lie, drop the stone, and standing in the stern, throw right down the stream, and a little to the right and left: after trying about a quarter of an hour in a place, with the staff push the boat about five yards down, and so throw again. Use a common fly-line, about ten yards long, with a strong single hair next the hook.

It is true, there is less certainty of catching in this way than with a float or ground-bait: for which reason, I would recommend it only to those who live near the banks of that delightful river, between Windsor and Isleworth, who have or can command a boat for that purpose, and can take advantage of a still, warm, gloomy day; and to such it will afford much more diversion than the ordinary inartificial method of fishing in the deeps for Roach and Dace.

In fishing at bottom for Roach and Dace, use for ground-bait bread soaked about an hour in water, and an equal quantity of bran; knead them to a tough consistence, and make them up into balls, with a small pebble in the middle: and throw these balls in where you fish; but be sure to throw them up the stream, for otherwise they will draw the fish beyond the reach of your line.

Fish for Roach within six, and for Dace within three inches of the bottom.

Having enumerated the *Baits* proper for every kind of fish in their respective places, it may not be amiss here to mention one which many authors speak of as excellent for almost all fish; and that is the spawn of Salmon, or large Trout. Barker, who seems to have been the first that discovered it, recommends it to his patron in the following terms:

"Noble Lord,

"I have found an experience of late, which you may angle with, and take great store of this kind of fish. First, it is the best bait for a Trout that I have

give you an old rhyme out of an old fish-book; which will prove a part, and but a part, of what you are to provide.

My rod and my line, my float and my lead,
My hook and my plummet, my whetstone and knife,
My basket, my baits both living and dead,
My net, and my meat, for that is the chief:
Then I must have thread, and hairs green and small,
With mine angling purse: and so you have all.

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seen in all my time; and will take great store, and not fail, if they be there. Secondly, it is a special bait for Dace or Dare, good for Chub or Bottlin, or Grayling. The bait is, the *roe of a Salmon or Trout*. If it be a large Trout that the spawns be any thing great, you may angle for the Trout with this bait as you angle with the brandling; taking a pair of scissars, and cut so much as a large hazel-nut, and bait your hook; so fall to your sport, there is no doubt of pleasure. If I had known it but twenty years ago, I would have gained a hundred pounds only with that bait. I am bound in duty to divulge it to your honour, and not to carry it to my grave with me. I do desire that men of quality should have it, that delight in that pleasure. The greedy angler will murmur at me, but for that I care not.

"For the angling for the Scale-fish: They must angle either with cork or quill, plumming their ground; and with feeding with the same bait, taking them [the spawns] as under, that they may spread abroad, that the fish may feed, and come to your place: there is no doubt of pleasure, angling with fine tackle; as single hair lines, at least five or six length long; a small hook, with two or three spawns. The bait will hold one week; if you keep it on any longer you must hang it up to dry a little: when you go to your pleasure again, put the bait in a little water, it will come in kind again."

Others, to preserve Salmon spawn, sprinkle it with a little salt, and lay it upon wool in a pot, one layer of wool and another of spawn. It is said to be a lovely bait for the winter or spring; especially where Salmon are used to spawn; for thither the fish gather, and there expect it. *Ang. Vade Mecum*, 53.

To know at any time what bait fish are apt to take, open the belly of the first you catch, and take out his stomach very tenderly; open it with a sharp penknife, and you will discover what he then feeds on. *Venables*, 91.

The people who live in the fishing-towns along the banks of the Thames have a method of dressing large Roach and Dace, which, as 'tis said, renders them very pleasant and savoury food; it is as follows: Without scaling the fish, lay him on a gridiron, over a slow fire, and strew on him a little flour; when he begins to grow brown, make a slit, not more than skin deep, in his back, from head to tail, and lay him on again: when he is broiled enough, the skin, scales and all, will peel off, and leave the flesh, which will have become very firm, perfectly clean; then open the belly, and take out the inside, and use anchovy and butter for sauce.

Having promised the reader Mr. Barker's recipe for anointing boots and shoes, (and having no further occasion to make use of his authority,) it is here given in his own words.

"Take a pint of linseed-oil, with half a pound of mutton-suet, six or eight ounces of bees-wax, and half a pennyworth of rosin: boil all this in a pipkin together; so let it cool till it be milk-warm; then take a little hair-brush, and lay it on your new boots; but it is best that this stuff be laid on before the boot-maker makes the boots; then brush them once over after they come from him; as for old boots, you must lay it on when your boots be dry."

But you must have all these tackling, and twice so many more,[1] with which, if you mean to be a fisher, you must store yourself; and to that purpose I will go with you, either to Mr. Margrave, who dwells amongst the booksellers in St. Paul's Church-yard, or to Mr. John Stubs, near to the Swan in Golding-lane:

I have heard that the tackling hath been prized at fifty pounds, in the inventory of an angler.

(1) If you go any great distance from home, you will find it necessary to carry with you many more things than are here enumerated; most of which may be very well contained in a wicker panier of about twelve inches wide, and eight high, of the form, and put into a hawking-bag. The following is a list of the most material: a rod with a spare top; lines coiled up, and neatly laid in round flat boxes; spare links, single hairs, waxed thread and silk; plummets of various sizes; floats of all kinds, and spare caps; worm-bags, and a gentle-box; hooks of all sizes, some whipped to single hairs; shot; shoemaker's wax, in a very small gallipot covered with a bit of leather; a clearing-ring, tied to about six yards of strong cord; the use of this is to disengage your hook when it has caught a weed, &c. in which case take off the butt of your rod, and slip the ring over the remaining joints, and, holding it by the cord, let it gently fall; a landing net, the hoop whereof must be of iron, and made with joints to fold, and a socket to hold a staff; take with you also such baits as you intend to use. That you may keep your fish alive be provided with a smal hoop-net, to draw close to the top. And never be without a sharp knife, and a pair of scissars. And if you mean to use the artificial fly, have your fly-book always with you.

And for the more convenient keeping and carriage of lines, links, single hairs, &c. take a piece of parchment or vellum, seven inches by ten: on the longer sides, set off four inches; and then fold it cross-wise, so as to leave a flap of two inches, of which hereafter: then take eight or ten pieces of parchment, of seven inches by four; put them into the parchment or vellum so folded, and sew up the ends; then cut the flap rounding, and fold it down like a pocket-book: lastly, you may, if you please, bind along the ends and round the flap with red tape.

Into this case, put lines coiled up, spare links, single hairs, and hooks ready whipped and looped.

And having several of these cases, you may fill them with lines, &c. proper for every kind of fishing; always remembering to put into each of them a gorger, or small piece of cane, of five inches long, and a quarter of an inch wide, with a notch at each end; with this, when a fish has gorged your hook, you may, by putting it down his throat till you feel the hook, and holding the line tight while you press it down, easily disengage it.

And if you should chance to break your top, or any other part of your rod, take the following directions for mending it: Cut the two broken ends with a long slope, so that they may fit neatly together; then spread some wax, very thin, on each slope; and with waxed thread or silk, according as the size of the broken part requires, bind them very neatly together. To fasten off, lay the fore-finger of your left hand over the binding, and with your right make four turns of the thread over it; then pass the end of your thread between the underside of your finger and the rod, and draw your finger away; lastly, with the fore-finger and thumb of your right hand, take hold of the first of the turns, and, gathering as much of it as you can, bind on till the three remaining turns are wound off, and then take hold of the end which you had before brought through, and then draw close.

they be both honest men, and will fit an angler with what tackling he lacks.[1]

Ven. Then, good master, let it be at ————, for he is nearest to my dwelling. And I pray let's meet there the ninth of May next, about two of the clock; and I'll want nothing that a fisher should be furnished with.

Pisc. Well, and I'll not fail you, God willing, at the time and place appointed.

Ven. I thank you, good master, and I will not fail you. And, good master, tell me what BAITS more you remember; for it will not now be long ere we shall be at Tottenham-High-Cross; and when we come thither I will make you some requital of your pains, by repeating as choice a Copy of Verses as any we have heard since we met together; and that is a proud word, for we have heard very good ones.

For *whipping on a hook* take the following directions: Place the hook betwixt the fore-finger and thumb of your left hand, and with your right give the waxed silk three or four turns round the shank of the hook; then lay the end of the hair on the inside of the shank, and with your right hand whip down; when you are within about four turns of the bent of the hook, take the shank between the fore-finger and thumb of the left-hand, and place the silk close by it, holding them both tight, and leaving the end to hang down; then draw the other part of the silk into a large loop; and, with your right-hand turning backwards, continue the whipping for four turns, and draw the end of the silk (which has all this while hung down under the root of your left thumb,) close, and twitch it off.

To *tie a water-knot:* lay the end of one of your hairs, about five inches or less, over that of the other; and through the loop (which you would make to tie them in the common way) pass the long and the short end of the hairs, which will lie to the right of the loop, twice; and, wetting the knot with your tongue, draw it close, and cut off the spare hair.

(1) In some former editions of this book, the author has, in this place, mentioned *Charles Kirby* as a maker of excellent hooks; of whom take the following account: He was famous for the neatness and form of his hooks; when, being introduced to prince Rupert, whose name frequently occurs in the history of king Charles the First's reign, the prince communicated to him a method of tempering them, which has been continued in the family to this time; there being a lineal descendant of the above-named Charles Kirby now (1760) living in Crowther's-well-alley, near Aldersgate-street; whose hooks, for their shape and temper, exceed all others. This story is the more likely to be true, as it is well known that the German nobility, in the last century, were much addicted to chemistry, and that to this prince Rupert the world is indebted for the invention of scraping in mezzotinto. See a head of his scraping in Evelyn's *Sculptura*.

Pisc. Well, scholar, and I shall be then right glad to hear them. And I will, as we walk, tell you whatsoever comes in my mind, that I think may be worth your hearing. You may make another choice bait thus: take a handful or two of the best and biggest wheat you can get; boil it in a little milk, like as frumity is boiled; boil it so till it be soft; and then fry it, very leisurely, with honey, and a little beaten saffron dissolved in milk: and you will find this a choice bait, and good, I think, for any fish, especially for Roach, Dace, Chub, or Grayling: I know not but that it may be as good for a river Carp, and especially if the ground be a little baited with it.

And you may also note, that the SPAWN *of most fish* is a very tempting bait, being a little hardened on a warm tile, and cut into fit pieces.[1] Nay, mulberries, and those blackberries which grow upon briars, be good baits for Chubs or Carps: with these many have been taken in ponds, and in some rivers where such trees have grown near the water, and the fruits customarily dropt into it. And there be a hundred other baits, more than can be well named, which, by constant baiting the water, will become a tempting bait for any fish in it.

You are also to know, that there be divers kinds of CADIS, or *Case-worms*, that are to be found in this nation, in several distinct counties, and in several little brooks that relate to bigger rivers; as namely, one cadis called a *piper*, whose husk or case is a piece of reed about an inch long, or longer, and as big about as the compass of a two-pence. These worms being kept three or four days in a woollen bag, with sand at the bottom of it, and the bag wet once a day, will in three or four days turn to be yellow; and these be a choice bait for the Chub or Chavender, or indeed for any great fish, for it is a large bait.

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(1) See the Note in page 202.

There is also a lesser cadis-worm, called a *Cock-spur*, being in fashion like the spur of a cock, sharp at one end; and the case, or house, in which this dwells, is made of small husks, and gravel, and slime, most curiously made of these, even so as to be wondered at, but not to be made by man, no more than a king-fisher's nest can, which is made of little fishes' bones, and have such a geometrical interweaving and connection as the like is not to be done by the art of man. This kind of cadis is a choice bait for any float-fish; it is much less than the piper-cadis, and to be so ordered; and these may be so preserved, ten, fifteen, or twenty days, or it may be longer.[1]

There is also another cadis, called by some a *Straw-worm*, and by some a *Ruff-coat*,* whose house, or case, is made of little pieces of bents, and rushes, and straws, and water-weeds, and I know not what; which are so knit together with condensed slime, that they stick about her husk or case not unlike the bristles of a hedge-hog. These three cadises are commonly taken in the beginning of summer; and are good, indeed, to take any kind of fish, with float or otherwise. I might tell you of many more, which as these do early, so they have their time also of turning to be flies later in summer; but I might lose myself, and tire you, by such a discourse: I shall therefore but remember you, that to know these, and their several kinds, and to what flies every particular cadis turns, and then how to use them, first as they be cadis, and after as they be flies, is an art, and an art that every one that professes to be an angler

* See *infra*, p. 209, *Note*.

(1) To preserve cadis, grasshoppers, caterpillars, oak-worms, or natural flies, the following is an excellent method: Cut a round bough of fine green-barked withy, about the thickness of one's arm; and, taking off the bark about a foot in length, turn both ends together, into the form of a hoop, and fasten them with a pack-needle and thread; then stop up the bottom with a bung-cork: and with a red-hot wire bore the bark full of holes; into this put your baits: tie it over with a colewort leaf; and lay it in the grass every night. In this manner cadis may be kept till they turn to flies. To grasshoppers you may put grass.

has not leisure to search after, and, if he had, is not capable of learning.[1]

I'll tell you, scholar; several countries have several kinds of cadises, that indeed differ as much as dogs do; that is to say, as much as a very cur and a greyhound do. These be usually bred in the very little rills, or ditches, that run into bigger rivers; and, I think, a more proper bait for those very rivers than any other. I know not how, or of what, this cadis receives life, or what

(1) "The several sorts of *phryganeæ*, or cadews, in their *nympha* or maggot state, thus house themselves; one sort in straws, called from thence straw-worms; others, in two or more sticks laid parallel to one another, creeping at the bottom of brooks; others with a small bundle of pieces of rushes, duck-weed, sticks, &c. glued together; wherewith they float on the top, and can row themselves therein about the waters with the help of their feet: both these are called cad-bait. Divers sorts there are, which the Reader may see a summary of from Mr. Willoughby, in *Rati Method. Insect.* p. 12, together with a good, though very brief, description of the papilionaceous fly that comes from the cad-bait cadew. It is a notable architectonic faculty, which all the variety of these animals have, *to gather such bodies as are fittest for their purpose, and then to glue them together;* some to be heavier than water, that the animal may remain *at bottom*, where its food is; (for which purpose they use stones, together with sticks, rushes, &c.) and some to be lighter than water, to float *on the top*, and gather its food from thence. These little houses look coarse, and shew no great artifice outwardly; but are well tunnelled, and made within with a hard tough paste, into which the hind part of the maggot is so fixed, that it can draw its cell after it any where, without danger of leaving it behind; as also thrust out its body to reach what it wanteth, or withdraw it into its cell to guard it against harms." *Phys. Theol.* 234.

Thus much of cadis in general, as an illustration of what our author has said on that subject. But to be more particular:

That which Walton calls the piper-cadis I have never seen; but a very learned and ingenious friend of mine, who has for fifty years past been an angler, and a curious observer of aquatic productions, has furnished me with an *Account* of that insect; which I shall give the reader in nearly his own words:

"The *piper-cadis* I take to be the largest of the tribe, and that it takes its name not from any sound, but figure. I never met with it but in rivers running upon beds of lime-stone or large pebbles; they are common in Northern and Welch streams. The *cadew* itself is about an inch long, and in some above. The *case* is straight and rough; the outward surface covered with gravel or sand; the fistulá, or pipe, in which it is contained, seems to be a small stick, of which the pith was quite decayed, before the insect, in its state immediately succeeding the egg, lodged itself. Advanced to an *aurelia*, which is generally in April, or the beginning of May, it leaves its case and last covering, a sort of thin skin resembling a fish's bladder, (and this is likewise the method of the whole genus, as far as I could ever observe,) and immediately paddles upon the top of the water with its many legs. It seldom flies, though it has four wings; and of these wings it is to be observed, that in the infant state of the insect, viz. for a week or longer, they are shorter than the body, but afterwards

coloured fly it turns to; but doubtless they are the death of many Trouts: and this is one killing way:

Take one, or more if need be, of these *large yellow cadis:* pull off his head, and with it pull out his black gut; put the body, as little bruised as is possible, on a very little hook, armed on with a red hair, which will shew like the cadis-head; and a very little thin lead, so put upon the shank of the hook that it may sink pre-

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they grow to be full as long or longer. This is usually called, by sportsmen, the stone-fly; in Wales they name it the water-cricket, the size and colour being like that insect."

As to the *cock-spur*, Bowlker expressly says, in his *Art of Angling*, p. 70, that it produces the May-fly, or yellow cadew; which I have ever understood to be the green-drake.

That which Walton calls the *straw-worm*, or ruff-coat, though, by the way, he certainly errs in making these terms synonymous, as will here-after be made to appear, and which is described in Ray's *Methodus insectorum*, p. 12. is, I take it, the most common of any, and is found in the river Colne, near Uxbridge; the New River, near London; the Wandle, which runs through Carshalton in Surrey; and in most other rivers. As to the straw-worm, I am assured, by my friend above-mentioned, that it produces many and various flies; namely, that which is called, about London, the withy-fly, ash-coloured duns of several shapes and dimensions, as also light and dark browns, all of them affording great diversion in Northern streams.

It now remains to speak of the *ruff-coat*, which seems to answer so nearly to the description which Walton has given of the cock-spur, viz. " that the case or house in which it dwells is made of small husks, and gravel and slime, most curiously;" that there is no accounting for his making the term synonymous with that of the straw-worm, which it does not in the least resemble: and yet, that the ruff coat and the cockspur produce different flies, notwithstanding their seeming resemblance, must be taken for granted, unless we will reject Bowlker's authority, when he says the cock-spur produces the May-fly or yellow cadew, which I own I see no reason to do.

But that I may not mislead the reader, I must inform him, that I take the ruff-coat to be a species of cadis inclosed in a husk about an inch long, surrounded by bits of stone, flints, bits of tile, &c. very near equal in their sizes, and most curiously compacted together, like mosaic.

In the month of May, 1759, I took one of the insects last above described, which had been found in the river Wandle, in Surrey, and put it into a small box with sand at the bottom; and wetted it five or six times a day, for five days; at the end whereof, to my great amazement, it produced a lovely large fly, nearly of the shape of, but less than a common white butterfly, with two pair of cloak-wings, and of a light cinnamon colour. This fly, upon inquiry, I find is called, in the North, the large light brown; in Ireland, and some other places, it has the name of the flame-coloured brown. And the method of making it is given in the *Additional List* of Flies, under September:* where, from its smell, the reader will find it called the large fœtid light brown.

* *Appendix, No. 2.*

And there are many other kinds of these wonderful creatures; as may be seen in Mons. de Reaumur's *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire des Insectes, Tome* III. See also the APPENDIX, No. 1.

sently. Throw this bait, thus ordered, which will look very yellow, into any great still hole where a Trout is, and he will presently venture his life for it, it is not to be doubted, if you be not espied; and that the bait first touch the water before the line. And this will do best in the deepest water.

Next, let me tell you, I have been much pleased to walk quietly by a brook, with a little stick in my hand, with which I might easily take these, and consider the curiosity of their composure: and if you shall ever like to do so, then note, that your stick must be a little hazel, or willow, cleft, or have a nick at one end of it, by which means you may, with ease, take many of them in that nick out of the water, before you have any occasion to use them. These, my honest scholar, are some observations, told to you as they now come suddenly into my memory, of which you may make some use: but for the practical part, it is that that makes an angler: it is diligence, and observation, and practice, and an ambition to be the best in the art, that must do it.[1] I will tell you,

(1) The author has now done describing the several kinds of fish, excepting the few little ones that follow, with the methods of taking them; but has said little or nothing of *Float-fishing:* it may therefore not be amiss here to lay down some rules about it.

Let the rod be light and stiff, and withal so smart in the spring, as to strike at the tip of the whale-bone. From fourteen to fifteen feet is a good length.

In places where you sometimes meet with Barbel, as at Shepperton and Hampton, in Middlesex, the fittest line is one of six or seven hairs at top, and so diminishing for two yards; let the rest be strong Indian grass, to within about half a yard of the hook, which may be whipped to a fine grass or silk-worm gut. And this line will kill a fish of six pounds weight.

But for mere Roach and Dace-fishing, accustom yourself to a single-hair line; with which an artist may kill a fish of a pound and a half weight.

For your float: In slow streams a neat round goose-quill is proper; but for deep or rapid rivers, or in an eddy, the cork, shaped like a pear, is indisputably the best, which should not in general exceed the size of a nutmeg; let not the quill which you put through it be more than half an inch above and below the cork: and this float, though some prefer a swan's quill, has great advantage over a bare quill; for the quill being defended from the water by the cork, does not soften; and the cork enables you to lead your line so heavily, as that the hook sinks almost as soon as you put into the water; whereas, when you lead but lightly, it does not go to the bottom till it is near the end of your swim. And in leading your lines, be careful to balance them so nicely, that a very

scholar, I once heard one say, "I envy not him that eats better meat than I do; nor him that is richer, or that wears better clothes than I do: I envy nobody but him, and him only, that catches more fish than I do." And such a man is like to prove an angler; and this noble emulation I wish to you, and all young anglers.

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small touch will sink them: some use for this purpose lead shaped like a barley-corn; but there is nothing better to lead with than shot, which you must have ready cleft always with you; remembering that when you fish fine, it is better to have on your line a great number of small, than a few large, shot.

Whip the end of the quill round the plug with fine silk well waxed: this will keep the water out of your float, and preserve it greatly.

In fishing with a float, your line must be about a foot shorter than your rod; for if it is longer, you cannot so well command your hook when you come to disengage your fish.

Pearch and Chub are caught with a float, and also Gudgeons; and sometimes Barbel and Grayling.

For Carp and Tench, which are seldom caught but in ponds, use a very small goose or a duck-quill float: and for ground-bait throw in, every now and then, a bit of chewed bread.

For Barbel, the place should be baited the night before you fish, with graves, which are the sediment of melted tallow, and may be had at the tallow-chandler's. Use the same ground-bait, while you are fishing, as for Roach and Dace.

In fishing with a float for Chub, in warm weather, fish at midwater; in cool, lower; and in cold, at the ground.

CHAP. XVIII.

Of the MINNOW, *or* PENK; *of the* LOACH; *of the* BULL-HEAD, *or* MILLER's-THUMB: *and of the* STICKLEBAG.

Piscator. THERE be also three or four other little fish that I had almost forgot; that are all without scales; and may, for excellency of meat be compared to any fish of greatest value and largest size. They be usually full of eggs or spawn, all the months of summer; for they breed often, as 'tis observed mice and many of the four-footed creatures of the earth do; and as those, so these come quickly to their full growth and perfection. And it is needful that they breed both often and numerously; for they be, besides other accidents of ruin, both a prey and baits for other fish. And first I shall tell you of the Minnow or Penk.

The MINNOW hath, when he is in perfect season, and not sick, which is only presently after spawning, a kind of dappled or waved colour, like to a panther, on his sides, inclining to a greenish and sky-colour; his belly being milk white; and his back almost black, or blackish. He is a sharp biter at a small worm, and in hot weather makes excellent sport for young anglers, or boys, or women that love that recreation. And in the spring they make of them excellent Minnow-tansies; for being washed well in salt, and their heads and tails cut off, and their guts taken out, and not washed after, they prove excellent for that use; that is, being *fried with yolks of eggs, the flowers of cowslips and of primroses, and a little tansy;* thus used they make a dainty dish of meat.

The LOACH is, as I told you, a most dainty fish; he breeds and feeds in little and clear swift brooks or rills, and lives there upon the gravel, and in the sharpest

streams: he grows not to be above a finger long, and no thicker than is suitable to that length. This is not unlike the shape of the Eel: he has a beard or wattles like a Barbel. He has two fins at his sides, four at his belly, and one at his tail; he is dappled with many black or brown spots; his mouth is barbel-like under his nose. This fish is usually full of eggs or spawn; and is by Gesner and other learned physicians, commended for great nourishment, and to be very grateful both to the palate and stomach of sick persons. He is to be fished for with a very small worm, at the bottom; for he very seldom, or never, rises above the gravel, on which I told you he usually gets his living.

The MILLER'S-THUMB or BULL-HEAD, is a fish of no pleasing shape. He is by Gesner compared to the Sea-toad-fish, for his similitude and shape. It has a head big and flat, much greater than suitable to his body; a mouth very wide, and usually gaping; he is without teeth, but his lips are very rough, much like to a file. He hath two fins near to his gills, which be roundish or crested; two fins also under the belly; two on the back; one below the vent; and the fin of his tail is round. Nature hath painted the body of this fish with whitish, blackish, and brownish spots. They be usually full of eggs or spawn all the summer, I mean the females; and those eggs swell their vents almost into the form of a dug. They begin to spawn about April, and, as I told you, spawn several months in the summer. And[1] in the winter, the

(1) Since Walton wrote, there has been brought into England, from Germany, a species of small fish, resembling Carp in shape and colour, called *Crusians*, with which many ponds are now plentifully stocked.

There have also been brought hither from China, those beautiful creatures *Gold and Silver Fish;* the first are of an orange-colour, with very shining scales, and finely variegated with black and dark brown: the Silver Fish are of the colour of silver tissue, with scarlet fins, with which colour they are curiously marked in several parts of the body.

These fish are usually kept in ponds, basons, and small reservoirs of water; to which they are a delightful ornament. And it is now a very common prac-

Minnow, and Loach, and Bull-head dwell in the mud, as the Eel doth; or we know not where, no more than we know where the cuckow and swallow, and other half-year birds, which first appear to us in April, spend their six cold, winter, melancholy months. This fish does usually dwell, and hide himself, in holes, or amongst stones in clear water; and in very hot days will lie a long time very still, and sun himself, and will be easy to be seen upon any flat stone, or any gravel; at which time he will suffer an angler to put a hook, baited with a small worm, very near unto his very mouth: and he never refuses to bite, nor indeed to be caught with the worst of anglers. Matthiolus [1] commends him much more for his taste and nourishment, than for his shape or beauty.

There is also a little fish called a STICKLEBAG, a fish without scales, but hath his body fenc'd with several prickles. I know not where he dwells in winter; nor what he is good for in summer, but only to make sport for boys and women-anglers, and to feed other fish that be fish of prey; as Trouts in particular, who will bite at him as at a Penk; and better, if your hook be rightly baited with him: for he may be so baited as, his tail turning like the sail of a wind-mill, will make him turn more quick than any Penk or Minnow can. For note, that the nimble turning, of that, or the Minnow, is the perfection of Minnow-fishing. To which end, if you put your hook into his mouth, and out at his tail; and then, having first tied him with white thread a little above his

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tice to keep them in a large glass-vessel like a punch bowl, with fine gravel strewed at the bottom; frequently changing the water, and feeding them with bread and gentles. Those who can take more pleasure in angling for, than in beholding them, which I confess I could never do, may catch them with gentles; but though costly, they are but coarse food.

(1) *Petrus Andreas Matthiolus*, of Sienna, an eminent physician of the sixteenth century, famous for his *Commentaries* on some of the writings of Dioscorides.

tail, and placed him after such a manner on your hook as he is like to turn, then, sew up his mouth to your line, and he is like to turn quick, and tempt any Trout: but if he does not turn quick, then turn his tail, a little more or less, towards the inner part, or towards the side of the hook; or put the Minnow or Sticklebag a little more crooked or more straight on your hook, until it will turn both true and fast: and then doubt not but to tempt any great Trout that lies in a swift stream.[1] And the Loach that I told you of will do the like: no bait is more tempting, provided the Loach be not too big.

And now, scholar, with the help of this fine morning, and your patient attention, I have said all that my present memory will afford me, concerning most of the several fish that are usually fished for in fresh waters.

Ven. But, master, you have by your former civility made me hope that you will make good your promise, and say something of the several rivers that be of most note in this nation; and also of fish-ponds, and the ordering of them: and do it I pray, good master; for I love any discourse of rivers, and fish and fishing; the time spent in such discourse passes away very pleasantly.

(1) The Minnow, if used in this manner, is so tempting a bait, that few fish are able to resist it. The present Earl of ******** told me, that in the month of June last, at Kimpton Hoo, near Wellwyn, in Hertfordshire, he caught (with a Minnow) a *Rud*, a fish described in page 195, which, insomuch as the *Rud* is not reckoned, nor does the situation of his teeth, which are in his throat, bespeak him to be a fish of prey, is a fact more extraordinary than that related by Sir George Hastings, in Chap. IV. of a *Fordidge Trout* (of which kind of fish none had ever been known to be taken with an angle), which he caught, and supposed it bit for wantonness.

CHAP. XIX.

Of several RIVERS, *and some Observations on* FISH.

Piscator. WELL, scholar, since the ways and weather do both favour us, and that we see not Tottenham-Cross, you shall see my willingness to satisfy your desire. And, first, for the rivers of this nation: there be, as you may note out of Doctor Heylin's *Geography*,[1] and others, in number 325; but those of chiefest note he reckons and describes as followeth.

The chief is *Thamisis*, compounded of two rivers, Thame and Isis; whereof the former, rising somewhat beyond Thame in Buckinghamshire, and the latter near Cirencester in Gloucestershire, meet together about Dorchester in Oxfordshire; the issue of which happy conjunction is the *Thamisis*, or Thames;[2] hence it flieth between

(1) It should be Dr. Heylin's *Cosmography*, a book well known. Great confusion arises from the want of a clear idea of the many words in our language that have this termination; but it seems they are well understood by some. About forty years ago, Mr. Jefferys, a printseller at the corner of St. Martin's-lane, and a great engraver of maps, got himself to be enrolled in the list of the servants of Frederick, prince of Wales, by the designation of *Geographer* to his Royal Highness. Rocque, who published the great map of London, at that time a young man, and desirous of an honourable adjunct to his name, applied, shortly after, to the servants of the Prince, and, with the tender of a proper gratuity, solicited the same appointment; but was given to understand by them, that he was too late, for that the office of *Geographer* was disposed of; but they, (probably hearing the chink of his money) comforted him by saying, that they could set him down in terms of their own invention, either *Topographer*, or *Chorographer*, to his Royal Highness the Prince. The charms of these sonorous appellations were too strong to be resisted. Mr. Rocque, therefore, after due deliberation upon a matter so important, made choice of the *former;* and, in addition to his name, caused it to be painted on the front of his shop in the Strand.

(2) Though the current opinion is, that the Thames had its name from the conjunction of *Thame* and *Isis*, it plainly appears that the *Isis* was always called *Thames*, or *Tems*, before it came near the *Tame*. Gibbon's *Camden*, edit. 1753. p. 99.

And as to the head of the Thame, although it is generally supposed to be in Oxfordshire, Camden (whom we may suppose Walton followed), *Brit.* 215, says it is in Buckinghamshire.

But what shall we say to the following account which Lambarde has adopted

Berks, Buckinghamshire, Middlesex, Surrey, Kent, and Essex: and so weddeth himself to the Kentish Medway, in the very jaws of the ocean. This glorious river feeleth the violence and benefit of the sea more than any river in Europe; ebbing and flowing, twice a day, more than sixty miles; about whose banks are so many fair towns and princely palaces, that a German[1] poet thus truly spake:

Tot campos, &c.
We saw so many woods and princely bowers,
Sweet fields, brave palaces, and stately towers;
So many gardens drest with curious care,
That Thames with royal Tiber may compare.

2. The second river of note is *Sabrina*, or Severn: it hath its beginning in Plinilimmon-hill, in Montgomeryshire; and his end seven miles from Bristol; washing, in the mean space, the walls of Shrewsbury, Worcester, and Gloucester, and divers other places and palaces of note.

"Tame (sayeth Leland) springeth out of the hilles of Hertfordshire, at a place called Bulburne, a few miles from Peulye, (the house of a family of gentlemen called Verneys); it runneth from thence to Aylesbury in Buckinghamshire, and to Tame (a market-town in Oxfordshire, whearunto it gyveth the name,) then passinge under Whetley-bridge, it cometh to Dorchester, and hard by joyneth with Isis, or Ouse, and from that place joyneth with it in name also." *Dictionarium Topographicum*, voce THAME.

Unfortunately, Leland's manuscript has lost twenty-five leaves in that part of it where one might expect to find this passage. But the following extract, from an author of great authority, and who had a seat in the county of Hertford, will determine the question.

"The *Thame* (the most famous river of England) issues from three heads, in the parish of Tring: the first rises in an orchard, near the parsonage-house; the second in a place called Dundell; and the other proceeds from a spring named Bulbourne, which last stream joins the other waters at a place called Newmill; whence all, gliding together in one current, through Puttenham in this county, pass by Aylesbury (a fair market-town in Buckinghamshire) to Etherop, (an ancient pleasant seat of that noble family of the Dormers, earls of Caernarvon;) and crossing that county, by Notley-abbey, to Thame, (a market-town in Oxfordshire, which borrows its name from this river,) hasteneth away by Whateley-bridge to Dorchester, (an ancient episcopal seat,) and thence congratulates the *Isis;* but both emulating each other for the name, and neither yielding, they are complicated by that of *Thamisis*." Sir Henry Chauncy's *Historical Antiquities of Hertfordshire*, p. 2. See also the later *Maps* of Hertfordshire and Buckinghamshire.

(1) Who this German poet was I cannot find; but the verses, in the original Latin, are in Heylin's *Cosmography*, page 240, and are as follow:

Tot campos, sylvas, tot regia tecta, tot hortos,
Artifici excultos dextra, tot vidimus arces;
Ut nunc Ausonio, Thamisis, *cum* Tibride *certet.*

3. *Trent*, so called from thirty kind of fishes that are found in it, or for that it receiveth thirty lesser rivers; who, having his fountain in Staffordshire, and gliding through the counties of Nottingham, Lincoln, Leicester, and York, augmenteth the turbulent current of Humber, the most violent stream of all the isle. This Humber is not, to say truth, a distinct river having a spring-head of his own, but it is rather the mouth or *æstuarium* of divers rivers here confluent and meeting together, namely, your Derwent, and especially of Ouse and Trent; and (as the Danow, having received into its channel the river Dravus, Savus, Tibiscus, and divers others) changeth his name into this of *Humberabus*, as the old geographers call it.

4. *Medway*, a Kentish river; famous for harbouring the royal navy.

5. *Tweed*, the north-east bound of England; on whose northern banks is seated the strong and impregnable town of Berwick.

6. *Tyne*, famous for Newcastle, and her inexhaustible coal-pits.[1] These, and the rest of principal note, are thus comprehended in one of Mr Drayton's Sonnets.

Our floods' queen, *Thames*, for ships and swans is crown'd;
And stately *Severn* for her shore is prais'd;
The crystal *Trent*, for fords and fish renown'd;
And *Avon's* fame to Albion's cliffs is rais'd.

Carlegian Chester vaunts her holy *Dee*;
York many wonders of her *Ouse* can tell;
The Peak, her *Dove*, whose banks so fertile be,
And Kent will say her *Medway* doth excel.

(1) It would have been beside the author's purpose, and indeed inconsistent with the brevity of his work, to have given such a description and history of the rivers of this kingdom, as some readers would wish for. Such, however, may find, in Selden's *Notes on the Polyolbion*, a great variety of curious and useful learning on the subject. And it were to be wished that some person skilled like Leland, Camden, Lambarde, or that excellent person above mentioned, in the antiquities of this country, if any such there are, would undertake the delightful task of surveying them, and giving their history.

In the meanwhile we would recommend to our angler the use of a map of the county where he fishes; by means whereof he may see the rivers contained in it, with their courses; which is perhaps as much as a mere angler need know about the matter.

Cotswold commends her *Isis* to the *Tame*;
Our Northern borders boast of *Tweed's* fair flood;
Our Western parts extol their *Willy's* fame,
And the old *Lea* brags of the Danish blood.[1]

These observations are out of learned Dr. Heylin, and my old deceased friend, Michael Drayton; and because you say you love such discourses as these, of rivers, and fish, and fishing, I love you the better, and love the more to impart them to you. Nevertheless, scholar, if I should begin but to name the several sorts of strange fish that are usually taken in many of those rivers that run into the sea, I might beget wonder in you, or unbelief, or both: and yet I will venture to tell you a real truth concerning one lately dissected by Dr. Wharton, a man of great learning and experience, and of equal freedom to communicate it; one that loves me and my art; one to whom I have been beholden for many of the choicest observations

(1) "LEE *flu.* Lyʒan, Saxon. *Luy*, Mar. [*forsan* Marcellinus] *Lea*, Polydoro. The name of the water which (runnyn betwene Ware and London) devydethe, for a great part of the way, Essex and Hertfordshire. It begynnethe near a place called Whitchurche; and from thence, passinge by Hertford, Ware, and Waltham, openethe into the Thamise at Ham in Essex; wheare the place is, at this day, called *Lee Mouthe.* It hathe, of longe tyme, borne vessells from London, 20 miles towarde the head; for, in tyme of Kinge Alfrede, the Danes entered Leymouthe, and fortified, at a place adjoyninge to this ryver, 20 myles from London; where, by fortune, Kinge Alfrede passinge by, espied that the channell of the ryver might be in such sorte weakened, that they should want water to return withe their shippes: he caused therefore the water to be abated by two greate trenches, and settinge the Londoners upon theim, he made theim batteil: wherein they lost four of their capitaines, and a great nomber of their common souldiers; the reste flyinge into the castle which they had builte. Not longe after, they weare so pressed that they forsoke all, and left their shippes as a pray to the Londoners; which breakinge some, and burninge other, conveyed the rest to London. This castle, for the distance, might seme *Hertforde;* but it was some other upon that banke, which had no longe continuance; for Edward the elder, and son of this Alfrede, builded *Hertforde* not longe after." *Vide* Lambarde's *Dictionarium Topographicum*, voce LEE. Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song the Twelfth, and the first Note thereon.

Other authors, who confirm this fact, also add, That for the purpose aforesaid he opened the mouth of the river. *See* Sir William Dugdale's *History of the embanking and draining the Fens*, and Sir John Spelman's *Life of* Ælfred *the Great*, published by Hearne, in 8vo. 1709; the perusal of which last-named author will leave the reader in very little doubt but that these trenches are the very same that now branch off from the river between Temple-Mills and Old-Ford, and, crossing the Stratford road, enter the Thames, together with the principal stream, a little below Blackwall.

that I have imparted to you. This good man, that dares do any thing rather than tell an untruth, did, I say, tell me he had lately dissected one strange fish, and he thus described it to me:

"The fish was almost a yard broad, and twice that length; his mouth wide enough to receive, or take into it, the head of a man; his stomach, seven or eight inches broad. He is of a slow motion; and usually lies or lurks close in the mud; and has a moveable string on his head, about a span or near unto a quarter of a yard long; by the moving of which, which is his natural bait, when he lies close and unseen in the mud, he draws other smaller fish so close to him, that he can suck them into his mouth, and so devours and digests them."

And, scholar, do not wonder at this; for besides the credit of the relator, you are to note, many of these, and fishes which are of the like and more unusual shapes, are very often taken on the mouths of our sea-rivers, and on the sea-shore. And this will be no wonder to any that have travelled Egypt; where, 'tis known, the famous river Nilus does not only breed fishes that yet want names, but by the overflowing of that river, and the help of the sun's heat on the fat slime which that river leaves on the banks when it falls back into its natural channel, such strange fish and beasts are also bred, that no man can give a name to; as Grotius in his *Sopham*, and others, have observed.

But whither am I strayed in this discourse. I will end it by telling you, that at the mouth of some of these rivers of ours, Herrings are so plentiful, as namely, near to Yarmouth in Norfolk, and in the west country Pilchers so very plentiful, as you will wonder to read what our learned Camden relates of them in his *Britannia*, p. 178, 186.

Well, scholar, I will stop here, and tell you what by reading and conference I have observed concerning fish-ponds.

CHAP. XX.

Of FISH-PONDS, *and how to order them.*

Doctor Lebault, the learned Frenchman, in his large discourse of *Maison Rustique*, gives this direction for making of fish-ponds. I shall refer you to him, to read it at large: but I think I shall contract it, and yet make it as useful.[1]

He adviseth, that when you have drained the ground, and made the earth firm where the head of the pond must be, that you must then, in that place, drive in two or three rows of oak or elm piles, which should be scorched in the fire, or half-burnt, before they be driven into the earth; for being thus used, it preserves them much longer from rotting. And having done so, lay faggots or bavins of smaller wood betwixt them; and then earth betwixt and above them: and then, having first very well rammed them and the earth, use another pile in like manner as the first were: and note, that the second pile is to be of or about the height that you intend to make your sluice or flood-gate, or the vent that you intend shall convey the overflowings of your pond in any flood that shall endanger the breaking of the pond-dam.

Then he advises, that you plant willows or owlers about it, or both; and then cast in bavins in some places not far from the side, and in the most sandy places, for fish both to spawn upon, and to defend them and the young fry from the many fish, and also from vermin, that lie at

(1) A translation of this work under the title of "Maison Rustique, or the Country Farme, compiled by Charles Steuens and Johu Liebault, Doctors of Physicke, and translated into English by Richard Surflet," appeared in quarto, *Lond.* 1600: and a second edition, with large additions, by Gervase Markham, fol. *Lond.* 1616.

watch to destroy them, especially the spawn of the Carp and Tench, when 'tis left to the mercy of ducks or vermin.

He, and Dubravius, and all others advise, that you make choice of such a place for your pond, that it may be refreshed with a little rill, or with rain-water, running or falling into it; by which fish are more inclined both to breed, and are also refreshed and fed the better, and do prove to be of a much sweeter and more pleasant taste.

To which end it is observed, that such pools as be large and have most gravel, and shallows where fish may sport themselves, do afford fish of the purest taste. And note, that in all pools it is best for fish to have some retiring place; as namely, hollow banks, or shelves, or roots of trees, to keep them from danger, and when they think fit, from the extreme heat of summer; as also from the extremity of cold in winter. And note, that if many trees be growing about your pond, the leaves thereof falling into the water, make it nauseous to the fish, and the fish to be so to the eater of it.

'Tis noted, that the Tench and Eel love mud: and the Carp loves gravelly ground, and in the hot months to feed on grass. You are to cleanse your pond, if you intend either profit or pleasure, once every three or four years, (especially some ponds,) and then let it lie dry six or twelve months, both to kill the water-weeds, as water-lilies, candocks, reate, and bulrushes, that breed there; and also that as these die for want of water, so grass may grow in the pond's bottom, which Carps will eat greedily in all the hot months, if the pond be clean. The letting your pond dry, and sowing oats in the bottom, is also good, for the fish feed the faster: and being sometimes let dry, you may observe what kind of fish either increases or thrives best in that water; for they differ much, both in their breeding and feeding.

Lebault also advises, that if your ponds be not very large and roomy, that you often feed your fish, by throwing into them chippings of bread, curds, grains, or the entrails of chickens or of any fowl or beast that you kill to feed yourselves; for these afford fish a great relief. He says, that frogs and ducks do much harm, and devour both the spawn and the young fry of all fish, especially of the Carp; and I have, besides experience, many testimonies of it. But Lebault allows water-frogs to be good meat, especially in some months, if they be fat: but you are to note, that he is a Frenchman; and we English will hardly believe him, though we know frogs are usually eaten in his country: however, he advises to destroy them and king-fishers out of your ponds. And he advises not to suffer much shooting at wild-fowl; for that, he says, affrightens, and harms, and destroys the fish.

Note, that Carps and Tench thrive and breed best when no other fish is put with them into the same pond; for all other fish devour their spawn, or at least the greatest part of it. And note, that clods of grass thrown into any pond feed any Carps in summer; and that garden-earth and parsley thrown into a pond recovers and refreshes the sick fish. And note, that when you store your pond, you are to put into it two or three melters for one spawner, if you put them into a breeding-pond; but if into a nurse-pond, or feeding-pond, in which they will not breed, then no care is to be taken whether there be most male or female Carps.

It is observed, that the best ponds to breed Carps are those that be stony or sandy, and are warm, and free from wind; and that are not deep, but have willow-trees and grass on their sides, over which the water does sometimes flow: and note, that Carps do more usually breed in marle-pits, or pits that have clean clay bottoms; or in new ponds,

or ponds that lie dry a winter season, than in old ponds that be full of mud and weeds.[1]

(1) It is observable, that the author has said very little of pond-fishing; which is, in truth, a dull recreation; and to which I have heard it objected, that fish in ponds are already caught. Nevertheless, I find that in the canal at St. James's Park, which, though a large one, is yet a pond, it was, in the reign of Charles II. the practice of ladies to angle.

> "Beneath a shole of silver fishes glides,
> And plays about the gilded barges' sides;
> The ladies, angling in the chrystal lake,
> Feast on the waters with the prey they take:
> At once victorious with their lines and eyes,
> They make the fishes and the men their prize."
>
> WALLER. Poem *on St. James's Park, lately improved by his Majesty.*

As the method of ordering fish-ponds is now very well known, and there are few books of gardening but what give some directions about it, it is hoped the reader will think the following quotation from Bowlker sufficient, by way of annotation on this chapter.

"When you intend to stock a pool with Carp or Tench, make a close *ethering hedge*, across the head of the pool, about a yard distance of the dam, and about three feet above the water; which is the best refuge for them I know of, and the only method to preserve pool-fish; because if any one attempts to rob the pool, muddies the water, or disturbs it with nets, most of the fish, if not all, immediately fly between the hedge and the dam, to preserve themselves: and in all pools where there are such shelters and shades, the fish delight to swim backwards and forwards, through and round the same, rubbing and sporting themselves therewith. This hedge ought to be made chiefly of orls, and not too close; the boughs long and straggling towards the dam; by which means you may feed and fatten them as you please. The best baits for drawing them together, at first, are, maggots, or young wasps; the next are, bullock's brains and lob-worms, chopped together, and thrown into the pools in large quantities, about two hours before sun-set, summer and winter. By thus using these ground-baits, once a day, for a fortnight together, the fish will come as constantly and naturally to the place as cattle to their fodder; and to satisfy your curiosity, and to convince you herein, after you have baited the pool for some time, as directed, take about the quantity of a two-penny loaf of wheaten bread, cut it into slices, and wet it; then throw it into the pool where you had baited, and the Carp will feed upon it: after you have used the wet bread three or four mornings, then throw some dry bread in, which will lie on the top of the water; and if you watch, out of sight of the fish, you will presently see them swim to it, and suck it in. I look upon wheaten bread to be the best food for them, though barley or oaten bread is very good. If there be Tench and Pearch in the same pond, they will feed upon the four former baits, and not touch the bread. Indeed there is no pool-fish so shy and nice as a Carp. When the water is disturbed, Carp will fly to the safest shelter they can; which I one day observed, when assisting a gentleman to fish his pool; for another person disturbed the water by throwing the casting-net, but caught never a Carp; whereupon two or three of us stripped and went into the pool, which was provided with such a sort of a hedge in it as is before described, whither the Carp had fled for safety; then fishing with our hands on both sides the hedge, that is, one on either side, we catched what quantity of Carp was wanting." *Bowlker*, p. 62.

The reader may also consult a book published about the year 1712, intitled,

Well, Scholar, I have told the substance of all that either observation or discourse, or a diligent survey of Dubravius and Lebault, hath told me: not that they, in their long discourses, have not said more; but the most of the rest are so common observations, as if a man should tell a good arithmetician thattwice two is four. I will therefore put an end to this discourse; and we will here sit down and rest us.

CHAP. XXI.

Directions for making of a Line, and for the colouring of both Rod and Line.

Piscator. WELL, Scholar, I have held you too long about these cadis, and smaller fish, and rivers, and fish-ponds; and my spirits are almost spent, and so I doubt is your patience: but being we are now almost at Tottenham, where I first met you, and where we are to part, I will lose no time, but give you a little direction how to make and order your lines, and to colour the hair of which you make your lines, for that is very needful to be known of an angler; and also how to paint your rod, especially your top; for a right grown top is a choice commodity, and should be preserved from the water soaking into it, which makes it in wet weather to be heavy and fish ill-favouredly, and not true; and also it rots quickly for want of painting: and I think a good top is worth preserving, or I had not taken care to keep a top above twenty years.[1]

A Discourse of Fish and Fish-ponds, by a Person of Honour; who, I have been told by one who knew him, was the Hon. Roger North, author of the *Life of the Lord Keeper Guildford*. See before, page 105.

(1) The author having said nothing about *choosing* or *making Rods* in any part of his book, it was thought proper to insert the following directions. For

But first for your Line. First note, that you are to take care that your hair be round and clear, and free from galls, or scabs, or frets: for a well-chosen, even, clear, round hair, of a kind of glass-colour, will prove as strong as three uneven scabby hairs that are ill chosen,

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fishing at the bottom, whether with a running-line or float, the reed or cane-rod is, on account of its lightness and elasticity, the best, especially if you angle for those fish which bite but tenderly, as Roach and Dace. And of these there are rods that put up, and make a walking-stick. There are others in many joints, that put up together in a bag, and are therefore called bag-rods; these last are very useful to travel with, as they take but little room. Next to these is the hasel; but that is more apt to warp than the cane: these, as also excellent fly-rods, are to be had at all the fishing-tackle shops in London, and therefore need no particular description: only be careful, whenever you bespeak a rod of reed or cane, that the workman does not rasp down into the bark which grows round the joints, a fault which the makers of rods are often guilty of; the consequence whereof is, that the rod is thereby made weaker at the joints than elsewhere; and there being no bark to repel the wet, it soon rots, and, whenever you hook a large fish, certainly breaks.

But if you live in the country, and are forced to make your own rods, take these directions:—

Between the latter end of November and Christmas, when the sap is gone down into the roots of trees, gather the straightest hasels you can find, for stocks; and let them, at the greatest end, be about an inch or more in diameter: at the same time gather shoots of a less size, for middle pieces, and tops: tie them together in a bundle, and let them lie on a dry floor: at the end of fifteen or sixteen months, match them together; and to the slender ends of the tops, after cutting off about eight or ten inches, whip a fine taper piece of whalebone of that length: then cut the ends of the stock, the middle-piece, and the top, with a long slant, so that they may join exactly to each other; and spread some shoemaker's-wax, very thin, over the slants; bind them neatly with strong waxed thread; and, lastly, fix a strong loop of horse-hair to the whalebone. Let the rod, so made, lie a week to settle, before you use it. In this manner, also, you are to make a fly-rod; only observe that the latter must be much slenderer from the end of the stock, than the former.

But for the neatest fly-rod you can make, get a yellow whole-deal board that is free from knots, cut off about seven feet of the best end, and saw it into some square breadths: let a joiner plane off the angles, and make it perfectly round, a little tapering, and this will serve for the stock; then piece it to a fine straight hasel, of about six feet long, and then a delicate piece of fine-grained yew, planed round like an arrow, and tapering, with whale-bone, as before, of about two feet in length. There is no determining precisely the length of a fly-rod; but one of fourteen feet is as long as can be well managed with one hand. To colour the stock, dip a feather in aqua-fortis, and with your hand chafe it into the deal, and it will be of a cinnamon colour.

But before you attempt this sort of work, you must be able to bind neatly, and fasten off; for which directions are given in the Notes on Chap. XVII.

When the season is over, and you have done with your rods, take them to pieces, and bind the joints to a strait pole, and let them continue so bound till the season returns for using them again. See more directions about the fly-rod, Part II. Chap. V.

Rods, for Barbel, Carp, and other large fish, should be of hasel, and proportionably stronger than those for Roach and Dace. And note, that for fly-fishing

and full of galls or unevenness. You shall seldom find a black hair but it is round, but many white are flat and uneven; therefore, if you get a lock of right, round, clear, glass-colour hair make much of it.

And for making your line, observe this rule: first, let your hair be clean washed ere you go about to twist it; and then choose not only the clearest hair for it, but hairs that be of an equal bigness, for such do usually stretch all together, and break all together, which hairs of an unequal bigness never do, but break singly, and so deceive the angler that trusts to them.

When you have twisted your links, lay them in water for a quarter of an hour at least, and then twist them over again before you tie them into a line: for those that do not so shall usually find their line to have a hair or two shrink, and be shorter than the rest, at the first fishing with it, which is so much of the strength of the line lost for want of first watering it and then re-twisting it; and

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the bamboo-cane is excellent. Screws to rods are not only heavy, and apt to be out of repair, but they are absolutely unnecessary; and the common way of inserting one joint in another is sufficiently secure, if the work be true.

Our forefathers were wont to pursue even their amusements with great formality. An Angler of the last age must have his *fishing-coat*, which, if not black, was at least of a very dark colour; a black velvet cap, like those which jockies now wear, only larger; and a rod with a stock as long as a halbert: and thus equipped, would he stalk forth with the eyes of a whole neighbourhood upon him.

But in these later days, *bag-rods* have been invented, which the angler may easily conceal, and do not proclaim to all the world where he is going. Those for float-fishing are now become common; but this invention has lately been extended to rods for fly-fishing; and here follows a description of such a neat, portable, and useful one, as no angler that has once tried it will ever be without.

Let the joints be four in number, and made of hiccory, or some such very tough wood, and two feet four inches in length, the largest joint not exceeding half an inch in thickness. The top must be bamboo shaved. And for the stock, let it be of ash, full in the grasp, of an equal length with the other joints; and with a strong ferule at the smaller end, made to receive the large joint, which must be well shouldered and fitted to it with the utmost exactness.

This rod will go into a bag, and lie very well concealed in a pocket in the lining of your coat, on the left side, made straight on purpose to receive it.

this is most visible in a seven-hair line, one of those which hath always a black hair in the middle.[1]

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(1) Your line, whether it be a running-line, or for float-fishing, had best be of hair; unless you fish for Barbel, and then it must be of strong silk. And the latter (the line for float-fishing) must be proportioned to the general size of the fish you expect; always remembering that the single hair is to be preferred for Roach or Dace-fishing. But the fly-line is to be very strong; and, for the greater facility in throwing, should be eighteen or twenty hairs at the top, and so diminishing insensibly to the hook. There are lines now to be had at the fishing-tackle shops that have no joints, but wove in one piece.

But notwithstanding this and other improvements, perhaps some may still choose to make their own lines. In which case, if they prefer those twisted with the fingers, they need only observe the rules given by the author for that purpose. But, for greater neatness and expedition, I would recommend an engine lately invented, which is now to be had at almost any fishing-tackle shop in London; it consists of a large horizontal wheel and three very small ones, inclosed in a brass box about a quarter of an inch thick, and two inches in diameter; the axis of each of the small wheels is continued through the under-side of the box, and is formed into a hook: by means of a strong screw it may be fixed in any post or partition, and is set in motion by a small winch in the centre of the box.

To twist links with this engine, take as many hairs as you intend each shall consist of, and, dividing them into three parts, tie each parcel to a bit of fine twine, about six inches long, doubled, and put through the aforesaid hooks; then take a piece of lead, of conical figure, two inches high, and two in diameter at the base, with a hook at the apex or point; tie your three parcels of hair into one knot, and to this, by the hook, hang the weight.

Lastly, take a quart, or larger, bottle-cork; and cut into the sides, at equal distances three grooves; and placing it so as to receive each division of hair, begin to twist: you will find the link begin to twist with great evenness at the lead; as it grows tighter, shift the cork a little upwards; and when the whole is sufficiently twisted, take out the cork, and tie the link into a knot; and so proceed till you have twisted links sufficient for your line, observing to lessen the number of hairs in each link in such proportion as that the line may be taper.

When you use the fly, you will find it necessary to continue your line to a greater degree of fineness: in order to which, supposing the line to be eight yards in length, fasten a piece of three or four twisted links, tapering till it becomes of the size of a fine grass; and to the end of this fix your hook-link, which should be either of very fine grass, or silk-worm gut. A week's practice will enable a learner to throw one of these lines; and he may lengthen it, by a yard at a time, at the greater end, till he can throw fifteen yards neatly, till when he is to reckon himself but a novice.

For the colour, you must be determined by that of the river you fish in: but I have found that a line of the colour of pepper and salt, when mixed, will suit any water.

Many inconveniences attend the use of twisted (open) hairs for your hook-line: see Part II. Chap. V. Silk-worm gut is both fine and very strong; but then it is apt to fray; though this may, in some measure, be prevented by waxing it well.

Indian, or sea-grass, makes excellent hook lines; and though some object to it, as being apt to grow brittle, and to kink in using, with proper management

And for *dyeing of your hairs*, do it thus: take a pint of strong ale, half a pound of soot, and a little quantity of the juice of walnut-tree leaves, and an equal quantity of alum; put these together into a pot, pan, or pipkin, and boil them half an hour; and having so done, let it cool; and being cold, put your hair into it, and there let it lie; it will turn your hair to be a kind of water or glass colour, or greenish; and the longer you let it lie, the deeper coloured it will be. You might be taught to make many other colours, but it is to little purpose; for doubtless the water-colour or glass-coloured hair is the most choice and most useful for an angler, but let it not be too green.

But if you desire to colour hair greener, then do it thus: take a quart of small ale, half a pound of alum; then put these into a pan or pipkin, and your hair into it with them; then put it upon a fire, and let it boil softly for half an hour; and then take out your hair, and let it dry; and having so done, then take a pottle of water, and put into it two handfuls of marigolds, and cover it with a tile or what you think fit, and set it again on the fire, where it is to boil again softly for half an hour, about which time the scum will turn yellow; then put into it half a pound of copperas, beaten small, and with

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it is the best material for the purpose yet known, especially if ordered in the following manner:—

Take as many of the finest you can get, as you please: put them into any vessel; and pour therein the scummed fat of a pot, wherein fresh, but by no means salt meat has been boiled: when they have lain three or four hours, take them out one by one, and, stripping the grease off with your finger and thumb (but do not wipe them) stretch each grass as long as it will yield; coil them up in rings, and lay them by; and you will find them become near as small, full as round, and much stronger than the best single hairs you can get. To preserve them moist, keep them in a piece of bladder well oiled; and before you use them let them soak about half an hour in water; or, in your walk to the river-side, put a length of it into your mouth.

If your grass is coarse, it will fall heavily in the water, and scare away the fish; on which account gut has the advantage. But after all, if your grass be fine and round, it is the best thing you can use.

it the hair that you intend to colour; then let the hair be boiled softly till half the liquor be wasted, and then let it cool three or four hours, with your hair in it: and you are to observe, that the more copperas you put into it, the greener it will be; but doubtless the pale green is best. But if you desire yellow hair, which is only good when the weeds rot, then put in more marigolds; and abate most of the copperas, or leave it quite out, and take a little verdigris instead of it.

This for colouring your hair.

And as for *painting your rod*, which must be in oil, you must first make a size with glue and water, boiled together until the glue be dissolved, and the size of a lye-colour: then strike your size upon the wood with a bristle, or a brush or pencil whilst it is hot: that being quite dry, take white-lead and a little red-lead, and a little coal-black, so much as altogether will make an ash-colour; grind these altogether with linseed-oil; let it be thick, and lay it thin upon the wood with a brush or pencil: this do for the ground of any colour to lie upon wood.

For a green, take pink and verdigris, and grind them together in linseed-oil, as thin as you can well grind it: then lay it smoothly on with your brush, and drive it thin: once doing, for the most part, will serve, if you lay it well; and if twice, be sure your first colour be thoroughly dry before you lay on a second.

Well, Scholar, having now taught you to paint your rod, and we having still a mile to Tottenham High-Cross, I will, as we walk towards it in the cool shade of this sweet honeysuckle hedge, mention to you some of the thoughts and joys that have possessed my soul since we two met together. And these thoughts shall be told you, that you also may join with me in thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, for our happiness.

And that our present happiness may appear to be the greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me how many do, even at this very time, lie under the torment of the stone, the gout, and tooth-ache; and this we are free from. And every misery that I miss is a new mercy; and therefore let us be thankful. There have been, since we met, others that have met disasters of broken limbs; some have been blasted, others thunder-strucken; and we have been freed from these, and all those many other miseries that threaten human nature: let us therefore rejoice and be thankful. Nay, which is a far greater mercy, we are free from the insupportable burthen of an accusing tormenting conscience; a misery that none can bear: and therefore let us praise Him for his preventing grace, and say, Every misery that I miss is a new mercy. Nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us, who, with the expence of a little money, have eat and drank, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely; and rose next day, and cast away care, and sung, and laughed, and angled again; which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money. Let me tell you, Scholar, I have a rich neighbour that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money; he is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says, "The diligent hand maketh rich;" and it is true indeed: but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy; for it was wisely said, by a man of great observation, "That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them." And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty; and grant, that having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let not us repine, or so much as think

the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches; when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silk-worm, that, when she seems to play, is, at the very same time, spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself; and this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have, probably, unconscionably got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and a competence; and above all, for a quiet conscience.

Let me tell you, Scholar, that Diogenes walked on a day, with his friend, to see a country fair; where he saw ribbons, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gimcracks; and, having observed them, and all the other finnimbruns that make a complete country-fair, he said to his friend, "Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!" And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of. Can any man charge God, that he hath not given him enough to make his life happy? No, doubtless; for nature is content with a little. And yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want; though he, indeed, wants nothing but his will; it may be, nothing but his will of his poor neighbour, for not worshipping, or not flattering him: and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller; and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not shew her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbour's was. And I knew another to whom God had given

health and plenty; but a wife that nature had made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud; and must, because she was rich, and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church; which being denied her, she engaged her husband into a contention for it, and at last into a law-suit with a dogged neighbour who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other: and this law-suit begot higher oppositions, and actionable words, and more vexations and law-suits; for you must remember that both were rich, and must therefore have their wills. Well! this wilful, purse-proud law-suit lasted during the life of the first husband; after which his wife vexed and chid, and chid and vexed, till she also chid and vexed herself into her grave: and so the wealth of these poor rich people was curst into a punishment, because they wanted meek and thankful hearts; for those only can make us happy. I knew a man that had health and riches; and several houses, all beautiful, and ready furnished; and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another: and being asked by a friend why he removed so often from one house to another, replied, "It was to find content in some one of them." But his friend, knowing his temper, told him, If he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind him; for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul. And this may appear, if we read and consider what our Saviour says in St. Matthew's Gospel; for he there says, "Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed be the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed be the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. And, Blessed be the meek, for they shall possess the earth." Not that the meek shall not also obtain mercy, and see God, and be comforted, and at last come to the kingdom

of heaven: but in the mean time, he, and he only, possesses the earth, as he goes towards that kingdom of heaven, by being humble and cheerful, and content with what his good God has alloted him. He has no turbulent, repining, vexatious thoughts that he deserves better; nor is vexed when he sees others possessed of more honour or more riches than his wise God has alloted for his share: but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness, such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing, both to God and himself.

My honest Scholar, all this is told to incline you to thankfulness; and to incline you the more, let me tell you, that though the prophet David was guilty of murder and adultery, and many other of the most deadly sins, yet he was said to be a man after God's own heart, because he abounded more with thankfulness than any other that is mentioned in holy scripture, as may appear in his book of *Psalms;* where there is such a commixture, of his confessing of his sins and unworthiness, and such thankfulness for God's pardon and mercies, as did make him to be accounted, even by God himself, to be a man after his own heart: and let us, in that, labour to be as like him as we can; let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value, or not praise Him because they be common; let us not forget to praise Him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers, and meadows, and flowers, and fountains, that we have met with since we met together? I have been told, that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in its full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so trans-

ported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object, to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this, and many other like blessings, we enjoy daily. And for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises: but let not us; because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made that sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers, and showers, and stomachs, and meat, and content, and leisure to go a fishing.

Well, Scholar, I have almost tired myself, and, I fear, more than almost tired you. But I now see Tottenham High-Cross; and our short walk thither shall put a period to my too long discourse; in which my meaning was, and is, to plant that in your mind with which I labour to possess my own soul; that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end I have shewed you, that riches without them, [meekness and thankfulness] do not make any man happy. But let me tell you, that riches with them remove many fears and cares. And therefore my advice is, that you endeavour to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor: but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all. For it is well said by Caussin,[1] "He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping." Therefore be sure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health: and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of; a blessing that money cannnot buy; and therefore

(1) *Nicholas Caussin*, a native of Troyes in Champagne, wrote a book called *The Holy Court:* of which there is an English translation in folio. He was esteemed a person of great probity; and of such a spirit, that he attempted to displace Cardinal Richelieu; but that minister proved too hard for him, and got him banished. He returned to Paris after the Cardinal's death, and died there in the convent of Jesuits, July 1651.

value it, and be thankful for it. As for money, (which may be said to be the third blessing,) neglect it not: but note, that there is no necessity of being rich; for I told you, there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them: and if you have a competence, enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, thankful heart. I will tell you, Scholar, I have heard a grave Divine[1] say, that God has two dwellings; one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart; which Almighty God grant to me, and to my honest Scholar. And so you are welcome to Tottenham High-Cross.

Ven. Well, Master, I thank you for all your good directions; but for none more than this last, of thankfulness, which I hope I shall never forget. And pray let's now rest ourselves in this sweet shady arbour, which nature herself has woven with her own fine finger; 'tis such a contexture of woodbines, sweetbriar, jessamine, and myrtle; and so interwoven, as will secure us both from the sun's violent heat, and from the approaching shower. And being sat down, I will requite a part of your courtesies with a bottle of sack, milk, oranges, and sugar; which, all put together, make a drink like nectar; indeed, too good for any but us Anglers. And so, Master, here is a full glass to you of that liquor: and when you have pledged me, I will repeat the *Verses* which I promised you: it is a Copy printed among some of Sir Henry Wotton's,[2] and doubtless made either by him, or by a lover of angling. Come, Master, now drink a glass to me, and then I will pledge you, and fall to my repetition; it is a description of such country recreations as I have enjoyed since I had the happiness to fall into your company.

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(1) Dr. Donne.

(2) See *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, 8vo. 1685. page 390.

Quivering fears, heart-tearing cares,
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
Fly, fly to courts,
Fly to fond worldlings' sports,
Where strain'd Sardonic smiles[1] are glosing still,
And Grief is forc'd to laugh against her will:
Where mirth's but mummery,
And sorrows only real be.

Fly from our country pastimes, fly,
Sad troops of human misery.
Come, serene looks,
Clear as the crystal brooks,
Or the pure azur'd heaven that smiles to see
The rich attendance on our poverty:
Peace and a secure mind,
Which all men seek, we only find.

Abused mortals! did you know
Where joy, heart's-ease, and comforts grow,
You'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in these bowers;
Where winds, sometimes, our woods perhaps may shake,
But blust'ring care could never tempest make,
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
Saving of fountains that glide by us.

Here's no fantastic mask, nor dance,
But of our kids that frisk and prance;
Nor wars are seen,
Unless upon the green
Two harmless lambs are butting one the other,
Which done, both bleating run, each to his mother:
And wounds are never found,
Save what the plough-share gives the ground.

Here are no entrapping baits,
To hasten too, too hasty Fates,
Unless it be
The fond credulity
Of silly fish, which (worldling like) still look
Upon the bait, but never on the hook;
Nor envy, unless among
The birds, for price of their sweet song.

Go, let the diving negro seek
For gems, hid in some forlorn creek:
We all pearls scorn,
Save what the dewy morn
Congeals upon each little spire of grass,
Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass;
And gold ne'er here appears,
Save what the yellow Ceres bears.

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(1) *Feigned*, or *forced* smiles, from the word *Sardon*, the name of a herb, resembling *smallage*, and growing in Sardinia, which being eaten by men, contracts the muscles, and excites laughter, even to death. Vide *Erasmi Adagia*, tit. *Risus*.

Blest silent groves, oh may you be,
For ever, mirth's best nursery!
May pure contents
For ever pitch their tents
Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these mountains,
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains:
Which we may every year
Meet, when we come a fishing here.

Pisc. Trust me, Scholar, I thank you heartily for these Verses: they be choicely good, and doubtless made by a lover of angling. Come, now, drink a glass with me, and I will requite you with another very good copy: it is a farewell to the vanities of the world, and some say written by Sir Harry Wotton, who I told you was an excellent angler. But let them be writ by whom they will, he that writ them had a brave soul, and must needs be possest with happy thoughts at the time of their composure.

Farewell ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles;
Farewell ye honour'd rags, ye glorious bubbles;
Fame's but a hollow echo; Gold, pure clay;
Honour the darling but of one short day;
Beauty, (th' eye's idol,) but a damask'd skin;
State, but a golden prison, to live in
And torture free-born minds; embroidered Trains,
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins;
And Blood allied to greatness is alone
Inherited, not purchas'd, nor our own.
Fame, Honour, Beauty, State, Train, Blood and Birth,
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill:
I would be high, but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke:
I would be rich, but see men, (too unkind,)
Dig in the bowels of the richest mind:
I would be wise, but that I often see
The fox suspected, whilst the ass goes free:
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud,
Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud:
I would be poor, but know the humble grass
Still trampled on by each unworthy ass:
Rich, hated; wise, suspected; scorn'd, if poor;
Great, fear'd; fair, tempted; high, still envy'd more.
I have wish'd all; but now I wish for neither,
Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair: poor I'll be rather.

Would the World now adopt me for her heir:
Would beauty's Queen entitle me the fair;
Fame speak me fortune's minion; could I "vie
Angels" with India; with a speaking eye
Command bare heads, bow'd knees; strike justice dumb,
As well as blind and lame; or give a tongue
To stones by epitaphs; be call'd "great master"
In the loose rhimes of every poetaster?
Could I be more than any man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives;
Yet I more freely would these gifts resign,
Than ever fortune would have made them mine;
And hold one minute of this holy leisure
Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

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(1) An *angel* is a piece of coin, value ten shillings. The words to "*vie angels*" are a metonymy, and signify to *compare wealth*. In the old ballad *of the Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal-Green*, a competition of this kind is introduced: a young knight, about to marry the beggar's daughter, is dissuaded from so unequal a match by some gentlemen, his relations, who urge the poverty of her father: the beggar challenges them to *drop angels* with him, and fairly empties the purses of them all. The contest, and its issue, are related in the following stanzas, part of the ballad.

Then spake the blind beggar: "Although I be poore,
Yett rayle not against my child at my own door:
Though she be not decked in velvet and pearle,
Yett I will *dropp angells* with you for my girle.

And then, if my gold may better her birthe,
And equall the gold that you lay on the earth,
Then neyther rayle nor grudge you, to see
The blind beggar's daughter a lady to bee.

But first you shall promise, and have itt well knowne,
The gold that you drop shall all be your owne."
With that they replyed, 'Contented bee wee.'
"Then here's" (quoth the beggar), "for prettye Bessee."

With that, an angell he cast on the ground;
And dropped, in angells, full three thousand pound;
And oftentimes (it was proved most plain,)
For the gentleman's one the beggar dropt twayne;

Soe that the place wherein they did sitt,
With gold it was covered, every whitt:
The gentlemen, then, having dropt all their store,
Sayd, 'Now, beggar, hold, for *we* have no more;

'Thou hast fulfilled thy promise aright.'—
"Then marry my girl," quoth he to the knight;
"And here," added he, "I will now throwe you downe
A hundred pounds more, to buy her a gowne."

The neighbourhood of Bethnal-Green is seldom without a public-house with a sign representing *The Beggar, and the Dissuaders of the match, dropping gold; the Young-woman, and the Knight her lover, standing between them.*

Welcome pure thoughts; welcome ye silent groves;
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves.
Now the wing'd people of the sky shall sing
My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring:
A pray'r-book, now, shall be my looking-glass,
In which I will adore sweet virtue's face.
Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace-cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-fac'd fears;
Then here I'll sit, and sigh my hot love's folly,
And learn t'affect an holy melancholy:
And if contentment be a stranger then,
I'll ne'er look for it, but in heaven, again.

Ven. Well, Master, these verses be worthy to keep a room in every man's memory. I thank you for them; and I thank you for your many instructions, which, (God willing,) I will not forget. And as St. Austin, in his *Confessions*, (book 4. chap. 3.) commemorates the kindness of his friend Verecundus, for lending him and his companion a country-house; because there they rested and enjoyed themselves, free from the troubles of the world: so, having had the like advantage, both by your conversation and the art you have taught me, I ought ever to do the like; for, indeed, your company and discourse have been so useful and pleasant, that, I may truly say, I have only lived since I enjoyed them and turn'd angler, and not before. Nevertheless, here I must part with you; here in this now sad place, where I was so

(1) To the many short poems, abounding with fine moral sentiments, contained in this book, I here add the following lines of Mr. Cowley, translated from Martial, *Lib.* II. *Epig.* 53; which, far surpassing the original, exhibit a lovely picture of a contented mind; and, for the manly spirit of independence that breathes in them, I have never yet seen equalled by any in our own language.

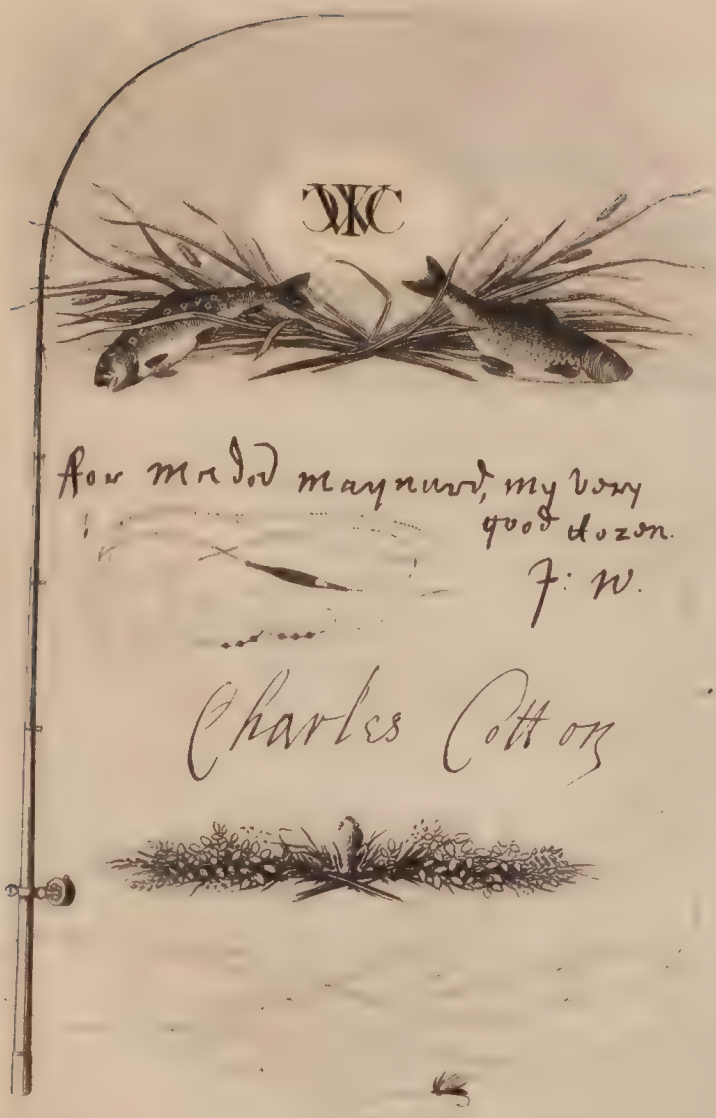
Would you be *free?* 'Tis your chief wish you say.
Come on I'll shew thee, friend, the certain way.
If to no feasts abroad thou lov'st to go,
Whilst bounteous God does bread at home bestow;
If thou the goodness of thy cloaths dost prize
By thine own use, and not by others eyes;
If (only safe from weathers) thou canst dwell
In a small house, but a convenient shell;
If thou, without a sigh, or golden wish,
Canst look upon thy beechen bowl and dish;
If in thy mind such power and greatness be,
The Persian king's a slave, compar'd with thee.

happy as first to meet you: but I shall long for the ninth of May; for then I hope again to enjoy your beloved company, at the appointed time and place. And now I wish for some somniferous potion, that might force me to sleep away the intermitted time; which will pass away with me as tediously as it does with men in sorrow; nevertheless I will make it as short as I can, by my hopes and wishes: and, my good Master, I will not forget the doctrine which you told me Socrates taught his scholars, that they should not think to be honoured so much for being philosophers, as to honour philosophy by their virtuous lives. You advised me to the like concerning Angling, and I will endeavour to do so; and to live like those many worthy men, of which you made mention in the former part of your discourse. This is my firm resolution. And as a pious man advised his friend, that, to beget mortification, he should frequent churches, and view monuments, and charnel-houses, and then and there consider how many dead bodies time had piled up at the gates of death: so when I would beget content, and increase confidence in the power, and wisdom, and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows, by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other various little living creatures that are not only created, but fed (man knows not how), by the goodness of the God of nature, and therefore trust in him. This is my purpose: and so, let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. And let the blessing of St. Peter's Master be with mine.

Pisc. And upon all that are lovers of virtue; and dare trust in his providence; and be quiet; and go a angling.

"Study to be quiet." 1 Thess. iv. 11.

END OF PART I.


For Mr Dod Maynard, my very
good dozen.
J: W.
Charles Cotton

IT is imagined that the several descriptions of River-Fish, *contained in the foregoing pages, are abundantly sufficient for the information of any* mere Angler. *But those who are curious to know the essential differences between the various species, are hereby recommended to a work entitled* Ichthyographia, *s.* Historia Piscium, *by Francis Willughby, Esq.* fol. Oxon. 1686; *and to a posthumous work of that learned man and excellent naturalist, the Reverend Mr. John Ray, entitled* Synopsis Methodica Avium et Piscium, *published by Dr. Derham, in* Octavo, 1713.

And whereas in page 208, n. *it is hinted, that the history of* Aquatic Insects *is but little known; and this stupendous branch of natural science is well worthy of further investigation; the reader is hereby directed to the perusal of the* Life of the Ephemeron, *an insect little differing from our* green, *and* grey drake, *translated from the Low Dutch of Dr. Swammerdam, by Dr. Edw. Tyson, London,* Quarto, 1681. *And for his further information on this subject, we have added, as the* first number *of the* Appendix *to this work, a translation of a* Synopsis of these creatures, *drawn out from the observations of the above Mr. Willughby, and exhibited in Mr. Ray's* Methodus Insectorum, *mentioned by Dr. Derham in his* Physico-Theology, *page* 234.

It is not for the improvement of Angling alone, that the above authors are referred to: the study of the works of nature is the most effectual way to open and enlarge the

nind, and excite in us the affections of reverence and gratitude towards that Being whose wisdom and goodness are discernible in the structure of the meanest reptile. Further, "The wisdom of God receives small honour from those vulgar heads that rudely stare about, and with a gross rusticity admire his works: those highly magnify him, whose judicious inquiry into his acts, and deliberate research into his creatures, return the duty of a devout and learned admiration." *Religio Medici*, Sect. 13.

THE

COMPLETE ANGLER:

BEING

INSTRUCTIONS HOW TO ANGLE

FOR A

TROUT OR GRAYLING,

IN A CLEAR STREAM.

PART II.

Qui mihi non credit, faciat licet ipse pericium:
Et fuerit scriptis æquior ille meis.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JAMES SMITH, 163, STRAND.

1822.

SOME ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE[1] AND WRITINGS

OF

CHARLES COTTON, Esq.

CHARLES COTTON, Esq. was descended from an honourable family, of the town and county of Southampton. His grandfather was Sir *George Cotton*, Knight; and his grandmother, *Cassandra*, the heiress of a family named *Mac Williams*: the issue of their marriage were, a daughter named Cassandra, who died unmarried; and a son, named *Charles*, who, settling at Ovingden, in the county of Sussex, married *Olive*, the daughter of Sir *John Stanhope*, of Elvaston, in the county of Derby, Knight, half-brother to Philip the first Earl of Chesterfield, and ancestor of the present Earl of Harrington, and by her had issue CHARLES, the author of the ensuing Dialogues.[2]

Of the *elder Charles*, we learn, from unquestionable authority, that he was, even when young, a person of distinguished parts and accomplishments; for in the enumeration of those eminent persons whom Mr. Hyde, afterwards the Lord-chancellor Clarendon, chose for his friends and associates, while a student of the law, we find Mr. Cotton mentioned, together with Ben Jonson, Mr. Selden, Mr. John Vaughan, afterwards lord-chief-justice, Sir Kenelm Digby, Mr. Thomas May, the translator of Lucan, and Thomas Carew the poet. The characters of these several persons are exhibited, with the usual elegance and accuracy of their author, in the *Life of Edward Earl of Clarendon*, written by himself, and lately published. That of Mr. Cotton here follows.

"CHARLES COTTON was a gentleman born to a competent fortune;

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(1) It has been thought proper to omit the *Letter to the Editor* in the earlier of the former impressions, and to give the *Life of Mr. Cotton* in another form, retaining, nevertheless, such facts as are best ascertained, and seem in any degree worthy of credit.

(2) The above is the account of Mr. Cotton's descent, as given by Mr. Oldys in the former editions: but it agrees not, in what respects his being descended, by the mother's side, from the family of *Mac Williams*, with Collins's account of Sir John Stanhope, in his *Peerage*, under the article STANHOPE, Earl of Chesterfield.

and so qualified in his person and education, that for many yesrs he continued the greatest ornament of the town, in the esteem of those who had been best bred. His natural parts were very great, his wit flowing in all the parts of conversation; the super-structure of learning not raised to a considerable height: but having passed some years in Cambridge, and then in France, and conversing always with learned men, his expressions were ever proper and significant, and gave great lustre to his discourse upon any argument; so that he was thought by those who were not intimate with h m, to have been much better acquainted with books than he was. He had all those qualities which in youth raise men to the reputation of being fine gentlemen; such a pleasantness and gaiety of humour, such a sweetness and gentleness of nature, and such a civility and delightfulness in conversation, that no man, in the court or out of it, appeared a more accomplished person: all these extraordinary qualifications being supported by as extraordinary a clearness of courage and fearlessness of spirit, of which he gave too often manifestation. Some unhappy suits in law, and waste of his fortune in those suits, made some impression on his mind; which, being improved by domestic afflictions, and those indulgences to himself which naturally attend those afflictions, rendered his age less reverenced than his youth had been, and gave his best friends cause to have wished that he had not lived so long."

The *younger Mr. Cotton* was born on the 28th day of April, 1630; and having, as we must suppose, received such a school education as qualified him for an university, he was sent to Cambridge, where also his father had studied: he had for his tutor Mr. Ralph Rawson, once a fellow of Brazen-nose college, Oxford, but who had been ejected from his fellowship by the Parliament visiters, in 1648. This person he has gratefully celebrated, in a Translation of an *Ode* of Johannes Secundus.

What was the course of his studies, whether they tended to qualify him for either of the learned professions, or to furnish him with those endowments of general learning and polished manners which are requisite in the character of a gentleman, we know not: it is, however, certain, that in the university he improved his knowledge of the Greek and Roman classics, and became a perfect master of the French and Italian languages.

But whatever were the views of his father in placing him at Cambridge, we find not that he betook himself, in earnest, to the pursuit of any lucrative profession: it is true, that in a poem of his writing, he hints that he had a smattering of the Law, which he had gotten

> ——More by practice than reading:
> By sitting o' th' bench [1] while others were pleading.

But it is rather probable, that, returning from the university to his father's, he addicted himself to the lighter kinds of study, and the improvement of a talent in poetry, of which he found himself possessed; and also that he might travel abroad; for, in one of his poems, [2] he

(1) Probably, in his more advanced years, at sessions, as a justice of the peace in his county.

(2) *The Wonders of the Peak.*

says he had been at Roan. His father having married a lady of a Derbyshire family, and she being the daughter and heiress of Edward Beresford, of Beresford and Enson in Staffordshire, and of Bently in the county of Derby; it may be presumed, that the descent of the family-seat at Beresford to her, might have been the inducement with her husband to remove, with his family, from their first settlement at Ovingden, to Beresford,[1] near Ashbourne in Derbyshire, and in the neighbourhood of the Dove, a river that divides the counties of Derby and Stafford, and of which the reader will be told so much hereafter.

And here we may suppose the younger Mr. Cotton, tempted by the vicinity of a river plentifully stored with fish of the best kinds, to have chosen angling for his recreation; and looking upon it to be, what Walton rightly terms it, *an Art*, to have applied himself to the improvement of that branch of it, fishing with an artificial fly. To this end he made himself acquainted with the nature of aquatic insects, with the forms and colours of the several flies that are found on or near rivers, the times of their appearance and departure, and the methods of imitating them with furs, silks, feathers, and other materials: in all which researches he exercised such patience, industry, and ingenuity, and succeeded so well, that having, in the following *Dialogues*, communicated to the public the result of his experience, he must be deemed the great improver of this elegant recreation, and a benefactor to his posterity.

There is reason to think, that, after his leaving the university, he was received into his father's family; for we are told that his father, being a man of bright parts, gave him themes and authors whereon to exercise his judgment and learning, even to the time of his entering into the state of matrimony;[2] the first fruit of which exercises was, as it seems, his *Elegy on the gallant Lord Derby*.[3]

In 1656, being then twenty-six years of age, and before any patrimony had descended to him, or he had any visible means of subsisting a family, he married a distant relation, Isabella, daughter of Sir Thomas Hutchinson, of Owthorp, in the county of Nottingham, Knt.[4] The distress in which this step might have involved him was averted by the death of his father, in 1658, an event that put him into possession of the family estate: but from the character of his father, as given by Lord Clarendon, it cannot be supposed but that it was struggling with law-suits, and laden with incumbrances.

The great Lord Falkland was wont to say, that he *pitied unlearned gentlemen in rainy weather*. Mr. Cotton might possibly entertain the same sentiment; for, in this situation, we find that his employments were, STUDY, for his delight and improvement; and FISHING, for his recreation and health; for each of which several employments we may suppose he chose the fittest times and seasons.

In 1660 he published *A Panegyric to the King's most Excellent Majesty*, a prose Pamphlet, in folio, a copy of which is preserved in the Library at the British Museum.

In 1663 he published the *Moral Philosophy of the Stoics*, translated

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(1) Beresford is in the hundred of Totmanslow, in Staffordshire.
(2) Oldy's *Life*, xii. (3) *Ibid.* (4) *Ibid.* xiii.

from the French of Monsieur de Vaix, president of the Parliament of Provence, in obedience, as the Preface informs us, to a command of his father; doubtless with a view to his improvement in the science of morality: and this, notwithstanding the book had been translated by Dr. James, the first keeper of the Bodleian Library, above threescore years before.

His next publication was *Scarronides, or Virgil Travestie*, being the first book of Virgil's *Æneis*, in English burlesque, 8vo. 1664. Concerning which, and also the fourth book, translated by him, and afterwards published, it may be sufficient to say, that, for degrading sublime poetry into doggrel, Scarron's example is no authority; and that, were the merit of this practice greater than many men think it, those who admire the wit, the humour, and the learning of *Hudibras*, cannot but be disgusted at the low buffoonery, the forced wit, and the coarseness and obscenity of the *Virgil Travestie*; and yet the poem has its admirers, is commended by Sir John Suckling, in his *Session of the Poets*, and has passed fourteen editions.

To say the truth, the absurdity of that species of the mock epic, which gives to princes the manners of the lowest of their inferiors, has never been sufficiently noticed. In the instance before us, how is the poet embarrassed, when he describes Dido as exercising regal authority, and at the same time employed in the meanest of domestic offices; and Æneas, a person of royal descent, as a clown, a commander, and a common sailor! In the other kind of burlesque, viz. where the characters are *elevated*, no such difficulty interposes: grant but to Don Quixote and Sancho, to Hudibras and Ralpho, the stations which Cervantes and Butler have respectively assigned them, and all their actions are consistent with their several characters.

Soon after, he engaged in a more commendable employment: a translation of the *History of the Life of the Duke d'Espernon*, from 1598, where D'Avila's history ends, to 1642, in twelve books: in which undertaking he was interrupted by an appointment to some place or post, which he hints at in the Preface, but did not hold long; as also by a sickness that delayed the publication until 1670, when the book came out in a folio volume, with a handsome Dedication to Dr. Gilbert Sheldon, archbishop of Canterbury.

In the same year, being the fortieth of his age, and having been honoured with a captain's commission in the army, he was drawn, by some occasion of business or interest, to visit Ireland: which event he has recorded, with some particular circumstances touching the course of his life, in a burlesque poem, called *A Voyage to Ireland*, carelessly written, but abounding in humorous description, as will appear by the following extract therefrom:—

A guide I had got, who demanded great vails
For conducting me over the mountains of Wales;
Twenty good shillings, which sure very large is;
Yet that would not serve, but I must bear his charges:
And yet, for all that, rode astride on a beast
The worst that e'er went on three legs, I protest;
It certainly was the most ugly of jades;
His hips and his rump made a right ace of spades;
His sides were two ladders, well spur-gall'd withal;
His neck was a helve, and his head was a mall:

For his colour, my pains and your trouble I'll spare,
For the creature was wholly denuded of hair,
And, except for two things, as bare as my nail,
A tuft of a mane and a sprig of a tail.
Now, such as the beast was, e'en such was the rider,
With a head like a nutmeg, and legs like a spider,
A voice like a cricket, a look like a rat,
The brains of a goose, and the heart of a cat.
E'en such was my guide, and his beast: let them pass,
The one for an horse, and the other an ass.

In this poem, he relates, with singular pleasantry, that, at Chester, coming out of church, he was taken notice of by the Mayor of the city, for his rich garb, and particularly a gold belt that he then wore; and by him invited home to supper, and very hospitably entertained.

In the same year, and also the year after, more correctly, he published a translation of the Tragedy, entitled, *Les Horaces*, i. e. the *Horatii*, from the French of Pierre Corneille; and, in 1674, the *Fair one of Tunis*, a novel, translated also from the French; as also a translation of the *Commentaries* of Blaise de Montluc, marshal of France, a thrasonical gascon (as Lord Herbert has shewn, in his *History of Hen.* VIII.) far better skilled in the arts of flight than of battle.

In 1675, Mr. Cotton published two little books; *The Planter's Manual, being Instructions for cultivating all sorts of fruit-trees*, 8vo.; and a Burlesque of sundry select Dialogues of Lucian, with the title of *Burlesque upon Burlesque, or the Scoffer scoffed*, 12mo. which has much the same merit as the *Virgil Travestie*.

Angling having been the favourite recreation of Mr. Cotton for many years before this, we cannot but suppose that the publication of such a book as the *Complete Angler* of Mr. Walton had attracted his notice, and probably excited in him a desire to become acquainted with the author; and that, setting aside other circumstances, the advantageous situation of Mr. Cotton, near the finest Trout-river in the kingdom, might conduce to beget a great intimacy between them. For certain it is, that before the year 1676 they were united by the closest ties of friendship: Walton, as also his son, had been frequent visitants to Mr. Cotton, at Beresford; who, for the accommodation of the former, no less than of himself, had erected a fishing-house on the bank of the river, with a stone in the front thereof, containing a cipher that incorporated the initials of both their names.

These circumstances, together with a formal adoption, by Walton, of Mr. Cotton for his son, that will be explained in its place, were doubtless the inducements with the latter to the writing of a Second Part of the *Complete Angler*, and, therein, to explain more fully the art of FISHING either with a NATURAL or an ARTIFICIAL fly, as also the various methods of MAKING THE LATTER. The Book, as the author assures us, was written in the short space of ten days; and first came abroad, with the fifth edition of the First Part, in the above year, 1676, and ever since the two Parts have been considered as one book.

The Second Part of the *Complete Angler* is, apparently, an imitation of the First. It is a course of dialogues; between the Author, shadowed under the name of *Piscator*, and a Traveller, the very per-

son distinguished in the First Part by the name of *Venator*, and whom Walton of an HUNTER had made an ANGLER:[1] in which, besides the instructions there given, and the beautiful scenery of a wild and romantic country therein displayed, the urbanity, courtesy, and hospitality of a well-bred country gentleman are represented to great advantage.

This book might be thought to contain a delineation of the author's character; and dispose the reader to think that he was delighted with his situation, content with his fortunes, and, in short, one of the happiest of men: but his next publication speaks a very different language; for living in a country that abounds, above all others in this kingdom, in rocks, caverns, and subterraneous passages, (objects that, to some minds, afford more delight than stately woods and fertile plains, rich inclosures, and other, the milder beauties of rural nature,) he seems to have been prompted by no other than a SULLEN CURIOSITY to explore the secrets of that nether world; and, surveying it rather with wonder than philosophical delight, to have given way to his disgust, in a description of the dreary and terrific scenes around and beneath him, in a poem (written, as it is said, in emulation of Hobbe's *De Mirabilibus Pecci*) entitled *The Wonders of the Peak*. This he first published in 1681; and, afterwards, with a new edition of the *Virgil Travestie* and the *Burlesque of Lucian*.

The only praise of this poem, is the truth of the representations therein contained; for it is a mean composition, inharmonious in the versification, and abounding in expletives. Of the spirit in which it is written, a judgment may be formed from the following lines, part of the exordium:—

> Durst I expostulate with Providence,
> I then should ask wherein the innocence
> Of my poor undesigning infancy,
> Could Heav'n offend to such a black degree,
> As for th' offence to damn me to a place
> Where nature only suffers, in disgrace.

and these other, equally splenetic:—

> Environ'd round with nature's shames and ills,
> Black heaths, wild rocks, black crags, and naked hills.

So far was Mr. Cotton from thinking, with the Psalmist, "that his lot was fallen in a fair ground, or that he had a goodly heritage."

But a greater, and, to the world, a more beneficial employment, at this time solicited his attention, The old translation of Montaigne's Essays, by the "resolute" John Florio, as he styled himself, was become obsolete; and the world was impatient for a new one. Mr. Cotton not only understood French with a critical exactness, but was well acquainted with the almost barbarous dialect in which that book is written: and the freedom of opinion, and general notions of men and things, which the author discovers, perhaps falling-in with Mr. Cotton's sentiments of human life and manners, he undertook, and in 1685 gave to the world, in a translation of that author, in three volumes 8vo. one of the most valuable books in the English language; in short, a translation that, if it does not (and many think it does in some respects) transcend, is yet nothing inferior to the original. And,

(1) Vide Part II. chap. 1. p. 275.

indeed, little less than this is to be inferred from the testimony of the noble Marquis to whom it is dedicated: who concludes a letter of his to Mr. Cotton with this elegant encomium, "Pray believe, that he who can translate such an author, without doing him wrong, must not only make me glad, but proud of being his very humble servant, HALIFAX."

These are the whole of Mr. Cotton's writings, published in his lifetime. Those that came abroad after his decease, were, *Poems on several Occasions*, 8vo. 1689, a bookseller's publication, tumbled into the world without preface, apology, or even correction, that will be spoken of hereafter; and a Translation, from the French of the *Memoirs of the Sieur de Pontis*, published in 1694, by his son, Mr. Beresford Cotton, and by him dedicated to the then Duke of Ormond, as having been undertaken, and completed, at the request of the old Duke, his grace's grandfather.

It is too much to be feared, that the difficulties he laboured under, and, in short, the straitness of his circumstances, were the reasons that induced Mr. Cotton to employ himself in writing; and, in that, so much more in translation than original composition. For, first, by the way, they are greatly mistaken, who think that the business of writing for booksellers is a new occupation; it is known, that Greene, Peacham, and Howel, for a great part of their lives, subsisted almost wholly by it: though perhaps Mr. Cotton is the first instance of a gentleman by descent, and the inheritor of a fair estate, being reduced by a sad necessity to write for subsistence. But, secondly, whether through misfortune, or the want of economy, or both, it may be collected from numberless passages in his writings, that Mr. Cotton's circumstances were narrow; his estates incumbered with mortgages; and his income less than sufficient for its maintenance in the part, and character of a gentleman: why, else, those querulous exclamations against the clamour of creditors, the high rate of interest, and the extortions of usurers, that so frequently occur in his poems? From which several particulars, it seems a natural, and at the same time a melancholy inference, that he was—not to say an author—a translator, probably, for hire; but, certainly, by profession.

It is, of all employments, one of the most painful, to enumerate the misfortunes and sufferings of worthy and deserving men; and, most so, of such as have been distinguished for either their natural or acquired endowments: but truth, and the laws of biographical history, oblige all that undertake that kind of writing, to relate as well the adverse, as the prosperous events in the lives of those whom they mean to celebrate; else, we would gladly omit to say, that Mr. Cotton was, during the whole of his life, involved in difficulties. Lord Clarendon says of his father, that "he was engaged in law-suits, and had wasted his fortune:" and it cannot be supposed but that his son inherited, in some degree, the vexation and expense of uncertain litigation, together with the paternal estate; and might, finally, be divested of great part of it: farther we may suppose, that the easiness of his nature, and a disposition to oblige others, amounting even to imbecility, laid him open to the arts of designing men, and gave occasion to those complaints of ingratitude and neglect which we meet with in his eclogues, odes, and other of his writings.

It is true, that he was never reduced by necessity to alienate the family estate: nor were his distresses uniformly extreme; but they were at times severely pungent. It is said, that the numerous pecuniary engagements into which he had entered, drew upon him the misfortune of personal restraint; and that during his confinement in one of the city prisons, he inscribed, on the wall of his apartment therein, these affecting lines:—

A prison is a place of cure,
Wherein no one can thrive;
A touchstone sure to try a friend;
A grave for men alive.

And to aggravate these his afflictions, he had a wife whom he appears to have tenderly loved, and of whom, in an ironical poem, entitled the *Joys of Marriage*, he speaks thus handsomely:—

Yet with me 'tis out of season
To complain thus without reason,
Since the best and sweetest fair
Is allotted to my share:
But, alas! I love her so,
That my love creates my woe;
For if she be out of humour,
Straight, displeas'd I do presume her,
And would give the world to know
What it is offends her so;
Or if she be discontented,
Lord! how am I then tormented!
And am ready to persuade her
That I have unhappy made her;
But if sick, then I am dying,
Meat and med'cine both defying.

This lady, the delight of his heart, and the partner of his sorrows, he had the misfortune to lose; but at what period of his life, is not certain.

We might flatter ourselves, that his sun set brighter than it rose; for his second marriage, which was with the Countess Dowager of Ardglass, who possessed a jointure of fifteen hundred a-year, and survived him, might suggest a hope that he might have been, thereby, enabled to extricate himself out of the greatest of his difficulties, and in reality to enjoy that tranquillity of mind which he describes with so much feeling, in the *Stanzes Irreguliers:* but this supposition seems to be contradicted by a fact, which the act of administration of his effects, upon his decease, discloses, viz. that the same was granted "to Elizabeth Bludworth, his principal creditrix; the honourable Mary Countess Dowager of Ardglass, his widow; Beresford Cotton, Esq., Olive Cotton, Catharine Cotton, Jane Cotton, and Mary Cotton, his natural and lawful children, first renouncing."

The above act bearing date the 12th day of September, 1687, fixes, perhaps, within a few days, the day of his death; and describes him as having lived in the parish of St. James, Westminster: it also ascertains his issue, which were all by his first lady.

There is a tradition current in his neighbourhood, that he had, by some sarcastic expression in his writings, so offended an aunt of his,

that she revoked a clause in her will, whereby she had bequeathed to him an estate of five hundred pounds a-year: but as two unlikely circumstances must concur to render such a report credible, *great imprudence* in himself, and *want of charity* in her; and there is no such offensive passage to be found in any of his writings; we may presume the tradition to be groundless.

Of the future fortunes of his descendants little is known; save that, to his son, Beresford Cotton, was given a company in a regiment of foot, raised by the Earl of Derby for the service of King William; and that one of his daughters became the wife of that eminent divine, Dr. George Stanhope, dean of Canterbury, who from his name, the same with that of Mr. Cotton's mother, is conjectured to have been distantly allied to the family.

The above are the most remarkable particulars that at this time are recoverable of the life of Mr. Cotton. His moral character is to be collected, and indeed does naturally arise, out of the several sentiments contained in his writings; more especially those in the *Collection of his Poems* above-mentioned; which, consisting of all such Verses of his as the publishers could get together, as namely, Eclogues, Odes, and Epistles to his friends, and Translations from Ausonious, Catullus, Martial, Mons. Maynard, Corneille, Benserade, Guarini, and others; if perused with a severe and indiscriminating eye, may, perhaps, be thought to reflect no great credit on his memory: for many of them are so inexcusably licentious as to induce a suspicion, that the author was but too well practised in the vices of the town: and yet it may be said of the book, that it contains the only good POEMS he ever wrote.

It is true, that for the looseness of his writings, and, if we may judge by them, of his manners, he deserves censure: but, at the same time, it is to be noted, that he was a warm and steady friend, and a lover of such as he thought more worthy than himself; of which last quality, his attachment to Mr. Walton affords the clearest proof.

Nor did it derogate from the character of honest old Isaak, to contract and cherish an intimacy with one who, being of the cavalier party, might have somewhat of the *gallant*, not to say the *rake*, in him, and be guilty of some of those practices which it was the employment of Isaak's life and writings to discountenance. Mr. Cotton was both a wit and a scholar; of an open, cheerful, and hospitable temper; endowed with fine talents for conversation, and the courtesy and affability of a gentleman: and was, withal, as great a proficient in the art, as a lover of the recreation, of angling: these qualities, together with the profound reverence which he uniformly entertained for his father Walton, could not but endear him to the good old man; whose charitable practice it was, to resolve all the deviations from that rule of conduct which he had prescribed himself, not into vicious inclination, but error.

But notwithstanding this creditable connection, and the qualities above ascribed to him, Mr. Cotton's moral character must appear very ambiguous to any one that shall reflect on the subjects by him chosen for the exercise of his poetical talent: a burlesque of an epic poem; a version of the most licentious of Lucian's dialogues; and a

ludicrous delineation of some of the most stupendous works of nature; in all which, we meet with such foul imagery, such obscene allusions, such offensive descriptions, such odious comparisons, such coarse sentiment, and such filthy expression, as could only proceed from a polluted imagination, and tend to excite loathing and contempt.

On the other hand, there are, in his *Poems on several occasions*, verses, to ladies in particular, of so courtly and elegant a turn, that, baiting their incorrectness, they might vie with many of Waller and Cowley: others there are, that bespeak him to have had a just sense of honour, loyalty, and moral rectitude; as do these that follow, penned by him with a view to preserve the memory of a deceased friend.[1]

Virtue, in those good times that bred good men,
No testimony crav'd, of tongue or pen;
No marble columns, nor engraven brass,
To tell the world that such a person was;
For then each pious act, to fair descent,
Stood for the worthy owner's monument:
But in this change of manners and of states,
Good names, though writ in marble, have their fates;
Such is the barb'rous and irrev'rent rage
That arms the rabble of this impious age.
Yet may this happy stone, that bears a name,
Such as no bold survivor dares to claim,
To ages yet unborn, unblemish'd stand,
Safe from the stroke of an inhuman hand.
Here, reader! here a PORT's sad relics lie,"
To teach the careless world mortality;
Who, while he mortal was, unrivall'd stood,
The crown and glory of his antient blood;
Fit for his prince's and his country's trust;
Pious to God, and to his neighbour just;
A loyal husband to his latest end,
A gracious father, and a faithful friend;
Belov'd he liv'd, and died o'ercharg'd with years,
Fuller of honour than of silver hairs.
And, to sum up his virtues, this was he
Who was what all we should, but cannot be.

To this it may be added, that in sundry parts of his writings, and even in his poems, the evidences of piety in the author are discernible: among them is a paraphrase on that noble and sublime hymn, the eighth psalm. And in the poem entitled *Stanzes Irreguliers*, are the following lines:—

Dear solitude! the soul's best friend,
That man acquainted with himself dost make,
And all his Maker's wonders, to intend;
With thee I here converse at will,
And would be glad to do so still,
For it is thou, alone, that keep'st the soul awake.

And lastly, in the following book, he, in the person of *Piscator*, thus utters his own sentiment of a practice which few that love fishing, and have not a sense of decorum, not to say of religion, would in these days of licence forbear: "A worm is so sure a bait at all times, that,

(1) On a monument of Robert Port, Esq. in the church of Ham, in the county of Stafford.

excepting in a flood, I would I had laid a thousand pounds that I did not kill fish, more or less, with it, winter or summer, every day in the year; those days always excepted that upon a more serious account always ought so to be:"[1] whence it is but just to infer, that the delight he took in fishing was never a temptation with him to profane the sabbath.

The inconsistencies above pointed out, we leave the perusers of his various wri ings to reconcile; with this remark, that he must have possessed a mind well stored with ideas, and habituated to reflections, who could write such verses as immediately follow this account, and, in many respects, have been an amiable man, whom WALTON could choose for his friend, and adopt for his son.

J. H.

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(1) Chap. 11.

CONTENTATION

Directed to my dear Father and most worthy Friend,

MR. ISAAC WALTON.

I.

HEAV'N, what an age is this! what race
Of giants is sprung up, that dare
Thus fly in the Almighty's face,
And with his providence make war!

II.

I can go no where but I meet
With malecontents and mutineers;
As if, in life, was nothing sweet,
And we must blessings reap in tears.

III.

O senseless man! that murmurs still
For happiness; and does not know,
Even though he might enjoy his will,
What he would have to make him so.

IV.

Is it true happiness to be,
By undiscerning fortune, plac'd
In the most eminent degree,
Where few arrive, and none stand fast?

V.

Titles and wealth are fortune's toils,
Wherewith the vain themselves ensnare:
The great are proud of borrow'd spoils,
The miser's plenty breeds his care:

VI.

The one supinely yawns to rest,
Th' other eternally doth toil:
Each of them equally a beast,
A pamper'd horse, or lab'ring moil.

VII.

The *titulado* 's oft disgrac'd,
By public hate, or private frown;
And he whose hand the creature rais'd,
Has yet a foot to kick him down.

VIII.

The drudge who would all get, all save,
Like a brute beast both feeds and lies;
Prone to the earth, he digs his grave,
And in the very labour dies.

IX.

Excess of ill-got, ill-kept pelf,
Does only death and danger breed;
Whilst one rich worldling starves himself,
With what would thousand others feed:

X.

By which we see that wealth and power,
Although they make men rich and great,
The sweets of life do often sour,
And gull ambition with a cheat.

XI.

Nor is he happier than those
Who, in a moderate estate,
Where he might safely live at ease,
Has lusts that are immoderate;

XII.

For he, by those desires misled,
Quits his own vine's securing shade,
T'expose his naked empty head
To all the storms man's peace invade.

XIII.

Nor is he happy, who is trim
Trick'd up in favours of the fair:
Mirrors which ev'ry breath may dim;
Birds caught in ev'ry wanton snare.

XIV.

Woman, man's greatest woe or bliss,
Does ofter far than serve, enslave;
And, with the magic of a kiss,
Destroys whom she was made to save.

XV.

Oh fruitful grief! the world's disease;
And vainer man to make it so,
Who gives his miseries increase
By cultivating his own woe.

XVI.

There are no ills but what we make,
By giving shapes and names to things;
Which is the dangerous mistake
That causes all our sufferings:

XVII.

We call that sickness which is health;
That persecution, which is grace;
That poverty, which is true wealth;
And that dishonour, which is praise.

XVIII.

Providence watches over all,
And that with an impartial eye;
And if to misery we fall,
'Tis through our own infirmity.

XIX.

'Tis want of foresight makes the bold
Ambitious youth to danger climb;
And want of virtue, when the old
At persecution do repine.

XX.

Alas! our time is, here, so short,
That in what state so'er 'tis spent,
Of joy, or woe, does not import,
Provided it be innocent:

XXI.

But we may make it pleasant too,
If we will take our measures right;
And not what Heav'n has done undo,
By an unruly appetite.

XXII.

'Tis contentation that, alone,
Can make us happy here below;
And, when this little life is gone,
Will lift us up to heav'n too.

XXIII.

A very little satisfies
An honest and a grateful heart;
And who would more than will suffice,
Does covet more than is his part.

XXIV.

That man is happy in his share,
Who is warm clad and cleanly fed;
Whose necessaries bound his care,
And honest labour makes his bed:

XXV.

Who, free from debt, and clear from crimes,
Honours those laws that others fear:
Who ill of princes, in worst times,
Will neither speak himself, nor hear:

XXVI.

Who from the busy world retires,
To be more useful to it still,
And to no greater good aspires,
But only the eschewing ill:

XXVII.

Who, with his angle, and his books,
Can think the longest day well spent,
And praises God, when back he looks,
And finds that all was innocent.

XXVIII.

This man is happier far than he
Whom public business oft betrays,
Through labyrinths of policy,
To crooked and forbidden ways:

XXIX.

The world is full of beaten roads,
But yet so slippery withal,
That where *one* walks secure, 'tis odds
A *hundred* and a *hundred* fall.

XXX.

Untrodden paths are then the best,
When the frequented are unsure;
And he comes soonest to his rest
Whose journey has been most secure.

XXXI.

It is content, alone, that makes
Our pilgrimage a pleasure here:
And who buys sorrow cheapest, takes
An ill commodity too dear.

XXXII.

But he has fortune's worst withstood,
And happiness can never miss;
Can covet nought but where he stood;
And thinks him happy where he is.

TO

MY MOST WORTHY FATHER[1] AND FRIEND,

MR. IZAAK WALTON, THE ELDER.

SIR,

BEING you were pleased, some years past, to grant me your free leave to do what I have here attempted; and observing you never retract any promise when made in favour even of your meanest friends; I accordingly expect to see these following particular Directions for the taking of a Trout, to wait upon your better and more general Rules for all sorts of Angling. And though mine be neither so perfect, so well digested, nor indeed so handsomely couch'd, as they might have been, in so long a time as since your leave was granted, yet I dare affirm them to be generally true: and they had appeared too in some-

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(1) It was a practice with the pretended masters of the Hermetic science, to adopt favourite persons for their sons, to whom they imparted their secrets. Ashmole, in his *Diary*, p. 25, says, "Mr. Backhouse told me, I must now needs be his son, because he had communicated so many secrets to me." And a little after, p. 27. "My father Backhouse, lying sick in Fleet-street, told me, in syllables, the true matter of the philosopher's stone, which he bequeathed to me as a legacy." See more of this practice, and of the tremendous solemnities with which the secret was communicated, in Ashmole's *Theat. Chem. Brit.* p. 440.

And, in imitation of this practice, Ben Jonson adopted several persons his sons, to the number of twelve or fourteen; among whom were, Cartwright, Randolph, and Alexander Brome. And it should seem, by the text, that Walton followed the above-mentioned examples, by adopting Cotton for his son.

thing a neater dress, but that I was surprized with the sudden news of a sudden new edition of your *Complete Angler*; so that, having but a little more than ten days time to turn me in, and rub up my memory, (for in truth, I have not, in all this long time, though I have often thought on't, and almost as often resolv'd to go presently about it), I was forced, upon the instant, to scribble what I here present you: which I have also endeavoured to accommodate to your own method. And, if mine be clear enough for the honest brothers of the angle readily to understand, (which is the only thing I aim at,) then I have my end; and shall need to make no further apology; a writing of this kind not requiring, (if I were master of any such thing), any eloquence to set it off, or recommend it; so that if you, in your better judgment, or kindness rather, can allow it passable, for a thing of this nature, you will then do me honour if the Cypher fix'd and carv'd in the front of my little fishing-house, may be here explained: and to permit me to attend you in public, who, in private, have ever been, am, and ever resolve to be,

SIR,

Your most affectionate

Son and Servant,

CHARLES COTTON.

Beresford, 10th
of March, 167$\frac{5}{6}$.

TO

MY MOST HONOURED FRIEND,

CHARLES COTTON, Esq.

Sir,

You now see I have returned you your very pleasant and useful Discourse of *The Art of Fly-fishing*, printed just as it was sent me; for I have been so obedient to your desires, as to endure all the praises you have ventured to fix upon me in it. And when I have thank'd you for them, as the effects of an undissembled love, then, let me tell you, Sir, that I will really endeavour to live up to the character you have given of me, if there were no other reason, yet for this alone, that you, that love me so well, and always think what you speak, may not, for my sake, suffer by a mistake in your judgment.

And, Sir, I have ventured to fill a part of your margin, by way of paraphrase, for the reader's clearer understanding the situation both of your fishing-house, and the pleasantness of that you dwell in. And I have ventured also to give him a *Copy of Verses* that you were pleased to send me, now, some years past, in which he may see a

good picture of both; and so much of your own mind too, as will make any reader, that is blest with a generous soul, to love you the better. I confess, that for doing this you may justly judge me too bold: if you do, I will say so too; and so far commute for my offence, that, though I be more than a hundred miles from you, and in the eighty-third year of my age, yet I will forget both, and next month begin a pilgrimage to beg your pardon; for I would die in your favour, and till then will live,

SIR,

Your most affectionate

Father and Friend,

IZAAC WALTON.

London,
April 29, 1676.

THE RETIREMENT.

STANZES IRREGULIERS,

TO

MR. IZAAK WALTON.

I.

FAREWELL, thou busy world, and may
We never meet again;
Here I can eat, and sleep, and pray,
And do more good in one short day
Than he who his whole age out-wears
Upon the most conspicuous theatres,
Where nought but vanity and vice appears.

II.

Good God! how sweet are all things here!
How beautiful the fields appear!
How cleanly do we feed and lie!
Lord! what good hours do we keep!
How quietly we sleep!
What peace, what unanimity!
How innocent from the lewd fashion
Is all our business, all our recreation!

III.

Oh, how happy here's our leisure!
Oh, how innocent our pleasure!
Oh, ye vallies, Oh, ye mountains!
Oh, ye groves, and crystal fountains,
How I love, at liberty,
By turns, to come and visit ye!

IV.

Dear solitude, the soul's best friend,
That man acquainted with himself dost make,
And all his Maker's wonders t'intend:
With thee I here converse at will,
And would be glad to do so still,
For it is thou alone that keep'st the soul awake.

V.

How calm and quiet a delight
Is it, alone,
To read, and meditate, and write,
By none offended, and offending none?
To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease!
And, pleasing a man's self, none other to displease.

VI.

Oh my beloved nymph, fair Dove;
Princess of rivers, how I love
Upon thy flowery banks to lie;
And view thy silver stream,
When gilded by a summer's beam!
And in it, all thy wanton fry,
Playing at liberty:
And with my angle, upon them
The all of treachery
I ever learnt, industriously to try.

VII.

Such streams Rome's yellow Tyber cannot show,
The Iberian Tagus, or Ligurian Po,
The Maese, the Danube, and the Rhine
Are puddle-water all compared with thine:
And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted are
With thine, much purer, to compare:
The rapid Garonne, and the winding Seine,
Are both too mean.
Beloved Dove, with thee
To vie priority;
Nay, Tame and Isis, when conjoin'd, submit,
And lay their trophies at thy silver feet.

VIII.

Oh my beloved rocks! that rise
To awe the earth and brave the skies,
From some aspiring mountain's crown,
How dearly do I love,
Giddy with pleasure, to look down;
And, from the vales, to view the noble heights above!
Oh my beloved caves! from dog-stars heat
And all anxieties, my safe retreat:
What safety, privacy, what true delight,
In the artificial night,
Your gloomy entrails make,
Have I taken, do I take!
How oft when grief has made me fly,
To hide me from society
Ev'n of my dearest friends, have I,
In your recesses' friendly shade,
All my sorrows open laid,
And my most secret woes intrusted to your privacy!

IX.

Lord! would men let me alone,
What an over-happy one
Should I think myself to be;
Might I in this desert place,
(Which most men in discourse disgrace,)
Live but undisturb'd and free!
Here, in this despis'd recess,
Would I, maugre winter's cold,
And the summer's worst excess,
Try to live-out to sixty full years old;[1]
And, all the while,
Without an envious eye
On any thriving under fortune's smile,
Contented live, and then, contented die.

C. C.

(1) This he did not; for he was born 1630, and died in 1667. See the *Account of his Life* prefixed.

THE

Complete Angler.

PART II.

CHAP. I.

A Conference between a COUNTRY-GENTLEMAN, *a Proficient in Fly-fishing, and a* TRAVELLER.

PISCATOR JUNIOR, AND VIATOR.

Piscator. YOU are happily overtaken, Sir: may a man be so bold as to inquire, how far you travel this way?

Viator. Yes sure, Sir, very freely; though it be a question I cannot very well resolve you, as not knowing myself how far it is to Ashborn, where I intend to-night to take up my inn.

Pisc. Why then, Sir, seeing I perceive you to be a stranger in these parts, I shall take upon me to inform you, that from the town you last came through, called Brelsford,[1] it is five miles: and you are not, yet, above half a mile on this side.

Viat. So much! I was told it was but ten miles from Derby; and, methinks, I have rode almost so far already.

Pisc. O, Sir, find no fault with large measure of good land; which Derbyshire abounds in, as much as most counties of England.

(1) Brailsford.

Viat. It may be so; and good land, I confess, affords a pleasant prospect: but by your good leave, Sir, large measure of foul way is not altogether so acceptable.

Pisc. True, Sir; but the foul way serves to justify the fertility of the soil, according to the proverb, "There is good land where there is foul way:" and is of good use to inform you of the riches of the country you are come into, and of its continual travel and traffic to the country-town you came from: which is also very observable by the fulness of its road, and the loaden horses you meet every-where upon the way.

Viat. Well, Sir! I will be content to think as well of your country as you would desire. And I shall have a great deal of reason both to think and to speak very well of you, if I may obtain the happiness of your company to the fore-mentioned place, provided your affairs lead you that way, and that they will permit you to slack your pace, out of complacency to a traveller utterly a stranger in these parts, and who am still to wander further out of my own knowledge.

Pisc. Sir, you invite me to my own advantage. And I am ready to attend you, my way lying through that town; but my business, that is my home, some miles beyond it: however, I shall have time enough to lodge you in your quarters, and afterwards to perform my own journey. In the mean time, may I be so bold as to inquire the end of your journey?

Viat. 'Tis into Lancashire, Sir; and about some business of concern to a near relation of mine: for I assure you, I do not use to take so long journeys as from Essex upon the single account of pleasure.

Pisc. From thence, Sir! I do not then wonder you should appear dissatisfied with the length of the miles, and the foulness of the way: though I am sorry you should begin to quarrel with them so soon; for believe

me, Sir, you will find the miles much longer, and the way much worse, before you come to your journey's end.

Viat. Why! truly, Sir! for that I am prepared to expect the worst; but methinks the way is mended since I had the good fortune to fall into your good company.

Pisc. You are not obliged to my company for that, but because you are already past the worst, and the greatest part of your way to your lodging.

Viat. I am very glad to hear it, both for the ease of myself and my horse; but, especially, because I may then expect a freer enjoyment of your conversation: though the shortness of the way will, I fear, make me lose it the sooner.

Pisc. That, Sir, is not worth your care: and I am sure you deserve much better, for being content with so ill company. But we have already talked away two miles of your journey; for, from the brook before us, that runs at the foot of this sandy hill, you have but three miles to Ashborn.

Viat. I meet, every-where in this country, with these little brooks; and they look as if they were full of fish: have they not Trouts in them?

Pisc. That is a question which is to be excused in a stranger, as you are: otherwise, give me leave to tell you, it would seem a kind of affront to our country, to make a doubt of what we pretend to be famous for, next, if not before, our malt, wool, lead, and coal; for you are to understand, that we think we have as many fine rivers, rivulets, and brooks, as any country whatever; and they are all full of Trouts, and some of them the best (it is said) by many degrees, in England.

Viat. I was first, Sir, in love with you; and now shall be so enamoured of your country, by this account you give me of it, as to wish myself a Derbyshire man, or at least that I might live in it: for you must know I am a

pretender to the angle, and, doubtless, a Trout affords the most pleasure to the angler of any sort of fish whatever; and the best Trouts must needs make the best sport: but this brook, and some others I have met with upon this way, are too full of wood for that recreation.

Pisc. This, Sir! why this, and several others like it, which you have past, and some that you are like to pass, have scarce any name amongst us: but we can shew you as fine rivers, and as clear from wood or any other incumbrance to hinder an angler, as any you ever saw; and for clear beautiful streams, Hantshire itself, by Mr. Izaac Walton's good leave, can shew none such; nor I think any country in Europe.

Viat. You go far, Sir, in the praise of your country rivers, and I perceive have read Mr. Walton's *Complete Angler*, by your naming of Hantshire; and I pray what is your opinion of that book?

Pisc. My opinion of Mr. Walton's book is the same with every man's that understands any thing of the art of angling, that it is an excellent good one; and that the fore-mentioned gentleman understands as much of fish and fishing as any man living. But I must tell you, further, that I have the happiness to know his person, and to be intimately acquainted with him; and in him to know the worthiest man, and to enjoy the best and the truest friend any man ever had: nay, I shall yet acquaint you further that he gives me leave to call him Father, and I hope is not yet ashamed to own me for his adopted Son. [*See p.* 261.]

Viat. In earnest, Sir, I am ravished to meet with a friend of Mr. Izaac Walton's, and one that does him so much right in so good and true a character: for I must boast to you, that I have the good fortune to know him too, and came acquainted with him much after the same manner I do with you; that he was my master, who

first taught me to love Angling, and then to become an Angler; and, to be plain with you, I am the very man deciphered in his book under the name of *Venator;* for I was wholly addicted to the Chace, till he taught me as good, a more quiet, innocent, and less dangerous diversion.

Pisc. Sir, I think myself happy in your acquaintance; and before we part, shall entreat leave to embrace you. You have said enough to recommend you to my best opinion: for my father Walton will be seen twice in no man's company he does not like, and likes none but such as he believes to be very honest men, which is one of the best arguments, or at least of the best testimonies I have, that I either am, or that he thinks me one of those, seeing I have not yet found him weary of me.

Viat. You speak like a true friend; and, in doing so, render yourself worthy of his friendship. May I be so bold as to ask your name?

Pisc. Yes surely, Sir, and, if you please, a much nicer question: my name is ———, and I intend to stay long enough in your company, if I find you do not dislike mine, to ask your's too. In the mean time, (because we are now almost at Ashborn,) I shall freely and bluntly tell you, that I am a brother of the angle too, and, peradventure, can give you some instructions, How to angle for a Trout in a clear river, that my father Walton himself will not disapprove, though he did either purposely omit, or did not remember them, when you and he sat discoursing under the sycamore-tree. [*See p.* 89.] And, being you have already told me whither your journey is intended, and that I am better acquainted with the country than you are; I will heartily and earnestly entreat you will not think of staying at this town, but go on with me six miles further to my house, where you shall be extremely welcome; it is directly in your way, we have

day enough to perform our journey, and, as you like your entertainment, you may there repose yourself a day or two, or as many more as your occasions will permit, to recompense the trouble of so much a longer journey.

Viat. Sir, you surprise me with so friendly an invitation upon so short acquaintance; but how advantageous soever it would be to me, and that my haste, perhaps, is not so great but it might dispense with such a divertisement as I promise myself in your company, yet I cannot, in modesty, accept your offer, and must therefore beg your pardon: I could otherwise, I confess, be glad to wait upon you, if upon no other account but to talk of Mr. I. Walton, and to receive those instructions you say you are able to give me for the deceiving a Trout; in which art I will not deny but that I have an ambition to be one of the greatest deceivers: though I cannot forbear freely to tell you, that I think it hard to say much more than has been read to me upon that subject.

Pisc. Well, Sir, I grant that, too; but you must know that the variety of rivers require different ways of angling: however, you shall have the best rules I am able to give, and I will tell you nothing I have not made myself as certain of, as any man can be in thirty years experience; (for so long I have been a dabbler in that art;) and that, if you please to stay a few days, you shall, in a very great measure, see made good to you. But of that hereafter; and now, Sir, if I am not mistaken, I have half overcome you; and that I may wholly conquer that modesty of your's, I will take upon me to be so familiar as to say, you must accept my invitation, which, that you may the more easily be persuaded to do, I will tell you that my house stands upon the margin of one of the finest rivers for Trouts and Grayling in England; that I have lately built a little fishing-house upon it, dedicated to anglers,

over the door of which, you will see the two first letters of my father Walton's name and mine twisted in cypher;[1] that you shall lie in the same bed he has sometimes been contented with, and have such country entertainment as my friends sometimes accept, and be as welcome, too, as the best friend of them all.

Viat. No doubt, Sir, but my master Walton found good reason to be satisfied with his entertainment in your house; for you who are so friendly to a mere stranger, who deserves so little, must needs be exceeding kind and free to him who deserves so much.

Pisc. Believe me, no: and such as are intimately acquainted with that gentleman know him to be a man who will not endure to be treated like a stranger. So that his acceptation of my poor entertainment has ever been a pure effect of his own humility and good-nature, and nothing else. But, Sir, we are now going down the Spittle-hill into the town; and therefore let me importune you suddenly to resolve, and (most earnestly) not to deny me.

Viat. In truth, Sir, I am so overcome by your bounty, that I find I cannot, but must render myself wholly to be disposed of by you.

Pisc. Why that's heartily and kindly spoken, and I as heartily thank you. And, being you have abandoned yourself to my conduct, we will only call and drink a glass on horseback at the Talbot, and away.

Viat. I attend you. But what pretty river is this, that runs under this stone bridge? has it a name?

Pisc. Yes, it is called *Henmore*;[2] and has in it both

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(1) See the *Title-page* of Part II.

(2) At that time it was commonly so called, because it flowed through *Henmoor*; but its proper name is *Schoo Brook*. See a singular contest regarding the right of fishing in this brook, as reported in Burrows, 2279. Richard Hayne, Esq. of Ashborn, *v.* Uriah Corden, Esq. of Clifton.

Trout and Grayling: but you will meet with one or two better anon. And so soon as we are past through the town, I will endeavour, by such discourse as best likes you, to pass away the time till you come to your ill quarters.

Viat. We can talk of nothing with which I shall be more delighted than of rivers and angling.

Pisc. Let those be the subjects then. But we are now come to the Talbot: what will you drink, Sir? ale or wine?

Viat. Nay, I am for the country liquor, Derbyshire ale, if you please; for a man should not, methinks, come from London to drink wine in the Peak.

Pisc. You are in the right: and yet, let me tell you, you may drink worse French wine in many taverns in London than they have sometimes at this house. What ho! bring us a flagon of your best ale. And now, Sir, my service to you: a good health to the honest gentleman you know of, and you are welcome into the Peak.

Viat. I thank you, Sir, and present you my service again, and to all the honest brothers of the angle.

Pisc. I'll pledge you, Sir: so, there's for your ale, and farewell. Come, Sir, let us be going, for the sun grows low, and I would have you look about you as you ride; for you will see an odd country, and sights that will seem strange to you.

CHAP. II.

An Account of the principal RIVERS *in Derbyshire. Viator lodges at Piscator's House.*

Piscator. So, Sir, now we have got to the top of the hill out of town, look about you, and tell me how you like the country.

Viat. Bless me! what mountains are here! are we not in Wales?

Pisc. No, but in almost as mountainous a country: and yet these hills, though high, bleak, and craggy, breed and feed good beef and mutton above ground, and afford good store of lead within.

Viat. They had need of all those commodities to make amends for the ill landscape: but I hope our way does not lie over any of these, for I dread a precipice.

Pisc. Believe me, but it does; and down one, especially, that will appear a little terrible to a stranger; though the way is passable enough, and so passable that we who are natives of these mountains, and acquainted with them, disdain to alight.

Viat. I hope, though, that a foreigner is privileged to use his own discretion, and that I may have the liberty to entrust my neck to the fidelity of my own feet, rather than to those of my horse, for I have no more at home.

Pisc. 'Twere hard else. But, in the mean time, I think 'twere best, while this way is pretty even, to mend our pace, that we may be past that hill I speak of, to the end your apprehension may not be doubled for want of light to discern the easiness of the descent.

Viat. I am willing to put forward as fast as my beast will give me leave, though I fear nothing in your company. But what pretty river is this we are going into?

Pisc. Why this, Sir, is called *Bently-brook*,[1] and is full of very good Trout and Grayling, but so encumbered with wood in many places as is troublesome to an angler.

Viat. Here are the prettiest rivers, and the most of them, in this country that ever I saw, do you know how many you have in the country?

Pisc. I know them all, and they were not hard to reckon, were it worth the trouble: but the most considerable of them I will presently name you. And to begin where we now are, for you must know we are now upon the very skirts of Derbyshire, we have, first, the river *Dove*, that we shall come to by and by, which divides the two counties of Derby and Stafford for many miles together, and is so called from the swiftness of its current, and that swiftness occasioned by the declivity of its course, and by being so straitened in that course betwixt the rocks, by which (and those very high ones) it is, hereabout, for four or five miles, confined into a very narrow stream; a river that from a contemptible fountain, which I can cover with my hat, by the confluence of other rivers, rivulets, brooks, and rills, is swelled, before it falls into *Trent*, a little below Eggington, where it loses the name, to such a breadth and depth as to be in most places navigable, were not the passage frequently interrupted with fords and weirs; and has as fertile banks as any river in England, none excepted. And this river, from its head for a mile or two, is a black water, as all the rest of the Derbyshire rivers of note originally are, for they all spring from the mosses; but is in a few miles travel so clarified by the addition of several clear and very great springs, bigger than itself, which gush out of the lime-stone rocks, that before it comes to my house, which is but six or seven

(1) A narrow swift stream, two miles beyond Ashbourn, in the present high-road, but considerably nearer to it in the old road.

miles from its source, you will find it one of the purest crystalline streams you have seen.[1]

Viat. Does *Trent* spring in these parts?

Pisc. Yes, in these parts; not in this county, but somewhere towards the upper end of Staffordshire, I think not far from a place called Trentham; and thence runs down, not far from Stafford, to Wolsly-bridge, and washing the skirts and purlieus of the forest of Needwood, runs down to Burton in the same county; thence it comes into this, where we now are, and running by Swarkston and Dunnington, receives *Derwent* at Wildon; and, so, to Nottingham; thence, to Newark; and, by Gainsborough, to Kingston upon Hull, where it takes the name of *Humber*, and thence falls into the sea; but that the Map will best inform you.

Viat. Know you whence this river *Trent* derives its name?

Pisc. No, indeed; and yet I have heard it often discoursed upon: when some have given its denomination from the fore-named *Trentham*, though that seems rather a derivative from it; others have said it is so called from thirty rivers that fall into it, and there lose their names; which cannot be, neither, because it carries that name from its very fountain, before any other rivers fall into it: others derive it from thirty several sorts of fish that breed there; and that is the most likely derivation: but be it how it will, it is doubtless one of the finest rivers in the

(1) Between Beresford Hall and Ashbourn lies Dove Dale, whose crested cliffs and swift torrents are again noticed by Mr. Cotton in his *Wonders of the Peak*. Through this singularly deep valley the Dove runs for about two miles, changing its course, its motion, and its appearance perpetually; never less than ten, and rarely so many as twenty yards in width; making a continued noise by rolling over or falling among loose stones. The rocks which form its sides, are heaved up in enormous piles, sometimes connected with each other and sometimes detached; some perforated in natural cavities, others adorned with foliage; with here and there a tall rock, having nothing to relieve the bareness of its appearance but a mountain-ash flourishing at the top. The grandeur of its scenery is probably unrivalled in England.

world, and the most abounding with excellent Salmon, and all sorts of delicate fish.

Viat. Pardon me, Sir, for tempting you into this digression: and then proceed to your other rivers, for I am mightily delighted with this Discourse.

Pisc. It was no interruption, but a very seasonable question; for *Trent* is not only one of our Derbyshire rivers, but the chief of them, and into which all the rest pay the tribute of their names, which I had, perhaps, forgot to insist upon, being got to the other end of the county, had you not awoke my memory. But I will now proceed. And the next river of note, for I will take them as they lie eastward from us, is the river *Wye*; I say of note, for we have two lesser betwixt us and it, namely *Lathkin* and *Bradford;* of which *Lathkin* is, by many degrees, the purest and most transparent stream that I ever yet saw, either at home or abroad, and breeds, it is said, the reddest, and the best Trouts in England: but neither of these are to be reputed rivers, being no better than great springs. The river *Wye*, then, has its source near unto Buxton, a town some ten miles from hence, famous for a warm bath, and which you are to ride through in your way to Machhester: a black water, too, at the fountain, but, by the same reason with *Dove*, becomes very soon a most delicate clear river, and breeds admirable Trout and Grayling, reputed by those, who, by living upon its banks are partial to it, the best of any: and this, running down by Ashford, Bakewell, and Hadden, at a town a little lower, called Rowsly, falls into Derwent, and there loses its name.[1] The next in order is

(1) By this it appears, that there are two rivers in England that bear the name of *Wye:* the former *Wye*, occasionally mentioned, p. 117, n. 122, 125, n. and elsewhere in this work, has, as well as the *Severn*, its head in the Plinlimmon hill, on the borders of Montgomery and Cardiganshire; from whence, as its Latin name, *Vaga*, imports, wandering through part of Brecknockshire, it, near the *Hay*, enters Herefordshire, and at Mordiford, within four miles of Hereford,

Derwent, a black water too, and that not only from its fountain but quite through its progress, not having these crystal springs to wash and cleanse it which the two fore-mentioned have, but abounds with Trout and Grayling, such as they are, towards its source, and with Salmon below. And this river, from the upper and utmost part of this county, where it springs, taking its course by Chatsworth, Darley, Matlock, Derby, Burrow-Ash, and Awberson, falls into *Trent*, at a place called Wildon; and there loses its name. The east side of this county of Derby is bounded by little inconsiderable rivers, as *Awber*, *Eroways*, and the like, scarce worth naming, but trouty too; and further we are not to enquire. But, Sir, I have carried you, as a man may say, by water, till we are now come to the descent of the formidable hill I told you of (at the foot of which runs the river *Dove*, which I cannot but love above all the rest); and therefore prepare yourself to be a little frightened.

Viat. Sir, I see you would fortify me that I should not shame myself: but I dare follow where you please to lead me. And I see no danger yet; for the descent, methinks, is thus far green, even, and easy.

Pisc. You will like it worse presently, when you come to the brow of the hill: and now we are there, what think you?

Viat. What do I think? why I think it the strangest place that ever (sure!) men and horses went down; and that, if there be any safety at all, the safest way is to alight.

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receives the *Lug*; from thence, passing on to Ross, it enters Monmouthshire, and falls into the *Severn* below Chepstow.

It abounds with that small species of fish called Last-springs; (for which see page 125, n,) and also with Grayling.

And here it may be necessary to remark, that the names of *Avon*, *Ouse*, *Stoure*, and some others, are common to many rivers in England, as that of *Dulas* is to numbers in Wales. See *Notes* on the *Polyolbion*, Song the sixth.

Pisc. I think so too, for you who are mounted upon a beast not acquainted with these slippery stones: and though I frequently ride down, I will alight too to bear you company and to lead you the way. And, if you please, my man shall lead your horse.

Viat. Marry, Sir! and thank you too: for I am afraid I shall have enough to do to look to myself: and with my horse in my hand should be in a double fear, both of breaking my neck, and my horse's falling on me, for it is as steep as a penthouse.

Pisc. To look down from hence it appears so, I confess: but the path winds and turns, and will not be found so troublesome.

Viat. Would I were well down though! Hoist thee! there's one fair 'scape! these stones are so slippery I cannot stand! yet again! I think I were best lay my heels in my neck and tumble down.

Pisc. If you think your heels will defend your neck, that is the way to be soon at the bottom. But give me your hand at this broad stone, and then the worst is past.

Viat. I thank you, Sir, I am now past it, I can go myself. What's here? the sign of a bridge? Do you use to travel with wheelbarrows in this country?

Pisc. Not that I ever saw, Sir! why do you ask that question?

Viat. Because, this bridge certainly was made for nothing else: why! a mouse can hardly go over it: 'tis not two fingers broad.

Pisc. You are pleasant, and I am glad to see you so; but I have rid over the bridge many a dark night.

Viat. Why, according to the French proverb, and 'tis a good one, among a great many of worse sense and sound that language abounds in, *Ce que Dieu garde, est bien gardé*, "They whom God takes care of, are in safe protection:" but, let me tell you, I would not ride over it

for a thousand pounds, nor fall off it for two: and yet I think I dare venture on foot, though if you were not by to laugh at me, I should do it on all four.

Pisc. Well, Sir, your mirth becomes you, and I am glad to see you safe over, and now you are welcome into Staffordshire.

Viat. How, Staffordshire! What do I there, trow? there is not a word of Staffordshire in all my direction.

Pisc. You see you are betrayed into it, but it shall be in order to something that will make amends; and 'tis but an ill mile or two out of your way.

Viat. I believe all things, Sir, and doubt nothing. Is this your beloved river *Dove?* 'Tis clear and swift, indeed, but a very little one.

Pisc. You see it, here, at the worst: we shall come to it anon again, after two miles riding, and so near as to lie upon the very banks.

Viat. Would we were there once: but I hope we have no more of these Alps to pass over.

Pisc. No, no, Sir, only this ascent before you, which you see is not very uneasy, and then you will no more quarrel with your way.

Viat. Well, if ever I come to London, of which many a man there, if he were in my place, would make a question, I will sit down and write my travels; and like Tom Coriate,[1] print them at my own charge. Pray what do you call this hill, we came down?

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(1) *Tom Coriate* lived in the reign of King James the *First;* and, as Wood calls him, was the whetstone of all the wits of that age: and, indeed, the allusions to him, and to the singular oddness of his character are numberless. He travelled almost over Europe on foot; and in that tour walked 900 miles with one pair of shoes, which he got mended at Zurich. Afterwards he visited Turkey, Persia, and the Great Mogul's dominions, travelling in so frugal a manner, that—as he tells his mother, in a letter to her—in his ten months' travels, between Aleppo and the Mogul's court, he spent but three pounds sterling; living remarkably well for about two pence sterling a day; and of that three pounds he elsewhere says, he was cozened of no less than ten shillings sterling by certain Christians of the Armenian nation; so that, indeed, he spent

Pisc. We call it Hanson-Toot.

Viat. Why, farewell Hanson-Toot! I'll no more on thee: I'll go twenty miles about, first: Puh! I sweat that my shirt sticks to my back.

Pisc. Come, Sir, now we are up the hill; and now how do you?

Viat. Why, very well, I humbly thank you, Sir, and warm enough, I assure you. What have we here, a church? As I'm an honest man, a very pretty church! Have you churches in this country, Sir?

Pisc. You see we have: but had you seen none, why should you make that doubt, Sir?

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but fifty shillings in his ten month's travels. In these his travels, he attained to great proficiency both in the Persian and Indostan languages; in the former, he made and pronounced an oration to the Great Mogul; and his skill in the latter, he took occasion to manifest in the following very signal instance. In the service of the English ambassador, then resident, was a woman of Indostan, a laundress, whose frequent practice it was to scold, brawl, and rail, from sun-rising to sun-set. This formidable shrew did Coriate one day undertake to scold with, in her own language; and succeeded so well in the attempt, that, by eight of the clock in the morning, he had totally silenced her, leaving her not a word to speak. See *A Voyage to East-India*, by Edward Terry, chaplain to Sir Tho. Row, ambassador to the Great Mogul, 12mo. 1655.

Further it appears, that he was a zealous champion for the Christian religion against the Mahometans and Pagans, in the defence whereof, he sometimes risqued his life. In Turkey, when a priest, as the custom is, was proclaiming from a mosque-tower that Mahomet was a true prophet, Tom, in the fury of his zeal, and in the face of the whole city, told the priest *he lyed*, and *that his prophet was an impostor:* and at a city called Moltan, in the East-Indies, he in public disputed with a Mahometan, who had called him *Giaur*, or *infidel*, in these words: "*But I pray thee, tell me, thou Mahometan! dost thou, in sadness, call me* Giaur? *That I do*, quoth he: *Then*, quoth I, *in very sober sadness, I retort that shameful word in thy throat; and tell thee plainly, that I am a* Mussulman, *and thou art a* Giaur." He concludes thus: "*Go to then, thou false believer, since by thy injurious imputation laid on me, in that thou calledst me* Giaur, *thou hast provoked me to speak thus. I pray thee, let this mine answer be a warning for thee not to scandalize me in the like manner any more: for the Christian religion which I profess, is so dear and tender unto me, that neither thou, nor any other Mahometan, shall, scot free, call me* Giaur, *but that I shall quit you with an answer much to the wonder of those Mahometans. Dixi.*"

He died of the flux occasioned by drinking sack at Surat, in 1617; having published his European travels in a quarto volume, which he called his *Crudities;* and to this circumstance the passage in the text is a manifest allusion. See *Athen. Oxon.* Vol. I. Col. 422; Purchase's *Pilgrim*, Part I. Book 4. Chap. 17; Coriate's *Letter from the Court of the Great Mogul*, quarto, 1616; and, above all, Terry's *Voyage* before cited, the author whereof was, as he himself asserts, his chamber-fellow, or tent-mate, in East-India.

Viat. Why, if you will not be angry, I'll tell you; I thought myself a stage or two beyond Christendom.

Pisc. Come! come! we'll reconcile you to our country, before we part with you; if shewing you good sport with angling will do it.

Viat. My respect to you, and that together, may do much, Sir: otherwise, to be plain with you, I do not find myself much inclined that way.

Pisc. Well, Sir, your raillery upon our mountains has brought us almost home; and look you where the same river of *Dove* has again met us to bid you welcome, and to invite you to a dish of Trouts to-morrow.

Viat. Is this the same we saw at the foot of Penmen-Maure? It is a much finer river here.

Pisc. It will appear yet much finer to-morrow. But look you, Sir, here appears the house, that is now like to be your inn, for want of a better.

Viat. It appears on a sudden, but not before 'twas look'd for; it stands prettily, and here's wood about it too, but so young, as appears to be of your own planting.

Pisc. It is so, will it please you to alight, Sir? And now permit me, after all your pains and dangers, to take you in my arms, and to assure you, that you are infinitely welcome.

Viat. I thank you, Sir, and am glad with all my heart I am here; for, in downright truth, I am exceeding weary.

Pisc. You will sleep so much the better; you shall presently have a light supper, and to bed. Come, Sirs, lay the cloth, and bring what you have presently, and let the gentleman's bed be made ready in the mean time in my father Walton's chamber. And now, Sir, here is my service to you; and, once more, welcome!

Viat. I marry, Sir, this glass of good sack has refresh'd me. And I'll make as bold with your meat; for the trot has got me a good stomach.

Pisc. Come, Sir, fall to then; you see my little supper is always ready when I come home, and I'll make no stranger of you.

Viat. That your meal is so soon ready, is a sign your servants know your certain hours, Sir; I confess I did not expect it so soon: but now 'tis here, you shall see I will make myself no stranger.

Pisc. Much good do your heart: and I thank you for that friendly word: and now, Sir, my service to you in a cup of More-Land's ale; for you are now in the More-Lands, but within a spit and a stride of the Peak. Fill my friend his glass.

Viat. Believe me you have good ale in the More-Lands, far better than that at Ashborn.

Pisc. That it may soon be! for Ashborn has, (which is a kind of riddle,) always in it, the best malt and the worst ale in England. Come, take away, and bring us some pipes, and a bottle of ale: and go to your own suppers. Are you for this diet, Sir?

Viat. Yes, Sir, I am for one pipe of tobacco; and I perceive yours is very good by the smell.

Pisc. The best I can get in London, I assure you.[1] But

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(1) It should seem by what *Walton* says, Chap. X. that he was a smoker: and the reader sees, by the passage in the text, that *Piscator*, by whom we are to understand *Cotton* himself, is so curious as to have his tobacco from London.

Smoking, or as the phrase was, *taking tobacco*, was, in Queen Elizabeth's and her successor's time, esteemed the greatest of all foppery. Ben Jonson, who mortally hated it, has numberless sarcasms against smoking and smokers; all which are nothing, compared to those contained in that work of our King James the First, *A Counter-blast to Tobacco*. Nor was the ordinary conversation of this monarch less fraught with reasons and invectives against the use of that weed, as will appear from the following saying of his, extracted from *A Collection of* Witty Apothegms, *delivered by him and others, at several times, and on sundry occasions*, published in 12mo. 1671.

"That *tobacco was the lively image and pattern of hell;* for that it had, by allusion, in it all the parts and vices of the world whereby hell may be gained; to wit: First, *It was a smoke;* so are the vanities of this world. Secondly, *It delighteth them who take it;* so do the pleasures of the world delight the men of the world. Thirdly, *It maketh men drunken, and light in the head;* so do the vanities of the world: men are drunken therewith. Fourthly, *He that taketh tobacco saith he cannot leave it, it doth bewitch him:* even so the

Sir, now you have thus far complied with my designs, as to take a troublesome journey into an ill country, only to satisfy me; how long may I hope to enjoy you?

Viat. Why truly, Sir, as long as I conveniently can; and longer, I think you would not have me.

Pisc. Not to your inconvenience by any means, Sir: but I see you are weary, and therefore I will presently wait on you to your chamber, where, take counsel of your pillow; and, to-morrow, resolve me. Here, take the lights; and pray follow them, Sir: Here you are like to lie; and now I have shewed you your lodging, I beseech you, command any thing you want, and so I wish you good rest.

Viat. Good night, Sir.

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pleasures of the world make men loath to leave them, they are for the most part so inchanted with them. And further, besides all this, *It is like hell in the very substance of it, for it is a stinking loathsome thing;* and so is hell. And further, his Majesty professed that, *were he to invite the devil to dinner*, he should have three dishes; 1. *A pig;* 2. *A pole of ling and mustard;* and 3. *A pipe of tobacco* for digesture."

In a *Poem* printed anno 1619, written by Samuel Rowley, I meet with the following humorous lines, uttered by two good fellows, lovers of drinking and tobacco; and, since that time, printed on a London tobacconist's paper:

I am as dry as ever was March dust;
I have one groat, and I will spend it just.
O honest fellow! if that thou say'st so,
Lo! here's my groat, and my tobacco too.

I conclude this note on *smoking*, which, by this time, may have made the reader laugh, with the mention of a fact that may go near to make him weep, which the people of Herefordshire have by tradition. In that county, to signify the last or concluding pipe that any one means to smoke at a sitting, they use the term a *Kemble Pipe*, alluding to a man of the name of Kemble, who in the cruel persecution under that merciless bigot queen Mary, being condemned for heresy, in his walk of some miles from the prison to the stake, amidst a crowd of weeping friends, with the tranquillity and fortitude of a primitive martyr, smoked a pipe of tobacco!

CHAP. III.

Conference, containing a description of Mr. Cotton's Fishing-house, with his Apology for writing a Supplement to Walton's Book.

Piscator. Good morrow, Sir: what! up and drest, so early?

Viator. Yes, Sir, I have been drest this half-hour: for I rested so well, and have so great a mind either to take, or to see a Trout taken in your fine river, that I could no longer lie a-bed.

Pisc. I am glad to see you so brisk this morning, and so eager of sport: though I must tell you this day proves so calm, and the sun rises so bright, as promises no great success to the angler: but, however, we'll try, and, one way or other, we shall, sure, do something. What will you have to your breakfast, or what will you drink this morning?

Viat. For breakfast I never eat any, and for drink am very indifferent; but if you please to call for a glass of ale, I'm for you: and let it be quickly if you please, for I long to see the little fishing-house you spoke of, and to be at my lesson.

Pisc. Well, Sir, you see the ale is come without calling; for though I do not know yours, my people know my diet, which is always one glass so soon as I am drest, and no more, till dinner: and so my servants have served you.

Viat. My thanks! And now, if you please, let us look out this fine morning.

Pisc. With all my heart. Boy, take the key of my fishing-house, and carry down those two angle-rods in the hall-window, thither, with my fish-pannier, pouch, and

landing-net; and stay you there till we come. Come, Sir, we'll walk after, where, by the way, I expect you should raise all the exceptions against our country you can.

Viat. Nay, Sir, do not think me so ill-natur'd nor so uncivil: I only made a little bold with it last night to divert you, and was only in jest.

Pisc. You were then in as good earnest as I am now with you; but had you been really angry at it, I could not blame you: for, to say the truth, it is not very taking at first sight. But look you, Sir, now you are abroad, does not the sun shine as bright here as in Essex, Middlesex, or Kent, or any of your southern counties?

Viat. 'Tis a delicate morning, indeed, and I now think this a marvellous pretty place.

Pisc. Whether you think so or no, you cannot oblige me more than to say so: and those of my friends who know my humour, and are so kind as to comply with it, usually flatter me that way. But look you, Sir, now you are at the brink of the hill, how do you like my river; the vale it winds through, like a snake; and the situation of my little fishing-house?

Viat. Trust me, 'tis all very fine; and the house seems, at this distance, a neat building.

Pisc. Good enough for that purpose. And here is a bowling-green too, close by it; so though I am myself no very good bowler, I am not totally devoted to my own pleasure, but that I have also some regard to other men's. And now, Sir, you are come to the door: pray walk in, and there we'll sit, and talk as long as you please.

Viat. Stay, what's here over the door? PISCATORIBUS SACRUM.* Why then, I perceive I have some title here; for I am one of them, though one of the worst. And here, below it, is the cypher* too you spoke

* *There is, under this motto, the cypher mentioned in the title-page of* Part. II. *And some part of the fishing-house has been described; but the* pleasantness *of the river,*

of; and 'tis prettily contrived. Has my master Walton ever been here to see it; for it seems new built?[1]

mountains, and meadows about it, cannot; unless Sir Philip Sidney, or Mr. Cotton's father, were again alive, to do it.

Pisc. Yes, he saw it cut in the stone before it was set up; but never in the posture it now stands: for the house was but building when he was last here, and not rais'd so high as the arch of the door. And I am afraid he will not see it, yet: for he has lately writ me word, he doubts his coming down this summer; which, I do assure you, was the worst news he could possibly have sent me.

Viat. Men must sometimes mind their affairs to make more room for their pleasures. And 'tis odds he is as much displeas'd with the business that keeps him from you, as you are that he comes not. But I am the most pleased with this little house, of any thing I ever saw: it stands in a kind of peninsula too, with a delicate clear river about it. I dare hardly go in, lest I should not like it so well within as without: but, by your leave, I'll try. Why, this is better and better, fine lights, finely wainscoted, and all exceeding neat, with a marble table and all in the middle!

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(1) In 1784, Mr. White, since of Crickhowel, favoured Sir John Hawkins with a description of the Fishing-House. The account he gave of it was, that it was of stone, and the room inside a cube of fifteen feet; that it was paved with black and white marble, and that in the middle was a square black marble table supported by two stone feet. The room was wainscoted with curious mouldings that divided the pannels up to the cieling. In the larger pannels were represented, in painting, some of the most pleasant of the adjacent scenes, with persons fishing; and in the smaller, the various sorts of tackle and implements used in angling. In the further corner, on the left, was a fire-place with a chimney; on the right a large beaufet, with folding doors, whereon were the portraits of Mr. Cotton with a boy-servant, and Walton in the dress of the time. Underneath was a cup-board; on the door whereof, the figures of a Trout and of a Grayling were well pourtrayed. At this time the edifice was in but indifferent condition; the paintings, and even the wainscoting, in many places, being much decayed.

Since the above period Beresford Hall has been visited, and the Fishing-House seems to have suffered by the lapse of time, and was fast falling into decay. The glass from the windows gone, the pavement removed, and the wainscot destroyed. The inscription was still legible over the door, and the date 1674. The cypher also of Walton and Cotton on the key-stone of the arch of the door (represented in the title-page of the second part) was still legible.

Pisc. Enough, Sir, enough; I have laid open to you the part where I can worst defend myself, and now you attack me there. Come, boy, set two chairs; and whilst I am taking a pipe of tobacco, which is always my breakfast, we will, if you please, talk of some other subject.

Viat. None fitter, then, Sir, for the time and place, than those instructions you promis'd.

Pisc. I begin to doubt, by something I discover in you, whether I am able to instruct you or no; though, if you are really a stranger to our clear northern rivers, I still think I can: and therefore, since it is yet too early in the morning at this time of the year, to-day being but the seventh of March, to cast a fly upon the water, if you will direct me what kind of fishing for a Trout I shall read you a lecture on, I am willing and ready to obey you.

Viat. Why, Sir, if you will so far oblige me, and that it may not be too troublesome to you, I would entreat you would run through the whole body of it; and I will not conceal from you that I am so far in love with you, your courtesy, and pretty More-Land seat, as to resolve to stay with you long enough by intervals, for I will not oppress you, to hear all you can say upon that subject.

Pisc. You cannot oblige me more than by such a promise: and therefore, without more ceremony, I will begin to tell you, that my father Walton having read to you before, it would look like a presumption in me, (and, peradventure, would do so in any other man,) to pretend to give lessons for angling after him, who, I do really believe, understands as much of it at least as any man in England, did I not pre-acquaint you, that I am not tempted to it by any vain opinion of myself, that I am able to give you better directions; but having, from my childhood, pursued the recreation of angling in very clear rivers, truly, I think, by much, (some of them, at least)

the clearest in this kingdom, and the manner of angling here with us, by reason of that exceeding clearness, being something different from the method commonly used in others, which, by being not near so bright, admit of stronger tackle, and allow a nearer approach to the stream, I may peradventure give you some instructions, that may be of use, even in your own rivers, and shall bring you acquainted with more flies and shew you how to make them, and with what dubbing too, than he has taken notice of in his COMPLETE ANGLER.

Vat. I beseech you, Sir, do; and if you will lend me your steel, I will light a pipe the while, for that is, commonly, my breakfast in a morning, too.

CHAP. IV.

Of Angling for TROUT *or* GRAYLING.

Piscator. WHY, then Sir, to begin methodically, as a master in any art should do, (and I will not deny, but that I think myself a master in this) I shall divide *Angling for* TROUT, *or* GRAYLING, into these three ways; at the top; at the bottom; and in the middle. Which three ways, though they are all of them, (as I shall hereafter endeavour to make it appear,) in some sort common to both those kinds of fish; yet are they not so generally and absolutely so, but that they will necessarily require a distinction, which, in due place, I will also give you.

That which we call angling at the top, is with a fly; at the bottom, with a ground-bait; in the middle, with a minnow or ground-bait.

Angling at the top is of two sorts; with a quick fly, or with an artificial fly.

That we call Angling at the bottom, is also of two sorts; by hand, or with a cork or float.

That we call Angling in the middle, is also of two sorts; with a Minnow, for a Trout, or with a ground-bait for a Grayling.

Of all which several sorts of angling, I will, if you can have the patience to hear me, give you the best account I can.

Viat. The trouble will be yours, and mine the pleasure and the obligation: I beseech you therefore to proceed.

Pisc. Why then first of fly-fishing.

CHAP. V.

Of Fly-fishing.

Piscator. FLY-fishing, or fishing at the top, is, as I said before, of two sorts; with a natural and living fly, or with an artificial and made fly.

First then, of the NATURAL FLY; of which we generally use but two sorts; and those but in the two months of May and June only; namely, the *Green-drake*, and the *Stone-fly*: though I have made use of a third, that way, called the *Chamblet-fly*, with very good success, for Grayling, but never saw it angled with by any other, after this manner, my master only excepted, who died many years ago, and was one of the best anglers that ever I knew.

These are to be angled with, with a short line, not much more than half the length of your rod, if the airbe still; or with a longer very near, or all out, as long as your rod, if you have any wind to carry it from you. And this way

of fishing we call DAPING, DABBING, or DIBBING;[1] wherein you are always to have your line flying before you up or down the river, as the wind serves, and to angle as near as you can to the bank of the same side whereon you stand, though where you see a fish rise near you, you may guide your quick fly over him, whether in the middle, or on the contrary side; and if you are pretty well out of sight, either by kneeling, or the interposition of a bank or bush, you may almost be sure to raise, and take him too, if it be presently done; the fish will, otherwise, peradventure be removed to some other place, if it be in the still deeps, where he is always in motion, and roving up and down to look for prey, though, in a stream, you may always almost, especially if there be a good stone near, find him in the same place. Your line ought in this case to be three good hairs next the hook; both by reason you are, in this kind of angling, to expect the biggest fish, and also that, wanting length to give him line after he is struck, you must be forced to tug for it: to which I will also add, that not an inch of your line being to be suffered to touch the water in dibbing, it may be allowed to be the stronger. I should now give you a description of those flies, their shape and colour; and, then, give you an account of their breeding; and withal, shew you how to keep and use them: but shall defer them to their proper place and season.

Viat. In earnest, Sir, you discourse very rationally of this affair, and I am glad to find myself mistaken in you; for, in plain truth, I did not expect so much from you.

Pisc. Nay, Sir, I can tell you a great deal more than this: and will conceal nothing from you. But I must now to the second way of Angling at the top; which is

(1) See, in Chap. VII. May, Art. 11. directions how to bait with the Green-drake fly.

DAPING FOR TROUT.

with an ARTIFICIAL FLY, which also I will shew you how to make before I have done: but, first, shall acquaint you, that, with this, you are to angle with a line longer by a yard and a half, or sometimes two yards, than your rod: and with both this and the other in a still day, in the streams, in a breeze that curls the water, in the still deeps, where (excepting in May and June, that the best Trouts will lie in shallow streams to watch for prey, and even then too) you are like to hit the best fish.[1]

For the length of your ROD, you are always to be governed by the breadth of the river you shall chuse to angle at: and for a Trout-river, one of five or six yards long is commonly enough; and longer (though never so neatly and artificially made) it ought not to be, if you intend to fish at ease; and if otherwise, where lies the sport?

Of these, the best that ever I saw, are made in Yorkshire; which are all of one piece, that is to say, of several, six, eight, ten, or twelve pieces, so neatly pieced and tied together with fine thread below and silk above as to make it taper like a switch, and to ply with a true bent to your hand. And these, too, are light, being made of fir-wood for two or three lengths nearest to the hand, and of other wood nearer to the top, that a man might, very easily, manage the longest of them that ever I saw, with one hand. And these, when you have given over angling for a season, being taken to pieces and laid up in some dry place, may afterwards be set together again in their former postures, and will be as strait, sound, and good, as the first hour they were made, and being laid in oil and colour, according to your master Walton's direction, will last many years.

The length of your LINE, to a man that knows how to

(1) For Fishing with two or more flies: see note on p. 298.

handle his rod, and to cast it, is no manner of incumbrance, excepting in woody places and in landing of a fish, which every one that can afford to angle for pleasure has somebody to do for him. And the length of line is a mighty advantage to the fishing at distance; and to fish fine and far-off, is the first and principal rule for Trout-angling.[1]

Your line in this case should never be less, nor ever exceed, two hairs next to the hook; for one (though some, I know, will pretend to more art than their fellows,) is indeed too few, the least accident, with the finest hand, being sufficient to break it: but he that cannot kill a Trout of twenty inches long with two, in a river clear of wood and weeds, as this and some others of ours are, deserves not the name of an Angler.[2]

Now, to have your whole line as it ought to be, two of the first lengths nearest the hook should be of two hairs a-piece; the next three lengths above them of three; the next three above them of four; and, so, of five, and six, and seven, to the very top: by which means, your rod and tackle will, in a manner, be taper from your very hand to your hook; your line will fall much better and straighter, and cast your fly to any certain place to which the hand and eye shall direct it, with less weight and violence, that would otherwise circle the water, and fright away the fish.

In casting your line, do it always before you,[3] and so

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(1) An artist may easily throw twelve yards of line, with one hand; and with two, he may as easily throw eighteen.

(2) See the direction for your rod and line, in the notes on Chap. XXI. Part I.

(3) Till you are a proficient, every throw will go near to cost you a hook: therefore practise for some time without one. *Hawkins.*

Management of the line, when Fishing either with one fly, or *two or more flies.* When you have fixed your rod properly with your winch thereon, [see p. 114, n. describing *Winch and Rings,*] and brought your line from it through the rings of your rod, loop on to it, by the strongest end, your foot-length; which should be about three yards and a half long; made of good, strong, single silk-worm gut, well tied, and the knots neatly whipped, running a (very little) finer towards the bottom-end, at which place there must be a neatly-whipped

that your fly may first fall upon the water, and as little of your line with it as is possible: though if the wind be stiff, you will then, of necessity, be compelled to drown a good part of your line, to keep your fly in the water. And in casting your fly you must aim at the further, or nearer bank, as the wind serves your turn, which also will be with and against you, on the same side, several times in an hour, as the river winds in its course, and you will be forced to angle up and down by turns accordingly, but endeavour, as much as you can, to have the wind, evermore, on your back. And always be sure to stand as far off the bank as your length will give you leave when you throw to the contrary side: though when the wind

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loop: then take your end-fly, or stretcher, which should be made with one or two lengths of good level gut, full as fine as, or a little finer than, the bottom link of your foot length, tied and whipped neatly together, and looped nicely at the end: loop this to the end of your gut-length: and then, your drop-fly just above a knot, where whipped, about a yard from the end-fly, to hang from the line, not more than two or three inches. If you chuse to fish for more, keep them all about the same distance. And observe that if your droppers be larger than, or even as large as, your stretcher, you will not be able to throw a good line: but a beginner should never use more than one fly.

Instructions for throwing the line.

When thus prepared, let out the line, about *half as long again* as the rod: and holding the rod, properly in one hand, and the line just above the fly, in the other, give your rod a motion from right to left: and as you move the rod backwards, in order to throw out the line, dismiss the line from your hand at the same time: and try several throws, at this length. Then let out more line; and try that: still using more and more, till you can manage any length needful: but about nine yards is quite sufficient for a learner to practise with. And observe that in raising your line, in order to throw it again, you should wave the rod a little round your head, and not bring it directly backwards: nor must you return the line too soon, nor until it has streamed its full length behind you, or you will certainly whip off your end-fly. There is great art in making your line fall light on the water, and shewing the flies well to the fish. The best way that I can direct is, that when you have thrown out your line, contriving to let it fall lightly and naturally, you should raise your rod gently, and by degrees; sometimes with a kind of gentle tremulant flourish, which will bring the flies on a little towards you; still letting them go down with the stream, but never draw them against it, for it is unnatural: and before the line comes too near you, throw out again. When you see a fish rise at a natural fly, throw about a yard above him, but not directly over his head; and let your fly (or flies) move gently towards him, which will shew it to him in a more natural form, and tempt him the more to take it. Experience and observation alone, however, can make an angler a complete adept in the art, so as to enable him to throw his fly behind bushes and trees, into holes, under banks, and other places mentioned as the Trout's haunts, and where the best fish are to be found.—Taylor's *Art of Angling*.

will not permit you so to do, and that you are constrained to angle on the same side whereon you stand, you must then stand on the very brink of the river, and cast your fly to the utmost length of your rod and line, up or down the river, as the gale serves.

It only remains, touching your line, to enquire whether your two hairs next to the hook are better twisted or open? And for that I should declare that I think the open way the better, because it makes less shew in the water, but that I have found an inconvenience or two, or three, that have made me almost weary of that way; of which one is, that, without dispute, they are not so strong open as twisted;[1] another, that they are not, easily, to be fastened of so exact an equal length in the arming that the one will not cause the other to bag, by which means a man has but one hair upon the matter to trust to; and the last is, that these loose flying hairs are not only more apt to catch upon every twig, or bent, they meet with, but moreover, the hook, in falling upon the water, will, very often, rebound and fly back betwixt the hairs, and there stick, (which, in a rough water especially, is not presently to be discerned by the angler,) so as the point of the hook shall stand reversed; by which means your fly swims backward, makes a much greater circle in the water, and till taken home to you and set right, will never raise any fish, or, if it should, I am sure, but by a very extraordinary chance, can hit none.[2]

Having done with both these ways of fishing at the top, the length of your rod, and line, and all, I am next to teach you how to make a fly; and, afterwards, of what

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(1) In the original, the words are *twisted as open*, contrary to what is, evidently, from the connection, the Author's meaning: the Editor has therefore transposed the words.

(2) This and the other inconveniences mentioned in this paragraph, are effectually avoided by the use of a fine grass, or gut, of about half a yard long, next the hook. See Notes on Chap. XXI. Part I. p. 228.

dubbing you are to make the several flies I shall hereafter name to you.

In making a fly, then, which is not a hackle or palmer-fly, (for of those, and their several kinds, we shall have occasion to speak every month in the year,) you are, first, to hold your hook fast betwixt the fore-finger and thumb of your left hand, with the back of the shank upwards, and the point towards your fingers' ends; then take a strong small silk of the colour of the fly you intend to make, wax it well with wax of the same colour too, to which end you are always, by the way, to have wax of all colours about you, and draw it betwixt your finger and thumb to the head of the shank; and then whip it twice or thrice about the bare hook, which, you must know, is done, both to prevent slipping, and also that the shank of the hook may not cut the hairs of your towght, which sometimes it will otherwise do. Which being done, take your line, and draw it likewise betwixt your finger and thumb, holding the hook so fast, as only to suffer it to pass by, until you have the knot of your towght almost to the middle of the shank of your hook, on the inside of it; then whip your silk twice or thrice about both hook and line as hard as the strength of the silk will permit. Which being done, strip the feather for the wings proportionable to the bigness of your fly, placing that side downwards which grew uppermost before upon the back of the hook, leaving so much only as to serve for the length of the wing of the point of the plume lying reversed from the end of the shank upwards: then whip your silk twice or thrice about the root end of the feather, hook, and towght; which being done, clip off the root-end of the feather close by the arming, and then whip the silk fast and firm about the hook and towght, until you come to the bend of the hook, but not further as you do at London, and so make a very unhandsome, and, in plain

English, a very unnatural and shapeless fly. Which being done, cut away the end of your towght, and fasten it. And then take your dubbing which is to make the body of your fly, as much as you think convenient, and holding it lightly, with your hook, betwixt the finger and thumb of your left hand, take your silk with the right, and twisting it betwixt the finger and thumb of that hand, the dubbing will spin itself about the silk, which when it has done, whip it about the armed-hook backward, till you come to the setting-on of the wings. And then take the feather for the wings, and divide it equally into two parts; and turn them back towards the bend of the hook, the one on the one side, and the other on the other of the shank; holding them fast in that posture betwixt the fore-finger and thumb of the left hand: which done, warp them so down as to stand and slope towards the bend of the hook; and having warped up to the end of the shank, hold the fly fast betwixt the finger and thumb of your left hand, and then take the silk betwixt the finger and thumb of your right hand; and, where the warping ends, pinch or nip it with your thumb-nail, against your finger, and strip away the remainder of your dubbing from the silk: and then with the bare silk, whip it once or twice about; make the wings to stand in due order; fasten, and cut it off. After which, with the point of a needle, raise up the dubbing gently from the warp; twitch off the superfluous hairs of your dubbing; leave the wings of an equal length, your fly will never else swim true; and the work is done. And this way of making a fly, which is certainly the best of all other, was taught me by a kinsman of mine, one Captain Henry Jackson; a near neighbour; an admirable fly-angler; by many degrees the best fly-maker that ever I yet met with.[1] And now that I have told you how a fly

(1) There needs nothing more to be said of these Directions, than that hundreds have, by means of them alone, become excellent fly-makers.

For making a palmer, or hackle, see the Notes on Chap. VII.

is to be made, you shall presently see me make one, with which you may peradventure take a Trout this morning, notwithstanding the unlikeliness of the day; for it is now nine of the clock, and fish will begin to rise, if they will rise to-day. I will walk along by you, and look on. And, after dinner, I will proceed in my lecture of fly-fishing.

Viat. I confess I long to be at the river; and yet I could sit here all day to hear you: but some of the one, and some of the other, will do well; and I have a mighty ambition to take a Trout in your river Dove.

Pisc. I warrant you shall: I would not, for more than I will speak of, but you should; seeing I have so extolled my river to you: nay I will keep you here a month, but you shall have one good day of sport before you go.

Viat. You will find me, I doubt, too tractable that way; for, in good earnest, if business would give me leave, and that it were fit, I could find in my heart to stay with you for ever.

Pisc. I thank you, Sir, for that kind expression. And now let me look out my things to make this fly.

CHAP. VI.

Fishing at the top continued. Further Directions for Fly-making. Time when the GRAYLING *is in season. Rock in Pike-Pool.*

Piscator. Boy! come, give me my dubbing-bag here presently; and now, Sir, since I find you so honest a man, I will make no scruple to lay open my treasure before you.

Viator. Did ever any one see the like! what a heap of trumpery is here! certainly never an angler in Europe has his shop half so well furnished as you have.

Pisc. You, perhaps, may think now, that I rake together this trumpery, as you call it, for shew only, to the end that such as see it (which are not many, I assure you) may think me a great master in the art of angling: but let me tell you, here are colours (as contemptible as they seem here) that are very hard to be got, and scarce any one of them which, if it should be lost, I should not miss, and be concerned about the loss of it too, once in the year. But look you, Sir, amongst all these I will chuse out these two colours only; of which, this is bear's hair, this darker, no great matter what; but I am sure I have killed a great deal of fish with it; and with one or both of these, you shall take Trout or Grayling this very day, notwithstanding all disadvantages, or my art shall fail me.

Viat. You promise comfortably, and I have a great deal of reason to believe every thing you say: but I wish the fly were made, that we were at it.

Pisc. That will not be long in doing: and pray observe then. You see, first, how I hold my hook; and thus I begin. Look you, here are my first two or three whips about the bare hook; thus I join hook and line; thus I put on my wings; thus I twirl and lap on my dubbing;

thus I work it up towards the head; thus I part my wings; thus I nip my superfluous dubbing from my silk; thus fasten; thus trim and adjust my fly. And there's a fly made; and now how do you like it?

Viat. In earnest, admirably well; and it perfectly resembles a fly: but we about London make the bodies of our flies both much bigger and longer, so long as even almost to the very beard of the hook.

Pisc. I know it very well, and had one of those flies given me by an honest gentleman, who came with my father Walton to give me a visit; which (to tell you the truth) I hung in my parlour-window to laugh at: but, Sir, you know the proverb, "They who go to Rome, must do as they at Rome do;" and believe me, you must here make your flies after this fashion, or you will take no fish. Come, I will look you out a line, and you shall put it on, and try it. There, Sir, now I think you are fitted; and now beyond the farther end of the walk you shall begin: I see, at that bend of the water above, the air crisps the water a little: knit your line first here, and then go up thither, and see what you can do.

Viat. Did you see that, Sir?

Pisc. Yes, I saw the fish: and he saw you too, which made him turn short. You must fish further off, if you intend to have any sport here; this is no New River, let me tell you. That was a good Trout, believe me: did you touch him.

Viat. No, I would I had, we would not have parted so. Look you, there was another: this is an excellent fly.

Pisc. That fly I am sure would kill fish, if the day were right: but they only chew at it, I see, and will not take it. Come, Sir, let us return back to the fishing-house: this still water, I see, will not do our business to-day: you shall now, if you please, make a fly yourself,[1] and

(1) To make a fly is so essential, that he hardly deserves the name of an angler, who cannot do it. There are many who will go to a tackle-shop, and

try what you can do in the streams with that: and I know a Trout taken with a fly of your own making, will please you better than twenty with one of mine. Give me that bag again, sirrah: look you, Sir, there is a hook, towght, silk, and a feather for the wings: be doing with those, and I will look you out a dubbing that I think will do.

Viat. This is a very little hook.

Pisc. That may serve to inform you, that it is for a very little fly, and you must make your wings accordingly; for as the case stands, it must be a little fly, and a very little one too, that must do your business. Well said! believe me, you shift your fingers very handsomely. I doubt I have taken upon me to teach my master. So, here's your dubbing now.

Viat. This dubbing is very black.

Pisc. It appears so in hand; but step to the doors and hold it up betwixt your eye and the sun, and it will appear a shining red; let me tell you, never a man in England can discern the true colour of a dubbing any way but that; and therefore choose always to make your flies on such a bright sun-shine day as this, which also you may the better do, because it is worth nothing to fish in. Here, put it on; and be sure to make the body of your fly as slender as you can. Very good! upon my word, you have made a marvellous handsome fly.

Viat. I am very glad to hear it; 'tis the first that ever I made of this kind, in my life.

Pisc. Away, away! You are a doctor at it: but I will

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tell the master of it, as Dapper does Subtle in the *Alchemist*, that they *want a fly;* for which they have a thing put into their hands that would pose a naturalist to find a resemblance for: though, when particular directions have been given, I have known them excellently made by the persons employed by the fishing-tackle makers in London. But do thou, my honest friend, learn to make thy own flies; and be assured, that in collecting and arranging the materials, and imitating the various shapes and colours of these admirable creatures, there is little less pleasure than even in catching fish.

not commend you too much, lest I make you proud. Come, put it on; and you shall now go downward, to some streams betwixt the rocks, below the little foot-bridge you see there, and try your fortune. Take heed of slipping into the water as you follow me under this rock. So now you are over: and now throw in.

Viat. This is a fine stream indeed. There's one! I have him.

Pisc. And a precious catch you have of him; pull him out! I see you have a tender hand. This is a diminutive gentlemen; e'en throw him in again, and let him grow till he be more worthy your anger.

Viat. Pardon me, Sir, all's fish that comes to the hook, with me now. Another!

Pisc. And of the same standing.

Viat. I see I shall have good sport now. Another! and a Grayling. Why you have fish here at will.

Pisc. Come, come, cross the bridge; and go down the other side, lower, where you will find finer streams and better sport, I hope, than this. Look you, Sir, here is a fine stream now. You have length enough; stand a little further off, let me entreat you; and do but fish this stream like an artist, and peradventure a good fish may fall to your share. How now! what! is all gone?

Viat. No, I but touch't him; but that was a fish worth taking.

Pisc. Why now let me tell you, you lost that fish by your own fault, and through your own eagerness and haste; for you are never to offer to strike a good fish, if he do not strike himself, till first you see him turn his head after he has taken your fly, and then you can never strain your tackle in the striking, if you strike with any manner of moderation. Come, throw in one again, and fish me this stream by inches; for I assure you, here are very good fish: both Trout and Grayling lie here; and at

that great stone on the other side, 'tis ten to one a good Trout gives you the meeting.

Viat. I have him now: but he is gone down towards the bottom. I cannot see what he is, yet he should be a good fish by his weight; but he makes no great stir.

Pisc. Why then, by what you say, I dare venture to assure you 'tis a Grayling, who is one of the deadest-hearted fishes in the world; and the bigger he is, the more easily taken. Look you, now you see him plain; I told you what he was. Bring hither that landing-net, boy. And now, Sir, he is your own; and, believe me, a good one; sixteen inches long I warrant him: I have taken none such this year.

Viat. I never saw a Grayling before look so black.

Pisc. Did you not? why then let me tell you, that you never saw one before in right season; for then a Grayling is very black about his head, gills, and down his back; and has his belly of a dark grey, dappled with black spots, as you see this is; and I am apt to conclude that from thence he derives his name of Umber. Though I must tell you, this fish is past his prime, and begins to decline, and was in better season at Christmas than he is now. But move on; for it grows towards dinner-time; and there is a very great and fine stream below, under that rock that fills the deepest pool in all the river, where you are almost sure of a good fish.

Viat. Let him come, I'll try a fall with him. But I had thought that the Grayling had been always in season with the Trout, and had come in and gone out with him.

Pisc. Oh no! assure yourself a Grayling is a winter-fish; but such a one as would deceive any but such as know him very well indeed; for his flesh, even in his worst season, is so firm, and will so easily calver, that in plain truth he is very good meat at all times: but in his perfect season (which, by the way, none but an overgrown Gray-

ling will ever be) I think him so good a fish, as to be little inferior to the best Trout that ever I tasted in my life.

Viat. Here's another skip-jack; and I have raised five or six more at least whilst you were speaking. Well, go thy way, little Dove! thou art the finest river that ever I saw, and the fullest of fish. Indeed, Sir, I like it so well, that I am afraid you will be troubled with me once a year, so long as we two live.

Pisc. I am afraid I shall not, Sir: but were you once here a May or a June, if good sport would tempt you, I should then expect you would sometimes see me; for you would then say it were a fine river indeed, if you had once seen the sport at the height.

Viat. Which I will do, if I live, and that you please to give me leave. There was one, and there another.

Pisc. And all this in a strange river, and with a fly of your own making! why what a dangerous man are you!

Viat. I, Sir: but who taught me? and as Damatas says by his man Dorus, so you may say by me,

> If any man such praises have,
> What then have I that taught the knave?[1]

But what have we got here? a Rock springing up in the middle of the river! this is one of the oddest sights that ever I saw.

Pisc. Why, Sir, from that Pike[2] that you see standing up there distant from the rock, this is called Pike-Pool. And young Mr. Izaac Walton was so pleas'd with it, as to draw it in landscape, in black and white, in a blank

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(1) Sidney's *Arcadia*.

(2) 'Tis a rock, in the fashion of a spire-steeple, and almost as big. It stands in the midst of the river Dove; and not far from Mr. Cotton's house, below which place this delicate river takes a swift career betwixt many mighty rocks, much higher and bigger than St. Paul's church before 'twas burnt. And this Dove being oppos'd by one of the highest of them, has, at last, forc'd itself a way through it; and after a mile's concealment, appears again with more glory and beauty than before that opposition, running through the most pleasant valleys and most fruitful meadows that this nation can justly boast of.—*Walton*.

book I have at home, as he has done several prospects of my house also, which I keep for a memorial of his favour, and will shew you when we come up to dinner.

Viat. Has young master Izaac Walton been here, too?

Pisc. Yes, marry has he, Sir, and that again and again too; and in France since, and at Rome, and at Venice, and I can't tell where; but I intend to ask him a great many hard questions so soon as I can see him, which will be, God willing, next month. In the mean time, Sir, to come to this fine stream at the head of this great pool, you must venture over these slippery, cobbling stones. Believe me, Sir, there you were nimble, or else you had been down. But now you are got over, look to yourself: for, on my word, if a fish rise here, he is like to be such a one as will endanger your tackle. How now!

Viat. I think you have such command here over the fishes, that you can raise them by your word, as they say conjurors can do spirits, and afterward make them do what you bid them; for here's a Trout has taken my fly; I had rather have lost a crown. What luck's this! he was a lovely fish, and turned up a side like a Salmon.

Pisc. O Sir, this is a war where you sometimes win, and must sometimes expect to lose. Never concern yourself for the loss of your Fly; for ten to one I teach you to make a better. Who's that calls?

Serv. Sir, will it please you to come to dinner?

Pisc. We come. You hear, Sir, we are called: and now take your choice, whether you will climb this steep hill before you, from the top of which you will go directly into the house, or back again, over these stepping stones, and about by the bridge.

Viat. Nay, sure the nearest way is best; at least my stomach tells me so; and I am now so well acquainted with your rocks, that I fear them not.

Pisc. Come then, follow me. And so soon as we have

din'd, we will down again to the little house: where I will begin, at the place I left off, about fly-fishing, and read you another lecture; for I have a great deal more to say upon that subject.

Viat. The more the better; I could never have met with a more obliging master, my first excepted. Nor such sport can all the rivers about London ever afford, as is to be found in this pretty river.

Pisc. You deserve to have better; both because I see you are willing to take pains, and for liking this little so well; and better I hope to shew you before we part.

CHAP. VII.

FISHING AT THE TOP. *Flies for the Months of* January, February, March, April, *and* part of May; *including, under* May, *particular Directions for baiting with the* Green-Drake.

Viator. COME, Sir, having now well din'd, and being again set in your little house, I will now challenge your promise, and entreat you to proceed in your instruction for fly-fishing: which, that you may be the better encouraged to do, I will assure you, that I have not lost, I think, one syllable of what you have told me; but very well retain all your directions, both for the rod, line, and making a fly, and now desire an account of the flies themselves.

Pisc. Why, Sir, I am ready to give it you, and shall have the whole afternoon to do it in, if nobody come in to interrupt us; for you must know, (besides the unfitness of the day,) that the afternoons, so early in March, signify very little to angling with a fly, though with a minnow, or a worm, something might (I confess) be done.

To begin, then, where I left off, My father Walton tells

us of but twelve artificial flies only, to angle with at the top, and gives their names; of which some are common with us here; and I think I guess at most of them by his description, and I believe they all breed and are taken in our rivers, though we do not make them either of the same dubbing or fashion. And it may be in the rivers about London, which I presume he has most frequented, and where 'tis likely he has done most execution, there is not much notice taken of many more: but we are acquainted with several others here, though perhaps I may reckon some of his by other names too; but if I do, I shall make you amends by an addition to his catalogue. And although the fore-named great master in the art of angling, for so in truth he is, tells you that no man should, in honesty, catch a Trout till the middle of March, yet I hope he will give a man leave sooner to take a Grayling, which, as I told you, is in the dead months in his best season: and do assure you, (which I remember by a very remarkable token,) I did once take upon the sixth day of December one, and only one, of the biggest Graylings, and the best in season, that ever I yet saw or tasted; and do usually take Trouts too, and with a fly, not only before the middle of this month, but almost every year in February, unless it be a very ill spring indeed; and have sometimes in January, so early as New-year's tide, and in frost and snow, taken Grayling in a warm sunshine day for an hour or two about noon; and to fish for him with a grub, it is then the best time of all.

I shall therefore begin my fly-fishing with that month, (though, I confess, very few begin so soon, and that such as are so fond of the sport as to embrace all opportunities can rarely in that month find a day fit for their purpose,) and tell you, that, upon my knowledge, these flies in a warm sun, for an hour or two in the day, are certainly taken.

JANUARY.

1. A Red Brown with wings of the male of a mallard almost white; the dubbing of the tail of a black long-coated cur, such as they commonly make muffs of; for the hair on the tail of such a dog dyes, and turns to a red brown, but the hair of a smooth-coated dog of the same colour will not do, because, it will not dye, but retains its natural colour.[1] And this fly is taken, in a warm sun, this whole month through.

2. There is also a very little Bright-Dun Gnat, as little as can possibly be made, so little as never to be fish'd with, with above one hair next the hook; and this is to be made of a mixt dubbing of marten's fur, and the white of a hare's scut, with a very white and small wing; and it is no great matter how fine you fish, for nothing will rise in this month but a Grayling; and of them I never, at this season, saw any taken with a fly, of above a foot long, in my life: but of little ones about the bigness of a smelt, in a warm day, and a glowing sun, you may take enough with these two flies; and they are both taken the whole month through.

FEBRUARY.

1. Where the Red Brown of the last month ends, another, almost of the same colour, begins with this; saving that the dubbing of this must be of something a blacker colour, and both of them warpt-on with red silk. The dubbing that should make this fly, and that is the truest colour, is to be got off the black spot of a hog's ear: not that a black spot in any part of the hog will not afford the same colour, but that the hair in that place is, by many degrees, softer, and more fit for the purpose. His wing must be as the other; and this kills all this month, and is called the Lesser Red-brown.

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(1) The dubbing is to be warped on as No. 1, in *February, infra.*

2. This month, also, a PLAIN-HACKLE,[1] or palmer-fly, made with a rough black body, either of black spaniel's fur, or the whirl of an ostrich feather, and the red hackle of a capon over all, will kill, and, if the weather be right, make very good sport.

3. Also a LESSER HACKLE, with a black body, also silver twist over that, and a red feather over all will fill your pannier, if the month be open, and not bound up in ice and snow, with very good fish; but, in case of a frost and snow, you are to angle only with the smallest gnats, browns, and duns you can make; and with those are only to expect Graylings no bigger than sprats.

4. In this month, upon a whirling-round water, we have a GREAT HACKLE, the body black, and wrapped with a red feather of a capon untrimmed; that is, the whole length of the hackle staring out; (for we sometimes barb the hackle-feather short all over; sometimes barb it only a little, and sometimes barb it close underneath,) leaving the whole length of the feather on the top or back of the fly, which makes it swim better, and, as occasion serves, kills very great fish.

5. We make use, also, in this month, of another GREAT HACKLE, the body black, and ribbed over with gold-twist, and a red feather over all; which also does great execution.[2]

6. Also a GREAT DUN, made with dun bear's hair; and the wings, of the grey feather of a mallard near unto his tail; which is absolutely the best fly can be

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(1) The author is now in the month of *February;* during which are taken, the *Plain Hackle;* which we would recommend to be made of black ostrich herl, warped, or tied down, to the dubbing with red silk, and a red cock's hackle over all.

(2) *Gold-twist Hackle;* the same dubbing, warping, and hackle, with gold twist.

These hackles are taken chiefly from nine to eleven in the morning, and from one to three in the afternoon. They will do for any month in the year, and upon any water.

thrown upon a river this month, and with which an angler shall have admirable sport.

7. We have also this month the GREAT BLUE DUN, the dubbing of the bottom of bear's hair next to the roots, mixt with a little blue camlet; the wings, of the dark grey feather of a mallard.

8. We have also this month a DARK BROWN, the dubbing, of the brown hair off the flank of a brended cow; and the wings, of the grey drake's feather.

And note, that these several hackles, or palmer-flies, are some for one water and one sky, and some for another: and according to the change of those, we alter their size and colour. And note also, that both in this and all other months of the year, when you do not certainly know what fly is taken, or cannot see any fish to rise, you are then to put on a small hackle, if the water be clear, or a bigger if something dark, until you have taken one; and, then thrusting your finger through his gills, to pull out his gorge, which being open'd with your knife, you will then discover what fly is taken, and may fit yourself accordingly.[1]

For the MAKING of a Hackle, or a Palmer-fly, my father Walton has already given you sufficient direction.[2]

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(1) You may also observe, that the fish never rise eagerly and freely at any sort of flie, until *that* kind come to the water's side; for though I have often, at the first coming-in of some flies, (which I judged they loved best), gotten several of them, yet I could never find that they did much (if at all) value them, until those sorts of flies began to flock to the river's side, and were to be found on the trees and bushes there in great numbers. *Venables*, p. 15.

When you first come to the river in the morning, with your rod beat upon the bushes or boughs which hang over the waters; and by their falling upon the waters, you will see what sorts of flies are there in greatest numbers; if divers sorts, and equal in number, try them all, and you will quickly find which they most desire. Sometimes they change their flie (but its not very usual) twice or thrice in one day; but, ordinarily, they seek not for another sort of flie, till they have, for some days, even glutted themselves with a former kind, which is commonly when those flies die and go out. *Venables*, p. 16.

(2) But, with Mr. Cotton's good leave, he has not; nor has any author that I know of: unless we are to take that for a palmer which Walton has given directions for making, p. 93; which I can never do till I see what I have never yet seen, *viz.* Caterpillars with wings. Rejecting, therefore, wings as unnatu-

MARCH.

For this month you are to use all the same hackles and flies with the other; but you are to make them less.

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ral and absurd, supposing you would make the plain hackle or palmer, which are terms of the same import, the method of doing it is as follows, viz.

Hold your hook in a horizontal position, with the shank downwards, and the bent of it between the fore-finger and thumb of your left hand; and, having a fine bristle, and other materials, lying by you, take half a yard of fine red marking silk, well waxed, and with your right hand give it four or five turns about the shank of the hook, inclining the turns to the right hand: when you are near the end of the shank, turn it into such a loop as you are hereafter directed to make for fastening off, and draw it tight, leaving the ends of the silk to hang down at each end of the hook. Having singed the end of your bristle, lay the same along on the inside of the shank of the hook, as low as the bent, and whip four or five times round; then singeing the other end of the bristle to a fit length, turn it over to the back of the shank, and, pinching it into a proper form, whip down and fasten off, as before directed; which will bring both ends of the silk into the bent. After you have waxed your silk again, take three or four strands of an ostrich feather; and holding them and the bent of the hook as at first directed, the feathers to your left hand, and the roots in the bent of your hook, with that end of the silk which you just now waxed, whip them three or four times round, and fasten off: then turning the feathers to the right, and twisting them and the silk with your fore-finger and thumb, wind them round the shank of the hook, still supplying the short strands with new ones, as they fail, till you come to the end and fasten off. When you have so done, clip off the ends of the feathers, and trim the body of the palmer small at the extremities, and full in the middle, and wax both ends of your silk, which are now divided, and lie at either end of the hook.

Lay your work by you; and taking a strong bold hackle with fibres about half an inch long, straighten the stem very carefully, and, holding the small end between the fore-finger and thumb of your left hand, with those of the right stroke the fibres the contrary way to that which they naturally lie; and taking the hook, and holding it as before, lay the point of the hackle into the bent of the hook, with the hollow (which is the palest) side upwards, and whip it very fast to its place: in doing whereof, be careful not to tie in many of the fibres; or if you should chance to do so, pick them out with the point of a very large needle.

When the hackle is thus made fast, the utmost care and nicety is necessary in winding it on; for if you fail in this, your fly is spoiled, and you must begin all again; to prevent which, keeping the hollow or pale side to your left hand, and, as much as possible, the side of the stem down on the dubbing, wind the hackle twice round; and holding fast what you have so wound, pick out the loose fibres which you may have taken in, and make another turn; then lay hold of the hackle with the third and fourth fingers of your left hand, with which you may extend it while you disengage the loose fibres as before.

In this manner proceed till you come to within an eighth of an inch of the end of the shank, where you will find an end of silk hanging; and by which time you will find the fibres at the great end of the hackle something discomposed; clip these off close to the stem, and with the end of your middle finger press the stem close to the hook, while, with the fore-finger of your right hand, you turn the silk into a loop; which, when you have twice put over the end of the shank of the hook, loop and all, your work is safe.

Then wax that end of the silk which you now used, and turn it over as

1. We have, besides, for this month a little Dun, called a WHIRLING DUN,[1] (though it is not the Whirling Dun, indeed, which is one of the best flies we have;) and for this, the dubbing must be of the bottom fur of a squirrel's tail; and the wing of the grey feather of a drake.

2. Also a BRIGHT BROWN; the dubbing either of the brown of a spaniel, or that of a red cow's flank, with a grey wing.

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before, till you have taken up nearly all that remained of the hook, observing to lay the turns neatly side by side; and, lastly, clip off the ends of the silk. Thus you will have made a bait that will catch Trout of the largest size, in any water in England.

It is true, the method above described will require some variation in the case of gold-and-silver-twist palmers; in the making whereof, the management of the twist is to be considered as another operation; but this variation will suggest itself to every reader, as will also the method of making those flies, contained in the notes, that have hackle under the wings; which else we should have added to Cotton's directions for making a fly, which he gives *Viator* in the fishing-house. See Chap V.

(1) *Great Whirling Dun.* Dub with fox-cub's or squirrel's fur, well mixed with about a sixth part of the finest hog's wool; warp with pale-orange wings, very large, taken from the quill-feather of a ruddy hen; the head to be fastened with ash-colour silk; a red cock's hackle, at full length, may be wrapped under the wings, and a turn or two lower towards the tail.

This is a killing fly, and is to be seen rising out of the hedges in most Trout rivers, late in the evening, seldom before sun-set, and continues on the water till midnight, or after. It is found in most of the warm months; but kills chiefly in a blustering warm evening, from the middle of May to the end of July.

The directions of Mr. Cotton for making flies are to be considered as the very basis and foundation of that art, no author before him having ever treated the subject so copiously and accurately as he has done: what improvements have been made since his time, have been handed about in manuscript lists, but have hardly ever been communicated to the public.

A reverend, worthy, and ingenious friend of mine, a lover of angling, who has practised that and the art of fly-making these thirty years, and is the gentleman mentioned in the note p. 208, has generously communicated to me the result of his many years experience, in a list of a great number of flies not mentioned by Cotton, with some variations in the manner of making those described in the text. And as to these deviations, it is hoped they will be considered as improvements; since I am authorized to say, that the above gentleman has, in the making of flies, made it a constant rule to follow nature.

Part of this list is, for very obvious reasons, wrought into the form of notes on that of Mr. Cotton; and the rest, with another very valuable Catalogue, composed by a North-country Angler, and communicated to me by the same gentleman, make Nos. II. and III. of the *Appendix* to this Volume.

The reader will there also find No. IV a *List of Flies* formerly published in the *Angler's Vade Mecum*, so often referred to in the course of this work: and though the flies therein contained are said to be, chiefly, of use in stony, I have tried some of them, especially the duns, in other rivers, and found them to be excellent.

3. Also a WHITISH DUN; made of the roots of camel's hair; and the wings, of the grey feather of a mallard.

4. There is also for this month a fly called the THORN-TREE FLY; the dubbing an absolute black, mixt with eight or ten hairs of Isabella-coloured[1] mohair; the body as little as can be made, and the wings of a bright mallard's feather. An admirable fly, and in great repute amongst us for a killer.

5. There is, besides this, another BLUE DUN;[2] the dubbing of which it is made, being thus to be got. Take a small tooth-comb, and with it comb the neck of a black greyhound, and the down that sticks in the teeth will be the finest blue that ever you saw. The wings of this fly can hardly be too white; and he is taken about the tenth of this month, and lasteth till the four and twentieth.

6. From the tenth of this month also, till towards the end, is taken a little BLACK GNAT. The dubbing, either of the fur of a black water-dog, or the down of a young black water-coot; the wings, of the male of a mallard as white as may be; the body as little as you can possibly make it, and the wings as short as his body.

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(1) *Isabella*, Spezie di colore che partecipa del bianco e del giallo. Altieri's *Dictionary*. A kind of whitish yellow, or, as some say, buff-colour a little soiled.

How it came by this name will appear from the following anecdote, for which I am obliged to a very ingenious and learned lady. The Archduke Albertus, who had married the Infanta Isabella, daughter of Philip the Second, king of Spain, with whom he had the Low Countries in dowry, in the year 1602, having determined to lay siege to Ostend, then in possession of the heretics, his pious princess, who attended him in that expedition, made a vow, that till it was taken she would never change her clothes. Contrary to expectation, as the story says, it was three years before the place was reduced; in which time her Highness's linen had acquired the above-mentioned hue.

(2) *Blue*, or *Violet Dun*. Dub with the roots of a fox-cub's tail, and a very little blue-violet worsted; warp with pale yellow silk; wing, of the pale part of a starling's feather. This fly is taken from eight to eleven, and from one to three.

This fly, which is also called the Ash-coloured Dun, and Blue Dun, is produced from a cadis; it is so very small, that the hook, known at the shops by the size No. 9, is full big enough for it, if not too big. The shape of the fly is exactly the same with that of the Green-Drake. So early in the year as February, they will drop on the water before eight in the morning; and Trouts of the largest size, as well as small ones, will rise at them very eagerly.

7. From the sixteenth of this month also, to the end of it, we use a BRIGHT BROWN; the dubbing for which is to be had out of a skinner's lime-pits, and of the hair of an abortive calf, which the lime will turn to be so bright, as to shine light gold; for the wings of this fly, the feather of a brown hen is best. Which fly, is also taken till the tenth of *April*.

APRIL.

All the same hackles and flies that were taken in *March* will be taken in this month also, with this distinction only concerning the flies, that all the browns be lapt with red silk, and the duns with yellow.

1. To these a SMALL BRIGHT BROWN, made of spaniel's fur, with a light-grey wing, in a bright day, and a clear water, is very well taken.

2. We have, too, a little[1] DARK BROWN; the dubbing of that colour, and some violet camlet mixt; and the wing of a grey feather of a mallard.

3. From the sixth of this month to the tenth we have also a fly called the VIOLET-FLY; made of a dark violet stuff; with the wings, of the grey feather of a mallard.

4. About the twelfth of this month comes in the fly called the WHIRLING-DUN,[2] which is taken every day,

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(1) *Dark Brown.* Dub with the hair of a dark-brown spaniel, or calf, that looks ruddy by being exposed to wind and weather; warp with yellow; wing, dark starling's feather. Taken from eight to eleven. This is a good fly, and to be seen in most rivers; but so variable in its hue, as the season advances, that it requires the closest attention to the natural fly to adapt the materials for making it artificially, which is also the case with the Violet or Ash-coloured Dun. When this fly first appears, it is nearly of a chocolate colour, from which, by the middle of May, it has been observed to deviate to almost a lemon colour. Northern anglers call it, by way of eminence, the Dark Brown; others call it the Four-winged Brown: it has four wings, lying flat on its back, something longer than the body, which is longish, but not taper. This fly must be made on a smallish hook, viz. No. 8, or 9.

(2) *Little Whirling-Dun.* The body fox-cub, and a little light ruddy-brown mixed: warp with grey or ruddy silk; a red hackle under the wing; wing of a land-rail, or ruddy-brown chicken, which is better. This is a killing-fly in a blustering day, as the great whirling-dun is in the evening and late at night.

about the mid-time of day, all this month through, and, by fits from thence to the end of June; and is commonly made of the down of the fox-cub, which is of an ash colour at the roots next the skin, and ribbed about with yellow silk; the wings, of the pale grey feather of a mallard.

5. There is also a YELLOW DUN,[1] the dubbing of camel's hair, and yellow camlet or wool, mixt, and a white grey wing.

6. There is also this month another LITTLE BROWN, besides that mentioned before, made with a very slender body; the dubbing of dark brown and violet camlet, mixt, and a grey wing; which, though the direction for the making be near the other, is yet another fly, and will take when the other will not, especially in a bright day and a clear water.

7. About the twentieth of this month comes in a fly called the HORSE-FLESH-FLY; the dubbing of which is a blue mohair, with pink-coloured and red tammy mixt, a light coloured wing, and a dark brown head. This fly is taken best in an evening, and kills from two hours before sun-set till twilight, and is taken the month through.

MAY.

And now, Sir, that we are entering into the month of May, I think it requisite to beg not only your attention, but also your best patience, for I must now be a little tedious with you, and dwell upon this month longer than ordinary; which that you may the better endure, I must tell you, this month deserves and requires to be insisted on, forasmuch as it alone, and the next following, afford

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(1) *Yellow Dun.* Dub with a small quantity of pale yellow crewel, mixed with fox-cub down from the tail, and warp with yellow; wing of a palish starling's feather. Taken from eight to eleven, and from two to four. See more of the Yellow Dun in the Appendix, No. IV.

more pleasure to the fly-angler than all the rest: and here it is that you are to expect an account of the Green-drake and Stone-fly, promised you so long ago, and some others that are peculiar to this month and part of the month following, and that (though not so great either in bulk or name) do yet stand in competition with the two before-named, and so that it is yet undecided amongst the anglers to which of the pretenders to the title of the May-fly it does properly and duly belong. Neither dare I, (where so many of the learned in this art of angling are got in dispute about the controversy,) take upon me to determine; but I think I ought to have a vote amongst them, and according to that privilege shall give you my free opinion, and peradventure, when I have told you all, you may incline to think me in the right.

Viat. I have so great a deference to your judgment in these matters, that I must always be of your opinion; and the more you speak, the faster I grow to my attention, for I can never be weary of hearing you upon this subject.

Pisc. Why that's encouragement enough; and now prepare yourself for a tedious lecture; but I will first begin with the flies of less esteem, (though almost any thing will take a Trout in May, that I may afterwards insist the longer upon those of greater note and reputation. Know, therefore, that the first fly we take notice of in this month, is called

1. The Turkey-Fly; the dubbing ravelled out of some blue stuff, and lapt about with yellow silk, the wings of a grey-mallard's feather.

2. Next, a Great Hackle, or Palmer-Fly; with a yellow body, ribbed with gold-twist, and large wings of a mallard's feather dyed yellow, with a red capon's hackle over all.

3. Then a BLACK FLY; the dubbing of a black spaniel's fur, and the wings, of a grey mallard's feather.

4. After that, a LIGHT BROWN, with a slender body, the dubbing twirled upon small red silk, and raised with the point of a needle, that the ribs or rows of silk may appear through the wings of the grey feather of a mallard.

5. Next a LITTLE DUN; the dubbing of a bear's dun whirled upon yellow silk, the wings of the grey feather of a mallard.

6. Then a WHITE GNAT, with a pale wing, and a black head.

7. There is also in this month a fly called the PEACOCK-FLY, the body made of a whirl of a peacock's feather, with a red head, and wings of a mallard's feather.

8. We have then another very killing fly, known by the name of the DUN-CUT;[1] the dubbing of which is a bear's dun, with a little blue and yellow mixt with it, a large dun wing, and two horns at the head, made of the hairs of a squirrel's tail.

9. The next is a COW-LADY, a little fly, the body of a peacock's feather, the wing of a red feather, or strips of the red hackle of a cock.

10. We have then the COW-DUNG-FLY; the dubbing light brown and yellow mixt; the wing, the dark grey feather of a mallard. And note, that besides these above-mentioned, all the same hackles and flies, the hackles only brighter, and the flies smaller, that are taken in *April*, will also be taken this month, as all Browns and Duns: and now I come to my *Stone-fly* and *Green-drake*, which are the matadores for Trout and Grayling, and in their

(1) *Dun-Cut.* Dub with bear's-cub fur, and a little yellow and green crewel, warp with yellow or green: wing, of a land-rail. Towards the evening of a showery day this is a great killer.

season kill more fish in our Derbyshire rivers, than all the rest, past and to come, in the whole year besides.

But first I am to tell you, that we have four several flies which contend for the title of the *May-fly*, namely, the GREEN-DRAKE; the STONE-FLY; the BLACK-FLY; and the LITTLE YELLOW MAY-FLY.

And all these have their champions and advocates to dispute and plead their priority; though I do not understand why the two last-named should; the first two having so manifestly the advantage, both in their beauty and the wonderful execution they do in their season.

11. Of these the GREEN-DRAKE comes in about the twentieth of this month, or betwixt that and the latter end, (for they are sometimes sooner, and sometimes later, according to the quality of the year,) but never well taken till towards the end of this month, and the beginning of June. The STONE-FLY comes much sooner, so early as the middle of April, but is never well taken till towards the middle of May, and continues to kill much longer than the Green-drake stays with us, so long as to the end almost of June; and, indeed, so long as there are any of them to be seen upon the water; and sometimes in an artificial fly, and late at night, or before sunrise in a morning, longer.

Now both these flies, and I believe many others, though I think not all, are certainly and demonstratively bred in the very rivers where they are taken; our cadis or cod-bait, which lie under stones at the bottom of the water, most of them turning into those two flies, and being gathered in the husk, or crust, near the time of their maturity, are very easily known and distinguished, and are of all other the most remarkable, both for their size, as being of all other the biggest, (the shortest of them being a full inch long or more,) and for the execution they do, the Trout and Grayling, being much more greedy

of them than of any others; and indeed the Trout never feeds fat, nor comes into his perfect season, till these flies come in.

Of these the GREEN-DRAKE never discloses from his husk, till he be first there grown to full maturity, body, wings, and all; and then he creeps out of his cell, but with his wings so crimpt and ruffled, by being prest together in that narrow room, that they are for some hours totally useless to him; by which means he is compelled either to creep upon the flags, sedges, and blades of grass, (if his first rising from the bottom of the water be near the banks of the river) till the air and sun stiffen and smooth them: or if his first appearance above water happen to be in the middle, he then lies upon the surface of the water, like a ship at hull, (for his feet are totally useless to him there, and he cannot creep upon the water as the Stone-fly can,) until his wings have got stiffness to fly with, if by some Trout or Grayling he be not taken in the interim, (which ten to one he is,) and then his wings stand high, and clos'd exact upon his back, like the butterfly, and his motion in flying is the same. His body is in some, of a paler, in others of a darker yellow, (for they are not all exactly of a colour) ribb'd with rows of green, long, slender, and growing sharp towards the tail, at the end of which he has three long small whisks of a very dark colour, almost black, and his tail turns up towards his back like a mallard, from whence, questionless, he has his name of the Green-drake. These (as I think I told you before) we commonly dape, or dibble with; and having gather'd great store of them into a long draw box, with holes in the cover to give them air, (where also they will continue fresh and vigorous a night or more) we take them out thence by the wings, and bait them thus upon the hook. We first take one, (for we commonly fish with two of them at a time,) and putting the point of the hook into the thickest

part of his body, under one of his wings, run it directly through, and out at the other side, leaving him spitted cross upon the hook; and then taking the other, put him on after the same manner, but with his head the contrary way; in which posture they will live upon the hook, and play with their wings, for a quarter of an hour or more: but you must have a care to keep their wings dry, both from the water, and also that your fingers be not wet when you take them out to bait them, for then your bait is spoil'd.

Having now told you how to angle with this fly alive, I am now to tell you next how to make an artificial fly, that will so perfectly resemble him, as to be taken in a rough windy day, when no flies can lie upon the water, nor are to be found about the banks and sides of the river, to a wonder; and with which you shall certainly kill the best Trout and Grayling in the river.

The artificial Green-drake[1] then is made upon a large hook, the dubbing camel's hair, bright bear's hair, the soft down that is combed from a hog's bristles, and yellow camlet, well mixt together; the body long, and ribbed about with green silk, or rather yellow, waxed with green wax, the whisks of the tail of the long hairs of sables, or fitchet, and the wings of the white-grey feather of a mallard, dyed yellow, which also is to be dyed thus:

Take the root of a barbary tree, and shave it, and put to it woody viss, with as much alum as a walnut, and boil your feathers in it with rain water; and they will be of a very fine yellow.

I have now done with the Green-drake, excepting to tell you, that he is taken at all hours, during his season,

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(1) *Green-drake*, or *May-fly*. The body of seal's fur, or yellow mohair, a little cub-fox down, and hog's wool, or light brown from a Turkey-carpet, mixed; warp with pale yellow, or red cock's hackle, under the wings; wings of a mallard's feather, dyed yellow; three whisks in his tail from a sable muff. Taken all day, but chiefly from two to four in the afternoon.

whilst there is any day upon the sky; and with a made-fly I once took, ten days after he was absolutely gone, in a cloudy day, after a shower, and in a whistling wind, five and thirty very great Trouts and Graylings, betwixt five and eight of the clock in the evening, and had no less than five or six flies, with three good hairs apiece, taken from me in despite of my heart, besides.

12. I should now come next to the Stone-fly, but there is another gentleman in my way, that must of necessity come in between, and that is the GREY-DRAKE, which in all shapes and dimensions is perfectly the same with the other, but almost quite of another colour, being of a paler, and more livid yellow, and green, and ribb'd with black quite down his body, with black shining wings, and so diaphanous and tender, cobweb-like, that they are of no manner of use for daping; but come in, and are taken after the Green-drake, and in an artificial fly kill very well, which fly is thus made:[1] the dubbing of the down of a hog's bristles and black spaniel's fur mixed, and ribb'd down the body with black silk, the whisks of the hairs of the beard of a black cat, and the wings of the black grey feather of a mallard.

And now I come to the STONE-FLY; but am afraid I have already wearied your patience; which if I have, I beseech you freely tell me so, and I will defer the remaining instructions for fly-angling till some other time.

Viat. No, truly, Sir, I can never be weary of hearing you. But if you think fit, because I am afraid I am too troublesome, to refresh yourself with a glass and a pipe, you may afterwards proceed, and I shall be exceedingly pleased to hear you.

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(1) *Grey Drake.* The body of an absolute white ostrich feather; the end of the body towards the tail of peacock's herl; warping of an ash-colour, with silver twist and black hackle; wing of a dark grey feather of a mallard. A very killing fly, especially towards the evening, when the fish are glutted with the Green-drake.

Pisc. I thank you, Sir, for that motion; for, believe me, I am dry with talking: here, boy! give us here a bottle and a glass; and, Sir, my service to you, and to all our friends in the South.

Viat. Your servant, Sir; and I'll pledge you as heartily; for the good powdered-beef I eat at dinner, or something else, has made me thirsty.

CHAP. VIII.

FISHING AT THE TOP *continued. Flies for the* end of May, *and for the* following Months *till* December; *containing, under* May, *Instructions when to dape with the Stone-fly.*

Viator. So, Sir, I am now ready for another lesson, so soon as you please to give it me.

Pisc. And I, Sir, as ready to give you the best I can. Having told you the time of the Stone-fly's coming in, and that he is bred of a cadis in the very river where he is taken,[1] I am next to tell you, that

13. This same STONE-FLY has not the patience to continue in his crust, or husk, till his wings be full grown; but so soon as ever they begin to put out, that he feels himself strong, (at which time we call him a Jack) squeezes himself out of prison, and crawls to the top of some stone, where if he can find a chink that will receive him, or can creep betwixt two stones, the one lying hollow upon the other, (which, by the way, we also lay so purposely to find them) he there lurks till his wings be full grown; and there is your only place to find him; (and from thence doubtless he derives his name;) though, for

(1) Chap. VII. Num. 11.

want of such convenience, he will make shift with the hollow of a bank, or any other place where the wind cannot come to fetch him off. His body is long, and pretty thick, and as broad at the tail, almost, as in the middle: his colour a very fine brown, ribbed with yellow, and much yellower on the belly than the back: he has two or three whisks also at the tag of his tail, and two little horns upon his head: his wings, when full grown, are double, and flat down his back, of the same colour, but rather darker than his body, and longer than it, though he makes but little use of them; for you shall rarely see him flying, though often swimming and paddling with several feet he has under his belly, upon the water, without stirring a wing. But the Drake will mount steeple-height into the air; though he is to be found upon flags and grass too, and indeed every where, high and low, near the river; there being so many of them in their season as, were they not a very inoffensive insect, would look like a plague: and these drakes (since I forgot to tell you before, I will tell you here) are taken by the fish to that incredible degree, that upon a calm day you shall see the still deeps, continually, all over circles by the fishes rising, who will gorge themselves with those flies, till they purge again out of their gills:[1] and the Trouts are at that time so lusty and strong, that one of eight or ten inches long will then more struggle and tug, and more endanger your tackle, than one twice as big in winter. But pardon this digression.

This Stone-fly then we dape or dibble with as with the Drake, but with this difference, that whereas the Green-Drake is common both to stream and still, and to all hours of the day, we seldom dape with this but in the streams,

(1) I have caught a Trout so full of them, that, in taking him off the hook, I have prest out of his throat a lump of them as big as a walnut.

(for in a whistling wind, a made-fly, in the deep, is better,) and rarely, but early and late, it not being so proper for the mid-time of the day; though a great Grayling will then take it very well in a sharp stream, and here and there, a Trout too, but much better toward eight, nine, ten, or eleven of the clock at night, at which time also the best fish rise, and the later the better, provided you can see your fly; and when you cannot, a made-fly will murder, which is to be made thus: the dubbing, of bear's dun with a little brown and yellow camlet very well mixt, but so placed that your fly may be more yellow on the belly and towards the tail, underneath, than in any other part; and you are to place two or three hairs of a black cat's beard on the top of the hook, in your arming, so as to be turned up when you warp on your dubbing, and to stand almost upright, and staring one from another; and note, that your fly is to be ribbed with yellow silk; and the wings long, and very large, of the dark grey feather of a mallard.

14. The next May-fly is the BLACK-FLY; made with a black body, of the whirl of an ostrich-feather, ribbed with silver-twist, and the black hackle of a cock over all; and is a killing fly, but not to be named with either of the other.

15. The last May-fly (that is of the four pretenders,[1]) is the LITTLE YELLOW MAY-FLY; in shape exactly the same with the Green-Drake, but a very little one, and of as bright a yellow as can be seen: which is made of a bright yellow camlet, and the wings of a white-grey feather died yellow.

16. The last fly for this month, (and which continues all *June*, though it comes in the middle of *May*,) is the fly called the CAMLET-FLY, in shape like a moth, with fine diapered or water wings, and with which (as I told

(1) See p. 323.

you before) I sometimes used to dibble; and Grayling will rise mightily at it. But the artificial fly (which is only in use amongst our anglers) is made of a dark-brown shining camlet, ribbed over with a very small light green silk; the wings, of the double-grey feather of a mallard; and 'tis a killing fly for small fish. And so much for *May*.

JUNE.

From the first to the four-and-twentieth, the Green-drake and Stone-fly are taken as I told you before.

1. From the twelfth to the four-and-twentieth, late at night, is taken a fly called the Owl-fly:[1] the dubbing of a white weasel's tail; and a white-grey wing.

2. We have then another dun, called the Barm-Fly, from its yeasty colour. The dubbing of the fur of a yellow dun cat, and a grey wing of a mallard's feather.

3. We have also a Hackle with a purple body, whipt about with a red capon's feather.

4. As also a Gold-Twist Hackle with a purple body, whipt about wit ha red capon's feather.

5. To these we have, this month, a Flesh-Fly. The dubbing of a black spaniel's fur and blue wool mixed, and a grey wing.

6. Also another little Flesh-Fly, the body made of the whirl of a peacock's feather, and the wings of the grey feather of a drake.

7. We have, then, the Peacock-Fly, the body and wing both made of the feather of that bird.

8. There is also the flying-ant, or Ant-Fly, the dubbing of brown and red camlet mixt, with a light-grey wing.

9. We have likewise a Brown Gnat, with a very slen-

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(1) *White Miller*, or *Owl-Fly*. The body of white ostrich herl, white hackle, and silver-twist, if you please; wing of the white feather of a tame duck. Taken from sun-set till ten at night, and from two to four in the morning.

der body of brown and violet camlet well mixt, and a light grey wing.

10. And another little BLACK GNAT,[1] the dubbing of black mohair, and a white grey wing.

11. As also a GREEN GRASSHOPPER, the dubbing of green and yellow wool mixt, ribbed over with green silk, and a red capon's feather over all.

12. And, lastly, a little DUN GRASSHOPPER, the body slender, made of a dun camlet and a dun hackle at the top.

JULY.

First, all the small flies that were taken in *June* are also taken in this month.

1. We have then the ORANGE-FLY,[2] the dubbing of orange wool, and the wing of a black feather.

2. Also a little WHITE DUN, the body made of white mohair, and the wings, blue, of a heron's feather.

3. We have likewise this month a WASP-FLY, made either of a dark brown dubbing, or else the fur of a black cat's tail, ribbed about with yellow silk, and the wing of the grey feather of a mallard.

4. Another fly taken this month is a BLACK HACKLE, the body made of the whirl of a peacock's feather, and a black hackle-feather on the top.

5. We have also another, made of a peacock's whirl without wings.

6. Another fly also is taken this month, called the SHELL-FLY, the dubbing of yellow-green Jersey wool, and a little white hog's hair mixt, which I call the palm-fly, and

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(1) *Black Gnat.* The body extremely small, of black mohair, spaniel's fur, or ostrich feather; wing, of the lightest part of a starling or mallard's feather. A very killing fly in an evening, after a shower, in rapid rivers; as in Derbyshire or Wales.

(2) *Orange-Fly.* The body of raw orange silk, with a red or black hackle; gold twist may be added; warp with orange. Taken when the May-fly is almost over, and also to the end of June, especially in hot gloomy weather.

do believe it is taken for a palm, that drops off the willows into the water; for this fly I have seen Trouts take little pieces of moss, as they have swam down the river; by which I conclude that the best way to hit the right colour is to compare your dubbing with the moss, and mix the colours as near as you can.

7. There is also taken, this month, a BLACK BLUE DUN, the dubbing of the fur of a black rabbit mixt with a little yellow, the wings of the feather of a blue pigeon's wing.

AUGUST.

The same flies with *July*.

1. Then another ANT-FLY, the dubbing of the black brown hair of a cow, some red warpt in for the tag of his tail, and a dark wing. A killing Fly.

2. Next, a fly called the FERN-FLY, the dubbing of the fur of a hare's neck, that is of the colour of fern or bracken, with a darkish grey wing of a mallard's feather. A killer too.

3. Besides these we have a WHITE HACKLE, the body of white mohair, and warped about with a white hackle-feather; and this is, assuredly, taken for thistle-down.

4. We have also, this month, a HARRY-LONG-LEGS;[1] the body made of bear's dun and blue wool mixt, and a brown hackle feather over all.

Lastly, in this month, all the same browns and duns are taken that were taken in *May*.

SEPTEMBER.

This month the same flies are taken that are taken in *April*.

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(1) *Harry-Long-Legs*. Made of lightish bear's hair, and a dunnish hackle; add a few hairs of light-blue mohair, and a little fox-cub down; warp with light-grey or pale blue silk; the head large. Taken chiefly in a cloudy windy day. I have formerly, in the rivers near London, had great success, fishing with a long line, and the head of this insect only.

1. To which I shall only add a CAMEL-BROWN fly, the dubbing pulled out of the lime of a wall, whipt about with red silk; and a darkish grey mallard's feather for the wing.

2. And one other for which we have no name; but it is made of the black hair of a badger's skin, mixt with the yellow softest down of a sanded hog.

OCTOBER.

The same flies are taken this month that were taken in *March*.

NOVEMBER.

The same flies that were taken in *February* are taken this month also.

DECEMBER.

Few men angle with the fly this month, no more than they do in *January*: but yet, if the weather be warm (as I have known it sometimes in my life to be, even in this cold country, where it is least expected) then a brown, that looks red in the hand, and yellowish betwixt your eye and the sun, will both raise and kill in a clear water and free from snow-broth: but, at the best, it is hardly worth a man's labour.[1]

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(1) Some, in making a fly, work it upon and fasten in immediately to the hook-link, whether it be of gut, grass, or hair; others whip, on the shank of the hook, a stiff hog's bristle bent into a loop: and concerning these methods there are different opinions.

I confess the latter, except for small flies, seems to me the more eligible way: and it has this advantage, that it enables you to keep your flies in excellent order; to do which, string them, each species separately, through the loops, upon a fine piece of cat-gut, of about seven inches long; and string also thereon, through a large pin-hole, a very small ticket of parchment, with the name of the fly written on it: tie the cat-gut into a ring; and lay them in round flat boxes, with paper between each ring. And when you use them, having a neat loop at the lower end of your hook-link, you may put them on and take them off at pleasure.

In the other way, you are troubled with a great length of hook-link, which, if you put even but few flies together, is sure to tangle, and occasion great trouble and loss of time. And as to an objection which some make to a loop, that the fish see it, and therefore will not take the fly, you may be assured there is nothing in it.

And now, Sir, I have done with Fly-fishing, or Angling at the top, excepting, once more, to tell you, that of all these (and I have named you a great many very killing flies) none are fit to be compared with the Drake and Stone-fly, both for many and very great fish; and yet there are some days that are by no means proper for the sport. And in a calm you shall not have near so much sport, even with daping, as in a whistling gale of wind, for two reasons, both because you are not then so easily discovered by the fish, and also because there are then but few flies that can lie upon the water; for where they have so much choice, you may easily imagine they will not be so eager and forward to rise at a bait, that both the shadow of your body, and that of your rod, nay of your very line, in a hot calm day, will, in spite of your best caution, render suspected to them: but even then, in swift streams, or by sitting down patiently behind a willow bush, you shall do more execution than at almost any other time of the year with any other fly: though one may sometimes hit of a day when we shall come home very well satisfied with sport with several other flies. But with these two, the Green-Drake and the Stone-fly, I do verily believe, I could, some days in my life, had I not been weary of slaughter, have loaden a lusty boy; and have sometimes, I do honestly assure you, given over upon the mere account of satiety of sport; which will be no hard matter to believe, when I likewise assure you, that with this very fly, I have, in this very river that runs by us, in three or four hours, taken thirty, five-and-thirty, and forty of the best Trouts in the river. What shame and pity is it then, that such a river should be destroyed by the basest sort of people, by those unlawful ways of fire and netting in the night, and of damming, groping, spearing, hanging, and hooking by day; which are now grown so common, that though we have very good laws

to punish such offenders, every rascal does it, for aught I see *impune*.

To conclude, I cannot now, in honesty, but frankly tell you, that many of these flies I have named, at least so made as we make them here, will peradventure do you no great service in your southern rivers;[1] and will not conceal from you, but that I have sent flies to several friends in London, that, for aught I could ever hear, never did any great feats with them; and therefore if you intend to profit by my instructions, you must come to angle with me here in the Peak: and so, if you please, let us walk up to supper; and to-morrow, if the day be windy, as our days here commonly are, 'tis ten to one but we shall take a good dish of fish for dinner.

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(1) The reader may rest assured, that with some or other of these flies, especially with the *palmers* or *hackles*, the *great dun*, *dark brown*, *early* (and *late*) *bright brown*, the *black-gnat*, *yellow-dun*, *great whirling-dun*, *dun-cut*, *green* and *grey-drake*, *camlet fly*, *cow-dung fly*, *little ant-fly*, *badger-fly*, and *fern fly*, he shall catch Trout, Grayling, Chub, and Dace, in any water in England or Wales; always remembering that in a strange water he first tries the *plain*, *gold*, *silver*, and *peacock hackle*. Of the truth of this he need not doubt, when he is told, that, in the year 1754, a gentleman who went into Wales, to fish with the flies last above mentioned, made as above is directed, did, in about six weeks time, kill near a thousand brace of Trout and Grayling, as appeared to him by an account in writing, which he kept of each day's success. In confirmation whereof, and as a proof how the rivers in Wales abound with fish, the reader will find in the Appendix, No. V. a like account, kept by another person, of fish, to an astonishing amount, caught by him, in a series of years, in some of the Welch rivers; which account was sent by him to Mr. Bartholomew Lowe, fishing-tackle maker, in Drury-lane, 24th Feb. 1766, and is inserted in his own words.

CHAP. IX.

Fly-fishing in windy weather, best in the still Deeps.

Piscator. A GOOD day to you, Sir; I see you will always be stirring before me.

Viat. Why, to tell you the truth, I am so allured with the sport I had yesterday, that I long to be at the river again; and when I heard the wind sing in my chamber-window, could forbear no longer, but leap out of bed, and had just made an end of dressing myself as you came in.

Pisc. Well, I am both glad you are so ready for the day, and that the day is so fit for you. And look you, I have made you three or four flies this morning; this silver-twist hackle, this bear's dun, this light brown, and this dark brown, any of which I dare say will do; but you may try them all, and see which does best: only I must ask your pardon that I cannot wait upon you this morning, a little business being fallen out, that for two or three hours will deprive me of your company; but I'll come call you home to dinner, and my man shall attend you.

Viat. Oh, Sir, mind your affairs by all means. Do but lend me a little of your skill to these fine flies, and, unless it have forsaken me since yesterday, I shall find luck of my own, I hope, to do something.

Pisc. The best instruction I can give you, is, that seeing the wind curls the water, and blows the right way, you would now angle up the still deep to-day; for betwixt the rocks where the streams are, you would find it now too brisk; and besides, I would have you take fish in both waters.

Viat. I'll obey your direction, and so a good morning to you. Come, young man, let you and I walk together. But hark you, Sir, I have not done with you yet; I expect another lesson for angling at the bottom, in the afternoon.

Pisc. Well, Sir, I'll be ready for you.

FLY FISHING.

CHAP. X.

Directions how to dress a Trout and Grayling.

Piscator. Oh, Sir, are you return'd? you have but just prevented me. I was coming to call you.

Viat. I am glad then I have sav'd you the labour.

Pisc. And how have you sped?

Viat. You shall see that, Sir, presently; look you, Sir, here are three brace* of Trouts, one of them the biggest but one that ever I killed with a fly in my life; and yet I lost a bigger than that, with my fly to boot; and here are three Graylings, and one of them longer by some inches than that I took yesterday, and yet I thought that a good one too.

* *Spoke like a South Countryman.*

Pisc. Why you have made a pretty good morning's work on't; and now, Sir, what think you of our river Dove?

Viat. I think it to be the best Trout-river in England; and am so far in love with it, that if it were mine, and that I could keep it to myself, I would not exchange that water for all the land it runs over, to be totally debarred from't.

Pisc. That compliment to the river, speaks you a true lover of the art of angling. And now, Sir, to make part of amends for sending you so uncivilly out alone this morning, I will myself dress you this dish of fish for your dinner: walk but into the parlour, you will find one book or other, in the window, to entertain you the while: and you shall have it presently.

Viat. Well, Sir, I obey you.

Pisc. Look you, Sir, have I not made haste?

Viat. Believe me, Sir, that you have; and it looks so well, I long to be at it.

Pisc. Fall to then: now, Sir, what say you, am I a tolerable cook or no?

Viat. So good a one, that I did never eat so good fish in my life. This fish is infinitely better than any I ever tasted of the kind in my life. 'Tis quite another thing than our Trouts about London.

Pisc. You would say so, if that Trout you eat of were in right season: but pray eat of the Grayling, which, upon my word, at this time, is by much the better fish.

Viat. In earnest, and so it is And I have one request to make to you, which is, that as you have taught me to catch Trout and Grayling, you will now teach me how to dress them as these are drest, which, questionless, is of all other the best way.

Pisc. That I will, Sir, with all my heart; and am glad you like them so well as to make that request. And they are drest thus:

Take your Trout, wash, and dry him with a clean napkin; then open him, and having taken out his guts, and all the blood, wipe him very clean within, but wash him not; and give him three scotches with a knife to the bone, on one side only. After which take a clean kettle, and put in as much hard stale beer, (but it must not be dead,) vinegar, and a little white wine, and water, as will cover the fish you intend to boil: then throw into the liquor a good quantity of salt, the rind of a lemon, a handful of sliced horse-radish root, with a handsome little fagot of rosemary, thyme, and winter-savory. Then set your kettle upon a quick fire of wood: and let your liquor boil up to the height before you put in your fish: and then, if there be many, put them in one by one, that they may not so cool the liquor as to make it fall. And whilst your fish is boiling, beat up the butter for your sauce with a ladle-full or two of the liquor it is boiling in. And being boiled enough, immediately pour the liquor from the fish: and being laid in a dish, pour your butter upon it; and strewing it plentifully over with shaved horse-radish, and

a little pounded ginger, garnish your sides of your dish, and the fish itself, with a sliced lemon or two, and serve it up.

A Grayling is also to be drest exactly after the same manner, saving that he is to be scaled, which a Trout never is: and that must be done either with one's nails, or very lightly and carefully with a knife, for fear of bruising the fish. And note, that these kinds of fish, a Trout especially, if he is not eaten within four or five hours after he be taken, is worth nothing.

But come, Sir, I see you have din'd; and therefore, if you please, we will walk down again to the little House, and there I will read you a lecture of Angling at the bottom.

CHAP. XI.

Of Angling at the Bottom *for Trout or Grayling.*

Viator. So, Sir, now we are here, and set, let me have my instructions for angling for Trout and Grayling at the bottom; which though not so easy, so cleanly, nor (as 'tis said) so genteel a way of fishing as with a fly, is yet, if I mistake not, a good holding way, and takes fish when nothing else will.

Pisc. You are in the right, it does so: and a worm is so sure a bait at all times, that, excepting in a flood, I would I had laid a thousand pounds that I did not kill fish, more or less, with it, winter or summer, every day throughout the year; those days always excepted, that upon a more serious account always ought so to be. But not longer to delay you, I will begin, and tell you, that Angling at the bottom is, also, commonly, of two sorts (and yet there is a third way of angling with a ground-bait, and to very great effect too, as shall be said hereafter,) namely, by hand; or with a cork or float.

That we call *Angling by hand*, is of three sorts.

The first with a line about half the length of the rod, a good weighty plumb, and three hairs next the hook, which we call a running-line, and with one large brandling, or a dew-worm of a moderate size, or two small ones of the first, or any other sort, proper for a Trout, of which my father Walton has already given you the names, and saved me a labour; or, indeed, almost any worm whatever; for if a Trout be in the humour to bite, it must be such a worm as I never yet saw, that he will refuse; and if you fish with two, you are then to bait your hook thus: You are first, to run the point of your hook in at the very head of your first worm, and so down through his body till it be past the knot, and then let it out, and strip the worm above the arming, (that you may not bruise it with your fingers) till you have put on the other, by running the point of the hook in below the knot, and upwards through his body towards his head, till it be but just cover'd with the head, which being done, you are then to slip the first worm down over the arming again, till the knots of both worms meet together.

The second way of angling by hand, and with a running line, is with a line something longer than the former, and with tackle made after this same manner. At the utmost extremity of your line, where the hook is always placed in all other ways of angling, you are to have a large pistol or carabine bullet, into which the end of your line is to be fastened with a peg or pin, even and close with the bullet; and, about half a foot above that, a branch of line, of two or three handfuls long, or more for a swift stream, with a hook at the end thereof, baited with some of the fore-named worms, and, another half a foot above that, another arm'd and baited after the same manner, but with another sort of worm, without any lead at all above: by which means you will always certainly find the true bottom in all depths;

which with the plumbs upon your line above you can never do, but that your bait must always drag whilst you are sounding (which in this way of angling must be continually), by which means you are like to have more trouble, and peradventure worse success. And both these ways of angling at the bottom are most proper for a dark and muddy water, by reason, that in such a condition of the stream, a man may stand as near as he will, and neither his own shadow nor the roundness of his tackle will hinder his sport.

The third way of angling by hand with a ground-bait, and by much the best of all other, is, with a line full as long, or a yard and a half longer than your rod; with no more than one hair next the hook, and for two or three lengths above it; and no more than one small pellet or shot for your plumb; your hook, little; your worms, of the smaller brandlings, very well scoured; and only one upon your hook at a time, which is thus to be baited: the point of your hook is to be put in at the very tag of his tail, and run up his body quite over all the arming, and still stript on an inch at least upon the hair; the head and remaining part hanging downward. And with this line and hook, thus baited, you are evermore to angle in the streams, always in a clear, rather than in a troubled water, and always up the river, still casting out your worm before you with a light one-handed rod, like an artificial fly, where it will be taken, sometimes at the top, or within a very little of the superficies of the water, and almost always before that light plumb can sink it to the bottom; both by reason of the stream, and also that you must always keep your worm in motion by drawing still back towards you, as if you were angling with a fly. And believe me, whoever will try it, shall find this the best way of all other to angle with a worm, in a bright water especially. But then his rod must be very light and pliant,

and very true and finely made, which, with a skilful hand, will do wonders, and in a clear stream is undoubtedly the best way of angling for a Trout or Grayling with a worm, by many degrees, that any man can make choice of, and of most ease and delight to the angler. To which let me add, that if the Angler be of a constitution that will suffer him to wade, and will slip into the tail of a shallow stream, to the calf of the leg or the knee, and so keep off the bank, he shall almost take what fish he pleases.

The second way of angling at the bottom is with a *Cork* or *Float*. And that is also of two sorts; with a worm, or with a grub or cadis.

With a Worm, you are to have your line within a foot, or a foot and a half, as long as your rod; in a dark water with two, or if you will with three, but in a clear water never with above one hair next the hook, and two or three for four or five lengths above it; and a worm of what size you please: your plumbs fitted to your cork, your cork to the condition of the river (that is, to the swiftness or slowness of it,) and both, when the water is very clear, as fine as you can; and then you are never to bait with above one of the lesser sort of brandlings; or if they are very little ones indeed, you may then bait with two, after the manner before directed.

When you angle for a Trout, you are to do it as deep, that is, as near the bottom as you can, provided your bait do not drag, or if it do, a Trout will sometimes take it in that posture. If for a Grayling, you are then to fish further from the bottom; he being a fish that usually swims nearer to the middle of the water, and lies always loose; or, however, is more apt to rise than a Trout, and more inclin'd to rise than to descend even to a ground-bait.

With a Grub or Cadis, you are to angle with the same length of line, or if it be all out as long as your rod 'tis not the worse, with never above one hair, for two or three

lengths next the hook, and with the smallest cork or float, and the least weight of plumb you can that will but sink, and that the swiftness of your stream will allow; which also you may help, and avoid the violence of the current, by angling in the returns of a stream, or the eddies betwixt two streams, which also are the most likely places wherein to kill a fish in a stream, either at the top or bottom.

Of Grubs for a Grayling, the ash-grub, which is plump, milk-white, bent round from head to tail, and exceeding tender, with a red head, or the dock-worm, or grub of a pale yellow, longer, lanker, and tougher than the other, with rows of feet all down his belly, and a red head also, are the best; I say for a Grayling, because although a Trout will take both these, the ash-grub especially, yet he does not do it so freely as the other, and I have usually taken ten Graylings for one Trout with that bait; though if a Trout come, I have observed that he is commonly a very good one.

These baits we usually keep in bran, in which an ash-grub commonly grows tougher, and will better endure baiting; though he is yet so tender, that it will be necessary to warp in a piece of a stiff hair with your arming, leaving it standing out about a straw-breadth at the head of your hook, so as to keep the grub either from slipping totally off when baited, or at least down to the point of the hook, by which means your arming will be left wholly naked and bare, which is neither so sightly, nor so likely to be taken; though to help that (which will however very oft fall out) I always arm the hook I design for this bait with the whitest horse-hair I can choose; which, itself, will resemble and shine like that bait, and consequently will do more good, or less harm, than an arming of any other colour. These grubs are to be baited thus: the hook is to be put in under the head or chaps of the

bait, and guided down the middle of the belly, without suffering it to peep out by the way, (for then the ash-grub especially will issue out water and milk till nothing but the skin shall remain, and the bend of the hook will appear black through it,) till the point of your hook come so low, that the head of your bait may rest, and stick upon the hair that stands out to hold it, by which means it can neither slip of itself, neither will the force of the stream nor quick pulling out, upon any mistake, strip it off.

Now the cadis or cod-bait (which is a sure killing bait, and for the most part by much surer than either of the other) may be put upon the hook, two or three together; and is sometimes (to very great effect) joined to a worm, and sometimes to an artificial fly, to cover the point of the hook; but is always to be angled with at the bottom (when by itself especially) with the finest tackle; and is, for all times of the year, the most holding bait of all other whatever, both for Trout and Grayling.

There are several other baits, besides these few I have named you, which also do very great execution at the bottom; and some that are peculiar to certain countries and rivers, of which every angler may in his own place make his own observation; and some others that I do not think fit to put you in mind of, because I would not corrupt you, and would have you, as in all things else I observe you to be a very honest gentleman, a fair angler. And so much for the second sort of Angling for a Trout at the bottom.

Viat. But, Sir, I beseech you give me leave to ask you one question: Is there no art to be used to worms, to make them allure the fish, and in a manner compel them to bite at the bait?

Pisc. Not that I know of; or did I know any such secret, I would not use it myself, and therefore would

not teach it you. Though I will not deny to you, that in my younger days I have made trial of oil of ospray, oil of ivy, camphire, asafœtida, juice of nettles, and several other devices that I was taught by several anglers I met with, but could never find any advantage by them; and can scarce believe there is any thing to be done that way: though I must tell you, I have seen some men who I thought went to work no more artificially than I, and have yet, with the same kind of worms I had, in my own sight taken five, and sometimes ten to one. But we'll let that busines alone, if you please; and because we have time enough, and that I would deliver you from the trouble of any more lectures, I will, if you please, proceed to the last way of Angling for a Trout or Grayling, which is in the middle; after which I shall have no more to trouble you with.

Viat. 'Tis no trouble, Sir, but the greatest satisfaction that can be; and I attend you.

CHAP. XII.

Of Angling in the Middle *for Trout or Grayling.*

Piscator. Angling in the middle, then, for a Trout or Grayling, is of two sorts; with a Pink or Minnow for a Trout; or with a Worm, Grub, or Cadis, for a Grayling.

For the first. It is with a minnow, half-a-foot or a foot within the superficies of the water. And as to the rest that concerns this sort of angling, I shall wholly refer you to Mr. Walton's directions, who is undoubtedly the best angler with a minnow in England; only, in plain truth, I do not approve of those baits he keeps in salt,[1] unless where the living ones are not possibly to be had, (though I know he frequently kills with them, and, peradventure, more than with any other, nay I have seen him refuse a living one for one of them,) and much less of his artificial one;[2] for though we do it with a counterfeit fly, methinks it should hardly be expected that a man should deceive a fish with a counterfeit fish. Which having said, I shall only add (and that out of my own experience,) that I do believe a Bull-head, with his gill-fins cut off, (at some times of the year especially) to be a much better bait for a Trout than a minnow, and a Loach much better than that: to prove which I shall only tell you, that I have much oftener taken Trouts with a bull-head or a loach in their throats (for there a Trout has questionless his first digestion) than a minnow; and that one day especially, having angled a good part of the day with a minnow, and that in as hopeful a day, and as fit a water, as could be wished for that purpose, without

(1) See p. 81. (2) See p. 81.

raising any one fish, I at last fell to it with a worm, and with that took fourteen in a very short space; amongst all which there was not, to my remembrance, so much as one that had not a loach or two, and some of them three, four, five, and six loaches in his throat and stomach; from whence I concluded, that had I angled with that bait, I had made a notable day's work of it.

But after all, there is a better way of angling with a minnow than perhaps is fit either to teach or to practise; to which I shall only add, that a Grayling will certainly rise at, and sometimes take a minnow, though it will be hard to be believed by any one who shall consider the littleness of that fishes mouth, very unfit to take so great a bait; but it is affirmed by many that he will sometimes do it, and I myself know it to be true; for though I never took a Grayling so, yet a man of mine once did, and within so few paces of me, that I am as certain of it as I can be of any thing I did not see, and (which made it appear the more strange) the Grayling was not above eleven inches long.

I must here also beg leave of your master, and mine, not to controvert, but to tell him, that I cannot consent to his way of throwing in his rod to an overgrown Trout, and afterwards recovering his fish with his tackle: for though I am satisfied he has sometimes done it, because he says so, yet I have found it quite otherwise: and though I have taken with the angle (I may safely say) some thousands of Trouts in my life, my top never snapt, though my line still continued fast to the remaining part of my rod (by some lengths of line curled round about my top, and there fastened, with waxed silk, against such an accident), nor my hand never slacked, or slipped by any other chance, but I almost always infallibly lost my fish, whether great or little, though my hook came home again. And I have often wondered how a Trout should so suddenly

disengage himself from so great a hook as that we bait with a minnow, and so deep bearded as those hooks commonly are, when I have seen by the fore-nam'd accidents, or the slipping of a knot in the upper part of the line, by sudden and hard striking, that though the line has immediately been recovered, almost before it could be all drawn into the water, the fish clear'd and gone in a moment. And yet, to justify what he says, I have sometimes known a Trout, having carried away a whole line, found dead three or four days after, with the hook fast sticking in him; but then it is to be supposed he had gorged it, which a Trout will do, if you be not too quick with him when he comes at a minnow, as sure and much sooner than a Pike: and I myself have also, once or twice in my life, taken the same fish, with my own fly sticking in his chaps, that he had taken from me the day before, by the slipping of a hook in the arming. But I am very confident a Trout will not be troubled two hours with any hook that has so much as one handful of line left behind with it, or that is not struck through a bone, if it be in any part of his mouth only: nay, I do certainly know that a Trout, so soon as ever he feels himself pricked, if he carries away the hook, goes immediately to the bottom, and will there root, like a hog upon the gravel, till he either rub out or break the hook in the middle. And so much for this sort of angling in the middle for a Trout.

The second way of angling in the middle is with a worm, grub, cadis, or any other ground-bait, for a Grayling; and that is with a cork, and a foot from the bottom, a Grayling taking it much better there than at the bottom, as has been said before; and this always in a clear water, and with the finest tackle.

To which we may also, and with very good reason, add the third way of angling by hand with a ground-bait, as a third way of fishing in the middle, which is common to

both Trout and Grayling; and, as I said before, the best way of angling with a worm of all other I ever tried whatever.

And now, Sir, I have said all I can at present think of concerning Angling for a Trout and Grayling, and I doubt not have tired you sufficiently: but I will give you no more trouble of this kind whilst you stay, which I hope will be a good while longer.

Viat. That will not be above a day longer; but if I live till May come twelvemonth, you are sure of me again, either with my Master Walton or without him; and in the mean time shall acquaint him how much you have made of me for his sake, and I hope he loves me well enough to thank you for it.

Pisc. I shall be glad, Sir, of your good company at the time you speak of, and shall be loath to part with you now, but when you tell me you must go, I will then wait upon you more miles on your way than I have tempted you out of it, and heartily wish you a good journey.

A Short Discourse, *by way of* Postcript, *touching the* Laws *of* Angling.[1]

My good Friend,

I cannot but tender my particular thanks to you, for that you have been pleased, by three editions of your Complete Angler, freely to dispense your dear-bought experience to all the lovers of that art; and have thereby so excellently vindicated the legality thereof, as to divine approbation, that if I should go about to say more in that behalf, it indeed were to light a candle to the sun. But since all pleasures (though never so innocent in themselves) lose that stamp, when they are either pursued with inordinate affections, or to the prejudice of another, therefore, as to the former, every man ought to endeavour, through a serious consideration of the vanity of worldly contentments, to moderate his affections thereunto, whereby they may be made of excellent use, as some poisons allayed are in physic; and, as to the latter, we are to have recourse to the known laws, ignorance whereof excuseth no man, and therefore, by their directions, so to square our actions, that we hurt no man, but keep close to that golden rule "To do to all men as we would ourselves be done unto."

Now concerning the Art of Angling, we may conclude, Sir, that as you have proved it to be of great antiquity, so I find it favoured by the laws of this kingdom; for where provision is made by our Statutes *primo Elizab. cap.* 17. against taking fish by nets that be not of such and such a

(1) This *Discourse* was first published with, and was printed at the end of, the third Edition of Walton's book: but, as the subject matter of it relates as well to Cotton's part as the other, it was thought proper to transpose it.

size there set down, yet those law-makers had so much respect to anglers, as to except them, and leave them at liberty to catch as big as they could, and as little as they would catch. And yet, though this Apostolical recreation be simply in itself lawful, yet no man can go upon another man's ground to fish without his licence, but that he is a trespasser. But if a man have licence to enter into a close or ground for such a space of time, there, though he practise angling all that time, he is not a trespasser, because his fishing is no abuse of his licence: but this is to be understood of running streams, and not of ponds or standing pools; for in case of a pond or standing pool, the owner thereof hath a property in the fish, and they are so far said to be his, that he may have trespass for the fish against any one that shall take them without his licence, though it be upon a common, or adjoining to the king's highway, or adjoining to another man's ground who gives licence. But in case of a river, where one or more have *libera piscaria* only, it is otherwise; for there the fishes are said to be *ferœ naturâ;* and the taking of them with an angle is not trespass, for that no man is said to have a property in them till he have caught them; and then it is a trespass for any to take them from him. But this is not to be understood of fishes confined to a man's own ground by gates or otherwise, so that they cannot pass away but may be taken out or put in at pleasure; for in that case the party hath a property in them, as in the case of a standing pool.

But where any one hath *separalis piscaria*, as in *Child* and *Greenhill's* Case in *Trin.* 15, *Car.* 1, in the *King's Bench*, there it seemeth that the fish may be said to be his, because no man else may take them whilst they are within his several fishing. Therefore what is meant by a several fishing is necessary to be considered. And though the difference between a free fishing and a several fishing be

often treated of in the antient books of the law; and some opinions will have the difference to be great, and others small, or nothing at all, yet the certainest definition of a several fishing is, 'Where one hath the royalty, and owneth the ground on each side of the water;' which agreeth with Sir *William Calthorp's* case, where an action was brought by him against another for fishing in his several fishing, &c.; to which the defendant pleaded, that the place wherein the trespass was supposed to be done contained ten perches of land in length, and twenty perches in breadth, which was his own freehold at the time when the trespass was supposed to be done, and that he fished there as was lawful for him to do; and this was adjudged a good plea by the whole court: and upon argument in that very case, it was agreed, that no man could have a *several fishing* but in his own soil, and that *free fishing* may be in the soil of another man, which was all agreed unto by Littleton, our famous English Lawyer. So that from all this may be drawn this short conclusion, that if the angler take care that he offend not with his feet, there is no great danger of his hands.

But there are some covetous rigid persons, whose souls hold no sympathy with those of the innocent anglers, having either got to be lords of royalties, or owners of lands adjoining to rivers; and these do, by some apted clownish nature and education for the purpose, insult and domineer over the innocent angler, beating him, breaking his rod, or at least taking it from him,[1] and sometimes imprisoning his person as if he were a felon. Whereas a true-

(1) There is no reading this passage without figuring to one's imagination the poor, humble, patient angler, standing still and defenceless, while the merciless lord of the manor is laying him on with a stick, perhaps the butt of his own rod, or a worse weapon. I will not dispute with the author, whether the meekness and submission of the poor fisher upon this occasion are very becoming or not; but this sort of passive valour is rather to be admired than imitated. Yet has the angler his remedy, as the reader will see a few lines below.

bred gentleman scorns those spider-like attempts, and will rather refresh a civil stranger at his table, than warn him from coming on his ground upon so innocent an occasion. It would therefore be considered how far such furious drivers are warranted by the law, and what the angler may (in case of such violence) do in defence of himself. If I come upon another man's ground without his licence, or the licence of the law, I am a trespasser, for which the owner may have an action of trespass against me: and if I continue there after warning to depart by the owner, or his servant thereunto authorised, the owner, or his servant by his command, may put me off by force, but not beat me, but in case of resistance by me, for then I (by resisting) make the assault; but if he beat me, I not resisting, in that case he makes the assault, and I may beat him in defence of myself, and to free myself from his violence.[1] And in case I shall leave my rod behind in his ground, he may take it *damage feasant*, but he can neither take it from my person by force, nor break it, but he is a trespasser to me; which seems clear by the case of *Reynell* and *Champernoon;*[2] where Reynell brought an action of trespass against Champernoon, for taking and cutting his nets. The defendant justified, for that he was seized in fee of a several fishing; and that the plaintiff with others endeavoured to row upon his water, and with the nets to catch his fish; and that for the safeguard of his fishing he took and cut the nets and oars: to which plea the plaintiff demurred, and there it was adjudged by the whole court, that he could not by such colour cut the

(1) Agreeable to the rule contained in this barbarous distich:

Res dare pro rebus, pro verbis verba solemus,
Pro bufis bufas, pro trufis reddere trufas.

Things must be recompenst with things, buffets with blowes,
And words with words, and taunts with mocks and mowes.

Dalton's Country Justice, Chap. 72.

(2) Mich. 7 Car. 1. Cro. Car. 228.

nets and oars; and judgment was thereupon given for the plaintiff.

Doubtless our fore-fathers well considered, that man to man was a wolf,[1] and therefore made good laws to keep us from devouring one another; and amongst the rest a very good Statute was made in the three-and-fortieth year of Queen Elizabeth, whereby it is provided, that in personal actions in the courts at *Westminster* (being not for land or battery), when it shall appear to the judges (and be so by them signified) that the debt or damages to be recovered amount not to the sum of forty shillings or above, the said judges shall award to the plaintiff no more costs than damages, but less, at their discretion.

And now, with my acknowledgment of the advantage I have had both by your friendship and your BOOK, I wish nothing may ever be that looks like an alteration in the first, nor any thing in the last, unless, by reason of the useful pleasure of it, you had called it the ARCADIA of ANGLING, for it deserves that title; and I would deserve the continuance of your friendship.

Continuation of the Discourse by Sir JOHN HAWKINS.

Since the writing the foregoing discourse, the laws of this country relative to Fish and Fishing have undergone such alterations as would alone justify an addition to it: but as it has, of late, been objected to all laws that assign an exclusive right in any of the creatures of God to particular ranks or orders of men, that they savour of barbarism, and are calculated to serve the purposes of tyranny and ambition, it was thought necessary to trace the matter farther back, and shew from whence laws of this kind derive their force. And though it is not imagined that

(1) A melancholy truth so universally acknowledged as to have given occasion to the proverb, *Homo homini lupus.* Vide *Erasmi Adagia.*

speculative arguments will operate upon men of licentious principles, yet as the general tenor of this work supposes the angler to be endued with reason, and under the dominion of conscience, it may not be amiss to state the obligation he is under to an observance of such laws, and to point out to him the several instances where he cannot pursue his recreation without the risque of his quiet.

Property is universally allowed to be founded on occupancy, the very notion of which implies industry, or some act in the occupant of which no stranger has a right to avail himself: he that first took possession of an uncultivated tract of land, provided it was no more than necessary for the subsistence of himself and his family, became thereby the proprietor of such land.

Mr. Locke illustrates this doctrine by an elegant instance: "The water running in the fountain," says he, "is every one's; but that in the pitcher is his who draws it." *On Government*, Book II. Chap. V. Sect. 29.

And, if this reasoning be admitted in the case of land which is ranked among the immoveable objects of property, it is much stronger in favour of things moveable, the right of which is at once claimed, and fortified by an actual possession and separation from that common mass in which they were originally supposed to exist.

But notwithstanding the innumerable appropriations which in the present civilized state of the world appear to have been made, there are many things which may yet be said to be in common, and in a state of natural liberty; in this class we may rank creatures *feræ naturâ*, beasts of chace, many kinds of fowl, and all fish. The fisherman in *Plautus* admits, that none of the fish were his, while they remained in their proper element, and insists only on his right to those which he had caught. *Rudens*, Act 4, Scene 3. And both the Jewish and Roman law-

yers assert that wild beasts and fish belong only to those who take them.[1]

This notion has led many persons to imagine, that, even now, there subsists a general community of these creatures; and that, at this day, every one has a right to take them to his own use wherever he finds them. Not to insist, that if all men promiscuously were permitted the exercise of this right, it would be of very little benefit to any, it may suffice to say, that there are few civilized countries that have not found it necessary either for promoting some public good, or averting some public mischief, to controul it by express prohibitions; and how far such prohibitions are deemed lawful and binding on the consciences of those on whom they are imposed, will appear by consulting the authorities in the margin.[2] And it is worth noting, that Laws made to prohibit the taking of creatures *feræ naturâ*, by persons unqualified, do not take from a man any thing which is his own; but they barely forbid the use of certain methods of acquisition, which the law of nature might, perhaps, allow of. *Puffendorf de Jure Nat. et Gent. Lib.* IV. *Cap.* 6. § 6.[3]

Agreeable to the principles here laid down, we find, that the laws of most countries, at least of this, have assigned the property in the creatures in question to particular persons. Thus to royal fish, which are Whales and

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(1) Seld. *De Jure Nat. et Gent. juxta Discip. Ebræor.* Lib. IV. Cap. 4. Instit. Lib. II. Tit. I. *De rerum divisione et acquirendo earum Dominio.* However, this is to be understood only in cases wherein there is no law to forbid it. Grot. *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*, Lib. II. Cap. 2. § 5.

(2) Puffendorf *De Jure Nat. et Gent.* Lib. IV. Cap. 6. § 6. Gudelin *De Jure novissimo*, Lib. II. Cap. 2. D. Lib. XLI. Tit. 2. *De acquirend. vel admittend. Possess.* See also Garcilasso de la Vega, *Comm. Reg.* Lib. VI. Cap. 6. Where it is said, that in Peru, hunting, by the inferior sort, is prohibited, lest, says the author, "men betaking themselves to the pleasure of the field, should delight in a continued course of sports, and so neglect the necessary provision and maintenance of their families."

(3) See also *Arnold Vinn.* ad sect. 13. *De Rer. Divis.* and *Ziegler* on *Grotius*, Lib. II. Cap. II. § 5.

Sturgeons, the king is entitled by his prerogative;[1] and the property of fish in rivers, or, at least, a right to take them, is, in many places, given to corporations; as, with us, the fishery of the river Thames is granted to the City of London; and the Townsmen of Hungerford, in Berkshire, claim a right of fishing in that part of the river Kennet, called their common water, under a grant from John of Gaunt, who, we may suppose, derived it from the Crown:[2] but in most instances fish belong to the owner of the soil.

These principles being recognised, and property once settled, it is easy to see the necessity and the justice of fencing it with positive laws. Accordingly, in this country, judicial determinations have, from time to time, been made, ascertaining the rights of persons to fisheries; and these, together with the several statutes enacted to prevent the destruction of fish, compose the body of Laws relating to Fish and Fishing: the former, by way of supplement to the foregoing Discourse, are here laid down; and the latter will be referred to.

The property which the Common Law gives in river-fish uncaught, is of that kind which is called *special*, or qualified property; which see defined by Lord Coke, in his *Reports*, Part VII. fo. 17. b. and is derived out of the right to the place or soil where such fish live: so that supposing them, at any given instant, to belong to one person, whenever they resort to the soil or water of another, they become his property, and so *in infinitum*.

And to prove that this notion of a fluctuating or transitory property is what the law allows, we need only apply it to the case of the water in a river; which is so

(1) 7 *Coke* 16. The Case of Swans.

(2) The townsmen of *Hungerford* have a horn, holding about a quart, the inscription whereon affirms it to have been given by *John* of *Gaunt*, with the *Rial-fishing* (so it is therein expressed) in a certain part of the river. *Gibs. Camden*, 166.

constantly passing from the soil of one to another, that no man can, in strictness, be said to go twice to the same river; and yet, by a grant of any given quantity of *land covered with water*, which is the only legal designation of a river, not only a certain tract of the river, but the fish contained in it, shall pass. See *Coke on Littleton*, 4. a.

In the *Register*, a very ancient law-book, we find two writs relating to fish; the one, for the unlawful taking of fish in a several fishery, and the other, in a free fishery. And of these in their order.

A *several Fishery* is that which a man is entitled to in respect of his being the owner of the soil, and is what no one can have in the land of another, unless by special grant or prescription: and whoever shall fish in such a several fishery, without a licence, is liable to an action of trespass, in which the plaintiff may well demand "wherefore in the plaintiff's several fishery the defendant was fishing, and his fishes took," &c. for though the fish be *feræ naturâ*, yet being taken in the water of the owner of the river, they are said to be *his* fish, without saying in his soil or water, 3d *Coke's Reports*, 553. *Child and Greenhill's* case: but he must set forth the nature and number of the fish taken, 5 *Coke's Reports*, 35. *Playter's* case, and 3d *Coke* 18.

A *free Fishery* is a right to take fish in the water and soil of another, and is derived out of a several fishery. If one seized of a river, grants, without including the soil, a several fishery, or, which amounts to no more than that, his water, a right of fishing passes, and nothing else. Plowden's *Commentary*, 154, b. Coke on *Littleton*, 4 b. And the word *several*, in such case, is synonymous with *sole*, and that in so strict a sense, that by such a grant not only strangers, but even the owner of the soil, is excluded from fishing there. *Co. Litt.* 122. a. And further, where one prescribes to have a several fish-

ery in a water, which prescription always supposes a grant precedent, the owner of the soil, as much as a stranger, is liable to an action if he fishes there: 2 *Roll.* 258. the case of *Foriston* and *Cratchrode* in the *Common Pleas*. *Mich.* 29 and 30 *Eliz.* But here the writ shall vary from that in the case of a several fishery, and demand "wherefore the defendant, in the free fishery of the plaintiff, at N., without the licence and consent of the plaintiff, was fishing," &c. expressing the nature and number of the fish taken: but because the soil does not pass by such a grant, and the fish are *feræ naturâ*, he shall not call them *his* fish, as in the former instance. See the case of *Child* and *Greenhill*, above cited.

The doctrine deducible from these principles is, that that which united with the soil would be a several fishery, when severed by grant, though the grant be of a several, or sole, and not of a free fishery *in terminis*, becomes a free fishery.

There is yet another case that I shall mention, which will give the intelligent reader a clear notion of this matter. A man grants to one, or more, a *liberty of fishing*:[1] here nothing but a naked right to fish passes, and the remedy against a trespasser is not severed from the soil; the owner whereof, and not the grantee, may maintain an action, and may also fish himself. *Co. Litt.* 122. a.

As common of fishing may be appendant to land, so also there may be a joint-tenancy, or a tenancy in common of a fishery. 1 *Inst.* 186. b.

Having thus shewn in what cases the angler, in the

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(1) I find in *Dugd. Warw.* 1142, *in margine*, an account of the following grant, which for its singularity deserves notice.

31 *Hen.* III. "Thomas de Clinton, of Aminton, levied a fine to Phil. Marmion, that he and his heirs, his wife, and their heirs, might, when they came to Tamworth, or to their castle at Middleton, fish with a boat any where in his water at Aminton, with one net, called a *fleu*-net, and a *tramil* and *sayna*: for which liberty he gave him six marks of silver."

pursuit of his recreation, may become a *trespasser*, let us next consider how far he is, by taking fish, in danger of committing *Larceny;* for that the taking fish out of a pond without the consent of the owner, falls within my Lord *Coke's* definition of that crime, no one can doubt that reads it. His words are, "Larceny is the felonious, and fraudulent taking and carrying away, by any man or woman, of the mere personal goods of another; neither from the person nor by night in the house of the owner," *3d Inst.* 107. and a little after, 109, he expressly says, "Larceny may be committed of fishes in a *pond.*"

Now, though to make the taking any personal thing felonious, reason and the law require that the party should do it *animo furandi*, see *Bracton, Lib.* 3. *fol.* 150. *Fleta, Lib.* 1. *Cap.* 36. which we will suppose no angler to be possessed with: yet whether by the word *pond* we are to understand ponds at large, is perhaps of some consequence for him to know.

It is a rule in law that personal goods, and things severed from the freehold, shall go to the executors, and not to the heir. Wentworth's *Office of an Executor*, Chap. 5. and so shall fish in a trunk, or the like, *ibid.* but Lord Coke, in his *Commentary on Littleton*, fol. 8, tells us, that fish in a pond shall go with the inheritance, because, says he, "they were at their liberty, and could not be gotten without industry, as by nets or engines."

From hence we may conclude, that fish in ponds cannot be said to be *mere personal* goods; and then it follows as a consequence, that of such fish larceny cannot be committed: and we may further conclude that the word *ponds*, in the above passage, must mean only stew-ponds, cisterns, or other such small receptacles, of fish.

Many wholesome laws have, from time to time, been enacted, to prevent the destruction of fish: but they are so numerous, that I must refer the reader to the *Statutes*

at large, or to the *Abridgment* published by a late worthy and learned friend of mine, John Cay, Esq. deceased.

He may also see a *Discourse on the laws concerning Angling, and for preservation of fish*, at the end of the *Angler's Sure Guide*, written, as it seems, by the Author of that book, with the learning and accuracy of an able lawyer.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

[Referred to from the end of PART I.]

A Synopsis of AQUATIC INSECTS *covering themselves with cases.*

Water insects that cover themselves with cases, have a case either....

- *Immoveable*, being affixed to stones; and have a body either.....
  - *Round*, with little threads on the sides; or
  - *Flat*, and mere compressed, without little threads.
- Or *moveable*, portable and migratory, called "*phryganea*," *vulgo*, "a cad-case," which is furnished with little threads, as well on the back as the sides, by means whereof they adhere firmly to their cases, excepting only their head and feet; with three small protuberances projecting beyond the feet, which they can erect or put forth at pleasure, to hinder their cases from pressing down on their heads as they creep, and troubling them.

And their cases are either

- *Strait*, having either
  - *Straws* agglutinated: and those either,...
    - *Parallel*, constituting two species;
      - The *greater* being two inches long.
      - The *lesser* and most common, called *straw-worms*.
    - Or *transverse* and shorter, with sometimes small stones and shells intermixed.
  - Or *no straws* adhering but small stones or fine sand; which are either
    - *round*, with little worms within, called *cod-bait*
    - Or *flat* and compressed, either
      - With somewhat larger stones adhering to the sides of the case, but never to the fore or back part of it: whence it necessarily appears flat and compressed.
      - Or with no stones adhering to the sides; but with a case extending on each side into a narrow margin or border, like wings; and the case is more flat and compressed than the former.
- Or *crooked*, or rather resembling a horn: for the cases of these are crooked, and one extremity is larger, the other less. Of these I have known four different species, viz. the black, large and small; and ash-colour, large and small.

All these produce flies with large wings, like those of butterflies. The *nymphæ* of these (which are to spring from those small worms, and which like torsoises carry their houses about with them, within which they turn into *nymphæ*, from which *nymphæ* afterwards spring little flies,) Dr. Swammerdam refers to his fourth order of transmutations, whereas, in my opinion, they belong to the third, because they change their skin twice.

Another translation of this *Synopsis*, too copious to be here inserted, together with many curious particulars concerning Aquatic Insects, is to be found in the *Natural History of Northamptonshire*, by the Rev. John Morton, chap. 7.

No. II.

[Referred to from Part II. page 317, n.]

FEBRUARY. Peacock Hackle. Peacock's herl alone, or interchanged with ostrich herl; warping, red silk; red cock's hackle over all. It may be varied by a black cock's hackle and silver twist. Taken chiefly from nine to eleven in the morning, and from one to three in the afternoon.

This, and the several other hackles which we have here and hereafter described, being most tempting baits, should always be first tried when the angler comes to a strange river; and not changed till he has found out, and is certain, what particular fly is upon the water.

MARCH. Green Peacock Hackle. Greenish herl of a peacock; warping, green silk; a black hackle over all. Taken from eight to eleven in the morning.

Ash-coloured Dun. Dub with the roots of a fox-cub's tail; warp with pale yellow silk; wing, of the pale part of a starling's feather. Taken from eight to eleven, and from one to three.

This fly, which is also called the Violet Dun, and Blue Dun, is to be found on almost every river; some particulars of it have been mentioned in the note, Part II. p. 318; but here follow some observations on it, which deserve to be attended to. It varies much in its colour, according to the season of the year: in March and September it is called, and that very properly, the Violet Dun, for it has often that hue; and therefore in the passage above referred to we have directed the mixing blue-violet crewel with the fox-cub down. In April it assumes a pale-ash colour; and in May is of a beautiful lemon-colour, both body and wings. In June and July it is blue-black; and from July it insensibly varies, till it becomes of its primitive colour, violet dun, which it never fails to do by September.

APRIL. Pearl-colour, or Heron Dun. Dub with the yellowish or ash-coloured herl of a heron; warp with ash-coloured silk. Wing, from the short feather of a heron, or from a coot's wing of an ash-colour. Morning and afternoon.

Blue Dun. Dub with the fur of a water-rat; warp with ash-colour. Wing, of a coot's feather. Morning and afternoon.

MAY. Silver-Twist Hackle. Dub with the herl of an ostrich feather; warp with dark green, silver twist, and black cock's hackle over all. Taken from nine to eleven, especially in a showery day.

Sooty Dun. Dub with black spaniel's fur, or the herl of an ostrich; warp with green. Wing, the dark part of a land-rail or coot. Taken best in a showery day, as also in April or June.

Light Flaming or Spring Brown. Dub with light brown of a calf; warp with orange colour; wing of a pale grey mallard's feather. Taken chiefly before sun-set in a warm evening: a good fly.

Although much is said in the First Part of the foregoing Dialogues, [p. 99] of the Oak-fly, the Author has given but a very superficial description of it, and his directions for making it are extremely imperfect; we would therefore recommend the making it after the natural fly, and that according to the following directions:—

Oak Fly. By some called the Ash-fly, (by others, erroneously, the Hawthorn-fly.) The head, which is large, of an ash-colour; the upper part of the body greyish, with two or three hairs of bright brown mixed, and a very little light blue, and sometimes a hair or two of light green; the tail part is greyish mixed with orange; wing, of a mottled brown feather of a woodcock, partridge, or brown hen; hook No. 8 or 9. This is the fly which is seen much in March, April, May, and June, on the body of ash-trees, oaks, willows, and thorns growing near the water, standing with its head downwards. It is an excellent fly, but difficult to imitate, being of many colours, unequally mixed. It takes chiefly in the morning: it does not seem to come from any cadis, for it never drops in great numbers on the water; and the wings are short, and lie flat on the back, like the blue-bottle, or large flesh-fly.

Orange-tawney, Orange-brown, Camlet-fly, Alder-fly, Withy-fly, or Bastard Cadis. Dub with dark brown spaniel's hair, or calf's hair that shines, or barge-sail; warp with deep orange; black hackle under the wing. Wing, of a darkish feather of a mallard or starling. Taken chiefly in a morning, before the Green-drake comes upon the water.

Huzzard. Dub with pale lemon-coloured mohair, or ostrich-feather dyed yellow; warp with yellow; gold twist

and yellow hackle over all. Wing, of a very pale mallard's feather dyed of a lemon-colour; the wings large, and longer than the body, lying flat on the back. Taken in a blustering day, before the May-fly comes in. A fly little known, but the most beautiful of the insect species that frequent the water. It is larger than the Green-drake; of a beautiful lemon-colour, both body and wings, which are four in number, and lie close to its back. It is to be met with in but few rivers, and is therefore esteemed a great curiosity: in those rivers that produce them, they appear in great numbers about the latter end of April; at which time, and afterwards, the Trouts rise at them very eagerly: doubtless this is a true water-fly; it is supposed to be produced from a very large cadis.

Death Drake. The body, one herl of black ostrich and two of peacock; silver twist; black hackle. Wing, of the dark feather of a mallard, of a copper colour. Taken chiefly in an evening, when the May-fly is almost gone.

Yellow Miller, or Owl-Fly. The body of a yellow martern's fur, or ostrich herl dyed buff colour. Wing, of the ruddy feather of a young peacock's wing, or pale brown chicken. Taken from sun-set till ten at night, and from two till four in the morning.

JUNE. The May-flies, most of them, as above.

JULY. Middling Brown. Made of calf's hair twisted upon pale yellow silk, for the silk to appear. Wing, of a mallard's feather.

Dark Brown. Warp with red silk, with a deep orange tag at the tail. Wing, of a mallard's feather.

Willow Cricket, or Small Peacock Fly. A herl of a green peacock's feather; warp with green silk. Wing, of a starling's feather longer than the body. A morning fly, especially for Grayling in rapid rivers.

Pismire. The body, some few reeves of a cock-pheasant's tail-feather, or ruddy barge-sail, or brown carpet, or old bear's-hair, towards the roots, tanned with the weather; one peacock's herl may be twisted with it: warp with ruddy silk. Wing, the light part of a starling's feather, left longer than the body. A killing fly after an emmet-flight, but not before.

AUGUST. The Pismire through this month; as also the other flies of the last month.

SEPTEMBER. Large fœtid Light Brown. The body of light calf or cow's hair, or seal's fur dyed of the colour; warp with ruddy or orange-coloured silk. Wing, of a ruddy brown chicken large and long. A killing fly in a morning. This fly is much upon Hackney river, and is much ruddier there than elsewhere. In the Thames, I have caught with it Dace of the largest size, and in great numbers. Somewhat of its history is given in the Notes, p. 202, 203.

No. III.

[Referred to from Part II. page 313, n.]

JANUARY. Spring Black. Body, black wool of a sheep's face, with or without a greenish peacock's herl; warp with brown silk. Wing, the grey feather of a mallard.

Second Spring Black. Body, the very blackest part of the darkest hare's scut you can procure; with or without a greenish peacock's herl; warp with ash-coloured silk. Wing, of a fieldfare's feather. This and the other Spring Black are best taken in bright weather.

Bloa[1] Herl. Body, black rabbit's scut; black of a hare's scut; greenish peacock's herl; warp with brown silk. Wing, the light part of a fieldfare's feather.

Black Hackle. Body, pale yellow silk; with a black cock's hackle turned about it.

Dun Hackle. Body, dun-coloured silk; with a dun cock's hackle.

FEBRUARY. The same flies as are directed for the preceding month.

MARCH. The same flies as are directed for the preceding months; and also the

Turkey Fly, or March Fly. Body, brown foal's hair, tops of the wings of a woodcock, some ruddy, others

(1) This is a north-country word, and, as I am told, signifies a colour resembling that of a mole's back, which has a bluish gloss. I find it thus explained, in a Catalogue of local words communicated in a *Letter* from Mr. Thoresby, of Leeds, to Mr. Ray: "*Bloa*, black and blue." *Philosophical Letters*, between the learned Mr. Ray, and several of his ingenious correspondents, Octavo, 1718 p. 321.

grey, well mixed together; warp with pink and yellow, or pink and light-coloured brown silk, twisted together. Wing, of a pheasant-cock's feather.

N. B. This, it is supposed, is the Cob-fly, so much cried up in Wales.

APRIL. Light Bloa. Body, light fox-cub fur, a little light foal's hair; a little squirrel's bloa, and the whitish yellow of the same, all these well mixed together; warp with yellow silk. Wing, of a light fieldfare's feather.

Dun. Body, dunnest filmert[1] or martern's fur, Indian fox-dun, light dun fox-cub, coarse hair of the stump of a squirrel's tail, of a brightish brown or a yellowish cast; warp with yellow silk. Wing, the light feather of a fieldfare.

Plain Hackle. Body, black ostrich herl, with red or black cock's hackle over it; and, in hot weather, add gold twist.

Red Hackle. Body, red silk and gold twist, and a red cock's hackle, till June: afterwards use orange silk for the body. An excellent fly.

N. B. This is more properly the Orange-fly. It resembles in colour a Seville orange. Wings may be added, either of a ruddy hen or chicken, or of the softest feather of a rook's wing: the first will give it an orange, the latter, a dunnish hue. It has four wings, two next the body, of a very dark grey colour, and two serving as a case over them, sometimes of a dirty blackish colour and sometimes of an orange colour.

Bloa Watchet[2] is a small fly, and appears on the water in a cold day. (Hook No. 9 or 10.) The body, fur of a water-rat, black part of a hare's scut, the pale roots cut off, a very little brown bear's hair; warp with pale brown or olive-coloured silk. Wing, of a hen blackbird.

Yellow Watchet. Body, water-rat's fur, the blackest part of a hare's scut, greenish yellow crewel for feet; warp with green silk. Wing, the lightest part of a blackbird's feather. Hook No. 9 or 10.

Knotted Grey Gnat. Body, darkest part of a hare's scut, dark brown foal's hair, dark fur of the black of an old fox; warp with grey silk. Wing, the bloa feather of a fieldfare.

Green-Tail. Body, dark part of a hare's scut, and darkest bloa fur of an old fox; light part of a squirrel's

(1) *Filmert.* This is the animal which Walton, p. 12, calls the *fulimart*; but the former is a name by which it is very well known at the furriers.

(2) Watchet; *Color cæruleus albicans*, Skinner. Pale or sky-blue.

tail, and a hair or two of the coarse brownish part of it for feet; warp with ash-coloured silk. Wing, of a hen pheasant.

Sand Fly. Body, dark brown foal's hair, a little bloa squirrel's fur, and the whitish yellow of the same; warp with yellow silk. Wing, the light part of a fieldfare's feather.

MAY. The nine foregoing flies directed for April; and also the Bloa Herl. Body, fox's fur, dark part of a hare's scut, greenish herl of a peacock (if the weather is warm for the season, otherwise little or none of the greenish herl); warp with brown silk. Wing, of a starling's feather.

Dun. Body, dunnish bloa fur of an old fox, mixed with pale yellow, the ends of the hairs of an old fox almost red, some coarse hairs taken out of the tail or brush; warp with yellow. Wing, starling's feather.

Stone Gnat. Body, the roots of the darkest part of a hare's scut, the top or ends being cut off; warp with ash-coloured silk. Wing, a blackbird's feather.

Light Bloa. Body, light fur of an old fox, mixed with pale yellow crewel; warp with pale yellow silk. Wing, light feather of a jay.

Orange Brown. Body, orange-coloured wool, with bright brown bear's hair mixed; warp with orange silk. Wing, of a starling's feather.

Peacock Hackle. Body, peacock's ruddy herl; red cock's hackle; warp with red silk.

Black Herl. Body, black herl of an ostrich, and ruddy herl of a peacock, twisted together; warp with brown silk. Wing, the light feather of a fieldfare.

Pewet, or Lapwing's Topping. Body, peacock's herl, and that of a lapwing's crown feather, twisted together; warp with red silk. Wing, the red feather of a partridge's tail.

Red Herl. Body, two herls of a peacock, twisted together; warp with ruddy silk. Wing, the red feather of a partridge's tail.

JUNE. The Dun, Stone-gnat, Light bloa, Orange brown, Peacock hackle, Black herl, Pewet's topping, and Red herl of the last month, go also through this. There are likewise taken the

WHITTERISH. Body, the root end of the white part of a hare's scut, light grey foal's hair, or camel's hair, towards the tail, the dark part of a hare's scut with some brown hairs mixed; peacock's herl for the head; warp with white silk. Wing, the feather of a sea-mew.

LIGHT GREY. Body, fur of the inner part of a rabbit's leg, the lightest of the dark part of a hare's scut; warp with ash-coloured silk. Wings, light grey mallard's feather.

JULY. The Peacock hackle, Black herl, Pewet's topping, and Red herl of May and June, and the Whitterish and Light grey of the last month, serve also for this. And to those add the

BROWN. Body, hair of a very light brown, or reddish calf or spaniel, and light bear's hair, mixed; warp with pale orange. Wing, the feather of a land-rail.

AUGUST. The Peacock hackle, and the three following flies of May and the two subsequent months, and the Brown of the last month, serve also for this: in which also are taken the

GREY FLY. Body, light grey foal's hair mixed with the dark part of a hare's scut; warp with grey silk. Wing, a hen-pheasant's feather.

BLACK ANT-FLY. Body, darkest part of a hare's scut, and dark brown wool, or sheep's russet, equally mixed, and one single ruddy herl of a peacock, all twisted together; warp with copper-coloured silk. Wing, a fieldfare's feather.

BROWN ANT-FLY. Body, bright brown bear's hair, much weather-beaten. Almost of an orange-colour towards the tail; and, therefore, a few hairs of a light brown, or flame-coloured calf or spaniel's hair, to be added in the tail part; warp with orange-coloured-silk. Wing, the light feather of a fieldfare or starling.

NOTE. The Black and the Brown Ant Fly I have studied to imitate with other materials, (and have found them succeed very well,) made as follows:

Black Ant. Brown bear's hair, and a little grey squirrel's hair next the roots, peacock herl; warp with copper-colour or ash.

Brown Ant. Light barge-sail, seal's fur and brown bear's hair, peacock herl; warp with orange. Wings of this and the former, starling's feather; longer than the body.

No. IV.

(Referred to from Part II. page 320, n.)

FEBRUARY. Prime Dun. Dubbing, of the down of a fox-cub, warped with sad ash-coloured silk. Wings, of the feather got from the quill of a 'shepstare's wing. This fly is made little: but there is another, made of the same dubbing, larger by far.

MARCH. The same flies as are taken in February will be taken in March; and also these hereafter mentioned.

Moorish Brown. Dubbing, of the wool of a black sheep: warped with red silk. Wings, of the feather got from a partridge wing.

Palm Fly. Dubbing, of the hair of a brown spaniel, got on the outside of the ear, and a little sea-green wool mixed; warped with brown cloth-coloured silk. Wings, of a shepstare's quill-feather.

Green-Tail. Dubbing, of the brown hair of a spaniel, got on the outside of the ear; but a little, in the end of the tail, must be all of sea-green wool, without mixture. Wings, as the last.

APRIL. Bright Bear. Dubbing, of bright bear's hair warped with sad cloth-coloured silk. Wings, of a shepstare's quill feather. Others dub the body with yellow silk, which is better.

Yellow Dun. Dubbing, of yellow wool, and ash-coloured fox-cub down mixed together; dubbed with yellow silk. Wings, of the feather of a shepstare's quill. Others dub it with dun bear's hair, and the yellow fur got from a martern's skin, mixed together, and with yellow silk. Wings, of a shepstare's quill feather.

Make two other flies, their bodies dubbed as the last; but in the one mingle sanded hog's bown, and in the other black hog's down. Wings, of a shepstare's quill feather.

And there is also taken an excellent fly, made of dun bear's hair, yellow martern's fur, sanded hog's down, and

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(1) The reader is to note, that *shepstare*, *stare*, and *starling*, are words synonymous: *vid.* Minsheu's Dict. *voce* Stare.

black hog's down, all mixed in an equal proportion together; warped with yellow silk. Wings, of the feather of a shepstare's quill.

These several flies, mentioned for April, are very good, and will be taken all the Spring and Summer.

MAY. Thorn Fly. Dubbing, of black lamb's wool; warped with black silk. Wings, of a mallard's light grey feather.

Note. That in all instances where mallard's feathers are directed to be used for wings, they must be those of the wild, and not the tame mallard.

Knop Fly. Dubbing, of the down of an otter-cub and the herl of a peacock; warped with black silk. Wings, of the light grey feather of a mallard.

Fern-Bud. This fly is got on fern, and the natural one is very good to dib with. It has a short thick body, of a very sad greenish colour, and two pairs of wings; the uppermost are hard, and sometimes taken off, but the undermost diaphonous. And it is dubbed with the herl of a peacock, and very sad green silk. Wings, of the feather of a fieldfare's quill got out of the wing.

Little Dun. Dubbing, of an otter's fur; warped with ash-coloured silk. Wings, of a shepstare's quill-feather.

Yellow May-Fly. Dubbing, of yellow wool, mixed with yellow fur of a martern; warped with yellow silk. Wings, of the lightest-coloured feather of a throstle.

JUNE. Black Midge, or Gnat. Dubbing, of the down of a mole; warped with black silk. Wings, of a light grey shepstare's quill-feather.

Grey Midge, or Gnat. Dubbing, of the down of a sad grey cat, or sad grey camel's hair; warped with grey silk. Wings, of the grey feather of a mallard.

Purple Fly. Dubbing, of purple wool, and a little bear's hair mixed, sometimes no bear's hair at all. Wings, of a shepstare's quill feather. Warped with purple silk.

Sand Fly. Dubbing, of the wool gotten off the flank of a black sheep; warped with black silk. Wings, of the sad-coloured feather of a throstle-quill. Others make the body of the feather of a heron's neck.

Mackeril. Dubbing, of light brown camel's hair warped with black silk. Wings, of a red cock's feather.

JULY. Blue Dun. Dubbing, of the down of a water-mouse, and the bluish dun of an old fox, mixed together; warped with sad ash-coloured silk. Wings, of a shepstare's quill feather.

AUGUST. Buss Brown. Dubbing, of the light brown hair of a cur. The head, black. Wings, of the feather of a red hen. Warped with orange-coloured silk.

Hearth Fly. Dubbing, of the wool of an old black sheep; with some grey hairs in it for the body and head. Wings, of a light shepstare's quill-feather; warped-on with black silk.

Pismire Fly. Dubbing, of bright brown bear's hair; warped with red silk. Wings, of the saddest-coloured shepstare's quill-feather. A good fly.

SEPTEMBER. Little Blue Dun. Dubbing, of the down of a mouse, for body and head; warped with sad ash-coloured silk. Wings, of a sad-coloured shepstare's quill feather.

No. V.

(Referred to from Part II. page 335, n.)

TEN YEARS, ONE MONTH, AND FIVE DAYS' ANGLING.

Fish taken in the counties of Carmarthen and Glamorgan, commencing 11th April, 1753, to the 10th April, 1754, inclusive		6272
Ditto in the counties of Pembroke, Carmarthen, Glamorgan, and Derby, from 11th April, 1754, to 24th October following		3758
1756	Ditto in the counties of York, Salop, and Glamorgan	3739
1757	Fish taken in the county of Glamorgan	9272
1758	Ditto in the counties of Glamorgan, Brecon, Radnor, and Hereford	7762
1759	Ditto in the same counties	3490
1760	Ditto in the county of Glamorgan	2150
1761	Ditto in the same county	2522
1762	Ditto in the counties of Glamorgan and Carmarthen	3183
1763	Ditto in the county of Carmarthen	3158

1764	Ditto in the county of Carmarthen, to 23d July, being my last day's angling in the principality	1814
	The whole given to the public	47120

The rich, the poor, the sick, and the healthy, have tasted of the labour of my hands.

In the first nine months in the year 1751, I took in the counties of Pembroke and Carmarthen above a thousand trouts: and though I have taken trouts in every month in the year since, yet I could not, in any one year, reach that number. Perhaps I have done it before 1751; but I did not then keep an account all the year round, only noted those days in which I had diversion more than common.

N. B. There were some pike and chub, eel and flounder taken, which are not noted in the above account.[1]

No. VI.

Additional Rules *and* Cautions.

I. When you have hooked a fish, never suffer him to run out with the line; but keep your rod bent, and as near perpendicular as you can: by this method the top plies to every pull he makes, and you prevent the straining of your line, for the same reason.

II. Never raise a large fish out of the water by taking the hair to which your hook is fastened, or indeed any part of the line, into your hand; but either put a landing-net under him, or, for want of that, your hat: you may indeed, in fly-fishing, lay hold of your line to draw a fish to you, but this must be done with caution.

III. Your silk for whipping hooks and other fine work

(1) If I had the honour of an acquaintance with this keen and laborious Sportsman, I might possibly at times have checked him in the ardour of his pursuit, by reminding him of that excellent maxim, "Ne quid nimis," i. e. *Nothing too much.* The pleasure of angling consists not so much in the number of fish we catch, as in the exercise of our art, the gratification of our hopes, and the reward of our skill and ingenuity: were it possible for an angler to be sure of every cast of his fly, so that for six hours together his hook should never come home without a fish at it, angling would be no more a recreation than the sawing of stone, or the pumping of water.

must be very small; use it double, and wax it, and indeed any other kind of binding, with shoemaker's wax, which of all wax is the toughest, and holds best: if your wax is too stiff, temper it with tallow.

IV. If for strong fishing you use grass, which when you can get it fine is to be preferred to gut, remember always to soak it about an hour in water before you use it; this will make it tough, and prevent its kinking.

V. Whenever you begin fishing, wet the ends of the joints of your rod, which, as it makes them swell, will prevent their loosening. And,

VI. If you happen with rain or otherwise to wet your rod, so that you cannot pull the joints asunder, turn the ferule a few times round in the flame of a candle, and they will easily separate.

VII. Before you fix the loop of bristle to your hook in order to make a fly, to prevent its drawing, be sure to singe the ends of it in the flame of a candle; do the same by the hair to which at any time you whip a hook.

VIII. Make flies in warm weather only, for in cold your waxed silk will not draw.

IX. In rainy weather, or when the season for fishing is over, repair whatever damage your tackle has sustained.

X. Never regard what bunglers and slovens tell you; but believe that neatness in your tackle, and a nice and curious hand in all your work, especially in fly-making, are absolutely necessary.

XI. Be ever so provided as to be able to help yourself in all exigences; nor deem it a small incivility to interrupt your companion in his sport, by frequently calling to him to lend you a plummet or a knife, or to supply you with a hook, a float, a few shot, or any thing else that you ought to be furnished with before you set out for your recreation.

XII. Never fish in any water that is not common, without leave of the owner, which is seldom denied to any but those who do not deserve it.

XIII. If at any time you happen to be overheated with walking or other exercise, avoid small liquors, especially water, as you would poison, and rather take a glass of rum or brandy; the instantaneous effects whereof, in cooling the body and quenching drought, are amazing.

XIV. Never be tempted in the pursuit of your recreation to wade, at least not as I have seen some do, to the waist. This indiscreet practice has been known to bring on fevers that have terminated in abscesses, and endangered the loss of a limb.

XV. Never, to preserve the character of an expert Angler, be guilty of that mean practice of buying fish[1] of such of your fellow sportsmen as have had better success than yourself; thereby giving occasion for that bitter sarcasm, the more bitter for being true, "They were caught with a silver hook."

XVI. Remember that the wit and invention of mankind were bestowed for other purposes than to deceive silly fish; and that however delightful angling may have been made to appear by the foregoing pages, it ceases to be innocent when used otherwise than as a mere recreation.

XVII. Lastly, when seated under a shady tree, on the side of a pleasant river, or moving about on the banks of it, thou art otherwise pursuing thy recreation; when the gliding of waters, the singing of birds, the bleating of flocks, the lowing of cattle, and the view of delightful prospects, and the various occupations of rural industry, shall dispose thee to thought and reflection; let the beauties of nature, the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Almighty, as manifested in the production of his creatures, the order and course of his providence in their preservation, the rewards of a good life, and the certainty of thy end, be the subjects of thy meditation.

---

(1) There are others to whom this caution against buying fish may be useful. One of the greatest temptations to the fishing with unlawful nets in the Thames near London, is the high price which by an artifice some of the scaly kinds of fish, that is to say, roach and dace, are made to fetch; for the takers of such first scrape off the scales, and sell them by the pound to the necklace-makers (who make thereof a kind of amalgama, with which they cover wax beads, and thereby imitate pearls;) and having so done, they cry the smallest and very refuse of the fish about the streets, and sell them to ignorant housekeepers for gudgeons.

No. VII.

ECLOGA PISCATORIA.

[A METASTASIO, *ut dicitur.*]

CANDIDA vitæ
Gaudia nescit
Ah miser! ille,
Qui requievit
Littore nunquam
Mollis arenæ
Pone reclinis;
Grata Favoni
Quum levis aura,
Vespere sero
Fluctibus orta,
Flamine leni
Pectore muleens
Æquora crispat:
Nox ubi fuscis
Evolat alis,
Quot micat ardens
Ignibus æther
Unda relucet,
Fractaque Phœbes
Æquore glauco
Ludit imago
Lactea, splendet
Sub tremebundo
Lumine pontus.
Et tua, Triton,
Buccina torta
Nocte silenti
Littora complet,
(Blanda palustris
Fistula cede,
Pan, licet Arcas
Inflet avenam!)
Saxaque latè
Reddere discunt
Doridos ignes,
Leucothoesve,
Vel Galatheæ
Grata Sicano
Furta sub antro,
Quæ fovet ulnis
Acida Divum;
Dumque natanti
Lumine languens
Murmure leni,
Basia sugens
Comprimit arctè
Pectore pectus
Aurea nymphè;
Spretus amator
(Ardua moles)
Heu fremit atrox
Ore cruento,
Cunctaque latè
Voce tonanti
Semifer implet:
(Scylla relatrat
Ætna remugit)
Tum furibundis
Passibus errans,
Sanguinolentum
Luminis orbem
Sævè volutans,
Singula lustrat,
Cernere si quâ
Possit amantes,
Raptaque dextrâ
Pallida membra
Fulminis instar
Fragens heu! heu!
Vindice saxo.
Ergo age tandem
Spernere mitte
Gurgitis almi
Littora grata,
Gratior ipsa

Rustica Phylli,
Ipsa Dione,
Ipsa puelli
Arcitenentis
Aurea mater,
Aurea qvæ nunc
Ore nitenti
Numina captat;
Blanda marinæ
Filia spumæ
Edita ponto est:
Nunc quoque pontum
(Æthere spreto)
Sæpè revisens,
Alite curru
Diva serenis
Labitur undis,
Collaque olorum
Floribus atque
Flectit habenâ;
Æolus Euro
Lora frementi
Contrahit arctè;
At tibi laxat,
Alme Favoni,
Prupureisque
Exsilis alis,
Moxque reportans
Conjugis horto
Sive rosarum
Vel hyacinthi
Fundis odores.
Grandia cete
Guadia vasta
Saltibus edunt
Incompostis,
O Venus alma,
Teque salutant,
Et maris æquor
Impete læto
Sydera ad alta
Naribus efflant.
O mea vita,
Ocyus adsis,
Molle latusque
Littore fulta,
Prospice mecum
Colle propinquo
Subsilientes
Lanigerarum
Ubera circum
Molliter agnas;
Pendula lino
Et tibi dextram
Armet arundo;
Hamus aduncus
Fluctuet unda:
Mox genus ecce
Omne natantum
(Squammea pubes
Ex latebrosis
Advena fundis)
Præpete pinnâ
Trans maris æquor
Ultro requiret
Humida nostræ
Lina puellæ;
Crine madentes
Et tibi fundent
Naiades udæ
Divite dextrâ,
Mille colorum
Munera conchas,
Saguine multo
Tincta coralla
Gurgitis imi
Splendida dona,
Doridos almæ
Læve tributum.[1]

(1) This eclogue, which on account of its excellence is here inserted, was communicated by a learned friend to the editor of this work (1760); but it does not occur in any of the editions of Metastasio's Works.

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